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THE CHURCH: SOME IMMEDIATE QUESTIONS.

THE last census informs us that there are in the United States one hundred and forty-seven religious denominations. Our curiosity is piqued as to the reason for this multiplicity and presumable diversity. If "nothing walks with aimless feet," may there not be some divine purpose and scientific reason in this prodigal outburst of religious energy? It shows at least in how many forms the instinct of religion reveals itself, and how surely the hopes and fears and aspirations of mankind turn to religion for answer. Trivial as these sects often appear, they by no means reveal a weak side of human nature, but rather — if any criticism be made — a crude and untaught side. It is interesting also to note the central ideas out of which they spring. Yet few of them are original. All are based on Scripture read with literal exactness, and the special points usually refer to baptism, prophecy, the form of the Church, eschatology, and not a few involve the knottiest points in metaphysical theology, — such as a sect in Texas that flourishes under the name, "Old Two-Seed-in-the-Spirit Predestinarian Baptists." Others are perpetuations of the controversies of the Reformation, while the will and divine sovereignty and election — conditioned or unconditioned — are debated and reconciled as of yore. The proper day for the Sabbath and the millennium each represent a denomination, while the speedy end of the world stands for quite an enduring church that couples with its expectation "the sleep of

the dead." These stand chiefly for outspoken beliefs of what lie hidden in the creeds of the older and greater churches, — survivals of what may still be found in ecclesiastical libraries.

This state of things had an early beginning. The New World was baptized in religion. Columbus no sooner touched the shore than he planted the cross. Church and conquest swept over the continent, — the grace of one poorly redeeming the cruelty of the other. The Church came to Jamestown with a full quota of clergy along with more vagabonds; and a hard time Governor Berkeley had with them, but he thanked God that in addition to these troubles there were no schools. In Maryland, the Church fared somewhat better. In its first decade it won the distinction of opening the way in London to the establishment of the first foreign missionary society in the world. There also the Catholic Church found permanent footing, and spread an odor of toleration that still sweetens the air. The Friends found peaceful lodgment in Pennsylvania, where they multiplied, — dividing at last into two bands, — but have nearly run their race, having borne clear witness to the eternal truth of the Spirit. The Dutch brought to New York the Church as set forth by the Synod of Dort, while the Scotch stood by the Westminster Confession. The Pilgrims and the Puritans brought the latter with them, and also a full-fledged democracy that gave the keynote to the nation and dominates it still.

These were the few first sources of the Church in America, but hardly a generation had passed before the churches began to divide and to make room for others, until there came to be the present variety and multiplicity.

How shall we explain this strange phenomenon? Is it due to the fact that when the early settlers found themselves free in matters of religion they leaped exultingly into the privilege? Or did the break with the Old World dissolve all ties as the people came to realize that their whole life was to be here and must be suffered to shape itself in all things as it would? Doubtless this unrestrained play of the individual mind had much to do with it, and — being without king or bishop — they found a peculiar satisfaction in cleaving a denomination in twain, or in founding one without a hierarchy.

But not all the organizations named in the census are to be accounted as churches. Some do not belong to the solar system, — wandering stars thrown out of orbital movement by some dreamer who had a vision, or has discovered new meaning in a Greek particle; their significance, though numerically large, is too slight to call for measurement. And there are churches — notably the Mormon — so monstrous and so remote from religion that one is tempted to say of them what Blake said of the tiger, "Did he who made the lamb make thee?" And others — such as the Christian Scientist — that have not sufficiently emerged from their humorous and tragical absurdities to justify their claim to be called a church. In what follows we shall speak of churches, denominations, and sects as interchangeable terms, — only declining to use the definite article as the special property of any one organization. Nor shall we use much space in dealing with the older contentions of the churches. Earnest and intelligent men to-day do not discuss the apostolic succession, nor the forms of baptism, nor endless punishment, nor the verbal inspiration of Scrip-

ture. The banners that used to wave with vigor over these doctrines are still carried, but the battles do not rage around them; indeed, there are no battles beyond slight skirmishes, — only questions as to what is best to be done. Perhaps the most immediate question now before the churches pertains to this multiplicity already mentioned.

If it be the evil that it is generally assumed to be, it is still possible that there may be some soul of goodness in it if we will observingly distill it out. It should moderate criticism to remember that if it is an evil it is an inevitable one. The Church can neither keep out evils nor immediately rectify those that are in. The first point in the complaint is that the multiplicity engenders rivalry and hatred; but rivalry is not hatred. It is only the ferment at the root that starts the sap along its organic path to the branches. Hatred is of the devil, but rivalry is the spice of human enterprise. Besides, it is not true that the denominations hate one another, except in small towns where all bounds of reason are passed and intolerance holds full sway. The picture of a Western village with a church for every hundred people is a distressing one, but take any city, East or West, and the picture changes. That it is over-churched is the least evil it is to be charged with. That there are two churches of different denominations side by side is a slight matter in comparison with the fact that there are parties and conflicting schools of thought in all denominations — most of all in those which make the loudest claim to unity — that test the spirit of charity far more keenly than ecclesiastical separation. A Calvinistic and an Arminian church side by side keep good fellowship in comparison with churches that differ over high and low, or old and new school. Fences are no enemy to good neighborhood, but their absence often is. The fact that "France has forty soups and one religion while England has forty religions and but one

soup" is no sign that the former is the more godly nation. Were there in France no Holy Catholic Church, or along with it a multitude of true churches, and were there in England no Established Church, but as many as the people chose to make, both nations would be happier and better than they seem to be at present. It is the unalterable conviction of all believers, and of all thinkers as well, that the Church is one, and that religion is one; it is as fixed as the unity of God, and is because of his unity, but it is always an open question as to what constitutes oneness. As God is infinitely complex in form but one in spirit, so religion may wear many forms and bear many names, and yet have one spirit. Complexity is not the enemy of unity, but rather the cause of it, but the unity is of another kind than form or name. The multiplicity may be excessive, and then the bramble and forest must yield to make room for better and fewer growths. But the world is slowly finding out that the less the State meddles with the Church, and the less churches meddle with one another, the better it is for all concerned. Religion is an ethereal thing, so personal and sacred that every fine soul holds it to be a matter between himself and God.

No mistake can be greater than to suppose that shutting up religious truths in binding forms — either of creed or church — acts otherwise than as a fetter. Forms preserve but deaden. They provoke a return to the heresies against which they protest, and rebellion against the authority which binds them. The general outcry against the denominational spirit, unlovely and unthrifty as it is, would, if it should prevail, shut the churches up within barriers sure to be soon broken down, or drive them into the open desert of total unbelief. There is one thing that man loves more than religion, and that is freedom: he has an instinct for each, but the latter conditions the former; when it is cramped religion itself shrivels.

Before we let our thoughts and plans go too far in bemoaning the long list, it would be well to assure ourselves that it is a cause for regret. "Our unhappy divisions," as they are sometimes called, might be more unhappy if they were absorbed in large unions. The experiment of uniting the Prussian Evangelical Church with the churches of the other German States — all holding substantially the same faith — has not proved a success. The General Superintendent, Poetter, recently said: "I am not sure it is such a good thing. We have only put on one uniform, and are not more really united in spirit and doctrine than before;" and he adds these timely words: "Why should all the regiments be dressed alike or have one name? Zeal is often more stimulated when each body of Christians has the greatest opportunity to develop its own individuality." It is an interesting fact that these united bodies of Lutheran churches are at variance over the question as to the best method of holding their own against the Roman Catholics, — a question not impossible here in the future; in which case it is clear that the smaller the denomination that takes it up the better for all concerned, as it has all the elements of a long and bitter quarrel.

Nor should it be forgotten that a union for the sake of economy and effectiveness overlooks not only the fact that a union in belief could not thus be secured, but also if gained might develop and bring to the front once more the differences. These differences are real and do but sleep. The broadest line of cleavage in doctrinal belief in the Protestant churches in this country is that between Calvinism and Arminianism. Edwards devoted his great powers to stemming the growing tide of the latter, but in vain. He is honored by scholars and historians for his greatness and his service to the State, as his centuries come round, but the multitude is insensible to him while it pours out millions of money

in memory of Wesley. The majority still confess the Westminster Creed, but while Presbyterians and Methodists live peacefully side by side and work effectively in social reforms — hardly knowing any difference — if they were organically related not to say united, the mixture of oil and water would but feebly describe their condition, so fundamentally do they differ. The proverb, "Do not stir up a sleeping dog," is not invidious, but prudent.

It would be equally difficult to bring the Congregational churches to a fresh assent to the Westminster Confession, to which the Presbyterian Church has recently renewed its adherence with some slight changes. Fraternal in their relations even to the extent of an open path between their pulpits, the number of Congregational ministers is steadily lessening who are ready to assent to the Confession in order to fill them. But greater hindrances to union than this stand in the way. The immediate and pressing question in the New England Congregational churches is, — can the schism of a century ago be healed? If there is reason for union anywhere it is here. There are signs as deep as the yearning of heart for heart, and reasons as weighty as the fact that what ought not to have happened ought not to continue, why this mutual movement — if it can yet be called such — should be fostered and consummated when the hour is ripe, far off though it be.

Conditions should be well considered when such a question as a general union or federation of denominations is proposed. If there is to be union, it should not be made on a basis of mere economy and technical effectiveness, but on congeniality of thought and feeling, on like ethical and spiritual conceptions, on sympathy with humanity in its highest and most pressing needs, and — not a slight matter — on historic affiliations. It may be roughly said that if you prick the skin of a Congregationalist — orthodox or lib-

eral — you will find a Puritan. There is need enough of him to-day, and he is still here, — ready for action if the needless schism were overcome. If there is reason for union anywhere in the wide world of denominations, it is where the *disjecta membra* of ancient Congregationalism are scattered in New England, but if it implies also union with denominations that still cherish the dogmas against which the Unitarians long ago justly protested it would defeat the most desirable movement in the churches now in sight.

The era of division or separation seems to be drawing to an end. It is doubtful if we soon shall see another denomination of importance that can be called Christian. There is great activity in the theological world, but it does not move in the direction of creedal organization. There is no less theology, — for theology will never go out of fashion, — but it looks toward explanation if not toward extinction of existing creeds, and to other changes that drop out or reinterpret old meanings and bring in new. Careful distinctions and definitions that determine the exact amount of freedom or necessity in the will are disregarded, because Christian faith is not now approached on that side of our nature. Emphasis is transferred from the field of speculation, where chiefly the denominations originated, to the field of action, to psychology and human society. The pressure of the past is less felt, or is felt as reverence rather than as authority. The fact of change — whatever its cause — can no longer be resisted, and the chief question that burdens thoughtful minds in the Church is: at what speed and by what road will it move into the region where it must go; also, what shall be left behind and what carried forward? The main question of all is: how to retain steadiness of mind in the confusion and rush that fill the air. Serious minds tremble before the changes that come thundering down upon them.

Not less perplexing is a sudden appar-

ent dying out of interest in the churches, with corresponding indifference to religion in those classes where one would expect it to abide. Reasons of widest variety are given to account for this strange lapse and confusion which we take to be the chief feature of the religious condition of the Church at present. The causes oftenest alleged are evolution in science and the higher criticism. The vast majority of those who compose our one hundred and forty-seven denominations fail to comprehend their import beyond that they stand for change, which is always the signal for fear and outcry among the ignorant. But the more intelligent class, who perceive how thoroughly evolution modifies all thought and theories, and at the same time find it hardly recognized, or named only to be denounced in the pulpits, stay away, — not because evolution is not preached, but because the whole order of thought pertaining to it is passed by, and they find themselves in a dead world and out of gear with all that is said and with most of what is done. In the long run the man of thought will worship in the world in which he thinks; and the more thoughtful he is, the more difficult he finds it to coöperate with a church that denies the ruling ideas and accepted facts that he encounters every day and receives as his own.

The same thing happens in connection with the higher criticism. It calls for reconsideration of cherished ideas of the inspiration of Scripture, — a truth so woven with the thoughts of religion in the mind of the average man that he is thrown into confusion whenever it seems to be questioned, and is ready to lapse into whatever gulf of doubt is best suited to his disposition. In any case, he becomes doubtful of the Church, and grows languid in his faith, or takes up some mild form of charity to fill its place in his conscience. The Church denounces or pities him, or makes some halfway concessions to the new thought and inter-

pretation intended to break the force of their meaning; but instead it only awakens his resentment, for he has learned that evolution is no more partial than gravitation, and that the higher criticism deals simply with facts.

The Rev. Mr. Campbell of London, recently speaking at Northfield, was asked from the audience, "how he got along with truth and evolution." He replied, "Truth *and* evolution? Evolution *is* truth." The question and answer indicate the relative positions of the churches in this country and in Great Britain. They are a generation in advance of us in their management of most theological questions. The contrast is due to the fact that preaching which involves evolution, eschatology, and biblical interpretation no longer disturbs the people; these subjects are not technically preached but implied in the sermons, while here it is felt that the pulpit keeps something back. This is both true and not true. Few preachers in New England decry evolution and the higher criticism, and many wisely consider them as not proper topics for the pulpit if treated as pure science. The trouble lies in the preacher's failure to come fully under these ruling ideas, and of course the people doubt either his sincerity or his ability to grasp them. The old saying "like people, like priest" is now only half true. When people and priest do not sympathize they part company. The preacher must conquer the people if he would keep them; but he must be converted through and through to what he believes. When he fully submits himself to modern thought, and follows where it leads, he finds himself at the very heart of the revelations of God in nature and in Scripture. Such preachers are heard without disturbing the faith of simple believers or repelling those who think in the modern way. The pulpit has no more immediate task before it than to break into this open secret of effective preaching, — that is,

preaching which the intelligent as well as the simple will hear gladly. The difficulty is great because of the different points of development at which the churches stand. The point of approach is, of course, or should be, the Theological Seminaries; but their relation to the churches and the tenure of their existence are such that while modern thought in science and exegesis is quietly accepted and even taught in nearly all, it is not pushed to its full meaning and real conclusions as to doctrine. Hence they fail to lodge in the students that commanding belief that should inspire and color their life and words. Young men go to the churches with esoteric notions instead of burning convictions, not wholly sorry to escape the reproach of being infected with "new ideas." Probably no more delusive word ever crept into popular nomenclature in theology than that of "the good old Gospel." Those who most use it to-day hold a theology that was once scouted as new, while those who are striving to bring it into accord with the words and spirit and ruling ideas of the Christ are denounced as bringers in of a new Gospel.

The Theological Seminary — as a part of the University — is the determining factor of the theological belief of the churches; it exists chiefly for that end. It is not a gymnasium for teaching a certain amount of easily attained knowledge and a drill in sermonic composition. Instead its function is to teach students to see and feel the full force of a few eternal laws that govern the world and uphold society, and through them lead men to realize and achieve their destiny as the children of God. The Theological Seminary finds no data for a scientific, not to say practical, theism — the question of questions — until it searches it out and teaches it from evolution. Thus it finds ground for the truth that man has always sought for, and in higher moments asserted — the divine immanence in all things, and the like

nature of God and man. If there is to be a theology in the future, it will be found in this region, in connection with the University which is to play a large part in its reconstruction; that is, theology will spring from the whole circle of human knowledge. Only in this way can it bring the divine and the human into conscious relationship. To cut out of ancient creeds intolerable parts, leaving a mangled remainder to live on, is a weak expedient which, if persisted in, results in a degenerate church and ministry; for strong men shrink from feeble measures. If it is true that the pulpit is degenerating, it is in no small degree due to the fact that clear-eyed candidates will not put new wine into old bottles, and are equally unwilling to enter a ministry where there are neither wine nor bottles.

A brief chapter in the history of the Church on this matter is not to be expected, for the reason that the mass of the people must be brought up to the point where they will listen to the University. The ancient and the later churches there took shape and gained their permanent form. As they drop their outworn cast they must go again to the University for renewal. Stated otherwise, the man of to-day will turn to the highest and widest sources for the grounds of his belief. A universal religion must have as broad a basis. But slow as the change will be, the first fruits of such study are already a marked feature of the Church. They are to be found more and more in those pulpits trained to drop the phraseology and atmosphere of the University, but wise enough to keep its method of thought. They preserve a just balance between the opportunism that is so clamorous yet often so useful, and the idealism in which is hid the real meaning and power of religion. They have the confidence bred by wide studies in many fields; the humility taught by the fact that no studies can compass the whole of any truth; the

earnestness and cheer that spring from the sense of having found their way out of a theology of negation and blind authority into a world where all knowledge utters one voice, and all life has but one law and one end. The enthusiasm of these preachers does not cry in the street nor fly to retreats. They may go to Northfield, or they may stay away. It chooses its own method, but wherever it leads, there is a man whose life is fed from within his own soul, who believes that to bring man into the consciousness of God is his supreme duty — felt with such passion as only a clear-seeing soul feels before unquestioned and eternal truth.

A man thus trained is quick to realize the confusion into which the churches have come in regard to creeds. He will sympathize with Mr. Brierley's view as stated in the *London Christian World* (of July 2, 1903), who supplements his own insight with quotations from great names, which we give at length : —

"There is to-day a feeling, not only amongst doubters, but in the most religious minds, a feeling so widespread that it may almost be called universal, that the creeds which in the orthodox historic churches stand for Christianity are, in their present form, the survival of a thought-world which has been outgrown, and that they are consequently a hindrance to faith rather than its bulwark.

"The feeling crops up in the most unexpected places. Here, for instance, is Westcott, who, speaking of the Thirty-Nine Articles, says : 'It is that I object to them altogether, and not to any particular doctrines. I have at times fancied it was presumption in us to attempt to define and determine what Scripture has not defined. . . . The whole tenor of Scripture seems to me opposed to all dogmatism and full of all application.' From another side John Wesley, after one of the fullest experiences ever given to mortal of the action of religion in human life, declares in his old age : 'I am sick of opinions. I am weary to bear

them ; my soul loathes the frothy food. Give me solid, substantial religion ; give me a humble, gentle lover of God and man, a man full of mercy and good faith, a man laying himself out in the work of faith ; the patience of hope, the labor of love. Let my soul be with those Christians wheresoever they be and whatsoever opinions they are of.'

"The citation may be fittingly closed with these remarkable words from John Henry Newman : 'Freedom from symbols and articles is abstractedly the highest state of the Christian communion and the peculiar privilege of the primitive Church. . . . Technicality and formalism are in their degree inevitable results of public confessions of faith. . . . When confessions do not exist the mysteries of Divine truth, instead of being exposed to the gaze of the profane and uninstructed, are kept hidden in the bosom of the Church far more fruitfully than is otherwise possible.'

"These witnesses had all signed creeds ; they belonged to churches which bristled with dogmatic propositions. Yet what is evident is that at the back of their minds lay a consciousness, not formulated, and therefore all the more powerful, that the strength and vitality of the Church lay quite elsewhere than in its tables of doctrine. And as we look through the history of the Christian centuries we find everywhere confirmation of this truth. The creeds arose out of the speculative, not the religious spirit. The 'heretics' speculated first, and the Church met them with counter speculations of its own. To wade through the literature of those early centuries, the literature which lies back of the creeds, is a discipline of incredible tediousness, but it helps one greatly to an estimate of the value of these products."

Mr. Brierley goes on to say : —

"This kind of inquiry wherever pursued gives the same results, and they are not favorable. But while theology and the Church, in the matter before us,

yield only a negative outcome, another experience, in a different field, has meantime been accumulating its treasures, and, at an opportune moment, is able to offer them for the elucidation of our problem. That half-expressed feeling of the unsatisfactoriness of the Church formulas, as either a ground or a statement of the faith, which we found in a Westcott, a Wesley, and a Newman is, when we turn in another direction, suddenly illuminated, and shown as by a flash in its true logical relations, by the light which comes from another sphere.

"While the Church has been busy with its propositions, another power has been quietly rising by its side, and influencing with an ever-increasing potency the sphere of human affairs. This power is science, in its application to the arts of life. We talk of creeds. What are the creeds of science and how does it express them? When we have understood the bearings of that question, and of its answer, we shall possess, if not the solution of our theological problem, at least a substantial help towards it."

The solution will not be complete, however, unless by science is meant the whole encyclopædic view of the world, especially as it embraces human experience. If we do not find the illustration and vindication of the Faith in the heart and life of humanity, we shall find it nowhere. If we can interpret the human heart as it feels and hopes and strives in the natural relations of life; if we can measure the play of the human mind in the family, in society, and in the nation, — we shall find both the field of the Gospel and the materials for a creed if we care for one. The thing to be done at present is not to crowd upon men a system conceived in some way to be true, nor to bind them down to a hard, literal, undiscerning reception of texts, but to set forth the identity of the Faith with the action of man's nature in the natural relations of life; to show that the truth of God is also the truth of man. Truth is not actually

truth until it gets past dogma, and beyond reverence for an external revelation, and awakens an intelligent and responsive consciousness of its reality; it does not actually reach the man until then, and all previous action is unreal or merely disciplinary, useful indeed, but partial and without spiritual power.

Here lies the vocation of the preacher to-day, yet his appeal to life must not consist in vague generalization and moralizing, nor in psychic analysis, unless the subject itself is weighty and lies close to the duty or the question of the hour. It is a very strenuous order of preaching demanded in this transition from the old to the new, and it is often met by giving up great themes half true for trivial ones wholly true, — a dash of poetry, an indefinite ethic, a fastidious culture, a string of anecdotes that hide the truth they would make plain, an avoidance of phrases that have been the watchwords of all holy living and high achievement since the world began, often without a church, or ritual, or discipline that goes to the bottom of character, — all seeming to show with how little religion we can get on, or how slight a thing it is when we have it; — better a century more of decadent Calvinism than such substitutes as these.

The creed of life, if we may so term it, will be definite, searching, severe in its penalties and as relentless as they are in life itself, urgent both on the restrictions and the possibilities of life, and never forgetful of those inspirations that always come when the full meaning and import of life are revealed. Its sacrifice will be more real than that of a vicarious oblation, for it will be of self and on the cross of obedience to truth and duty. There will be no original sin to confuse the mind, but enough of one's own to be kept down and turned to moral uses. Its heaven will not be so clear and golden as that of old, but it will take on such color and form as overcoming life may give it, and become as real and present as life itself. The confusion of

to-day will not be ended by blowing it away into thin mist, nor by explosions of criticism, but only by clear vision now opened by real life in a real world.

But the immediate question is not so much what the Church shall believe, as what it shall do. We find here the same confusion, which, however, is not wholly a bad sign. So long as the field of its faith lay in another world and its end was the salvation of the soul, its duties were few if great, and its thought subjective rather than social. All this is changing — slowly but in the right direction. Without set purpose of its own, and without knowing why, the churches are becoming aggressive in objective ways. There is thus coming about what has been called a "Priesthood of the People," who are returning to the primitive idea of religion, and are taking the work of the Church into their own hands, and — for the most part — are dealing with it in wise ways; certainly in the way of their own humanity. By their own thoughts and through their own selves they are determining what the Church shall be. It is thus that humanity is fulfilling itself and bringing out the divine image.

Remote as the cause may seem, this change is largely due to the democratic spirit that pervades the nation. A new conception of society and of human relations has led men to feel that their duties to others are equal if not paramount to those due to themselves. This impregnating idea is reinforced in no small degree by the pulpit, so far as it has come under the influence of modern thought and learned the real meaning of the New Testament. But the people have outrun the preacher and the church. Strong spiritual movements lay hold of the masses sooner than upon those who live and think among established theories. The Spirit is a wind and blows freest in the open. Consequently there are to-day movements going on in the churches of which they are

only half aware or treat but slightly. One must think twice before one speaks lightly of such lay bodies as the Young Men's Christian Association, the Christian Union, the Christian Endeavor Society, the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, the Epworth League, the Baptist Union, the Student Volunteer Movement, the Brotherhood of Andrew and Philip, the Girls' Friendly Society, and the King's Daughters. These societies stand for an idea and a movement. No matter how crude or trifling they may appear, nor what mistakes they make, they cannot make more or worse than the churches from which they spring yet do not desert. If they are too enthusiastic, and too gregarious, they are still unconscious protests against the frequent meagreness and dullness of the churches. With the instinct of young life, they look to life for a field of action. Their philosophy is all the truer because it is so unconscious. They organize and discipline themselves into service, and learn how to bring things to pass. They are persistent and catholic and free. They insist on work, and are eager for results. They demonstrate the value of the *ecclesia* and its naturalness, and so avoid the barrenness of extreme individualism. It is a part of the confusion and blindness in the Church-world that these movements have not been more closely examined and measured both pro and con. It might be expected that the churches would welcome such possible recruits in the desperate conflict that lies before them. They have undertaken to do the one safe and most necessary thing to be done in this world; and that is *to do good*. Almost everything else is questioned, or soon will be. The only refuge of the churches is in planting themselves on this eternal thing which cannot be shaken. If these simple and spontaneous efforts to meet this prime duty shall prove failures because ill conceived or overladen with the faults of youth, they will at least have shown the churches where they are, and what they

are to do when they are routed out of their strongholds of dogma by the critics — as they are sure to be. To wait, depending on what may be left, is blindness; to betake them to what the critics have made doubly clear, and the unperverted spirit of the young has unconsciously attempted, is the only salvation.

But however it be, the churches should look well to their *charities* as a hiding-place against the coming storm. If men or churches are doing good, they can carry a heavy load of heresy or dead orthodoxy and still live. These charities consist in most churches of missions wherever they are needed, — next door or in the antipodes, education as the vehicle and prop of religion, deeds of humanity, and all works for promoting personal and civic righteousness. The conditions will shape the works. There is a spiritual thrift by which the Church lives, and to which it is as distinctly bound as the individual.

And here we are brought to consider, by way of comparison, one of the most immediate questions before us, that of the Roman Catholic Church. Professor Roswell Hitchcock, of Union Theological Seminary, not long before his death, said: "We should be very careful how we treat the Catholic Church: it has already been of great service to us and we shall need it again. It is defending the family, and is a stronghold of law and order." The need which he did not name has been met by its position on the labor question. President Carroll D. Wright has recently said: "I consider that the Encyclical of Leo XIII. on the labor question has given the foundation for the proper study of social science in this country. It is a *vade mecum* with me, and I know that it has had an immense influence in steadying the public mind."

The Family; obedience to Law; Labor: these are the problems with which the nation and the churches are struggling, but no church is doing more to safeguard these vital interests than the

Roman Catholic. The question how it happens to have this influence may go by; that it has it is sufficient at present.

It would be idle to prophesy that the church which first set foot on the continent will stay longest. It is enough that it will stay and is already a power. It may retain a formal and harmless allegiance to the Pope, and thus even draw from him something of use, — like the last Encyclical of Leo XIII.; but if the Propaganda should urge the temporal power, King John's answer to the Pope's Legate would be repeated here in no uncertain tones: "No Italian priest shall tithe or toll in our dominions." It would be worse than idle, it would be calamitous, to oppose the Catholic Church in the present juncture of our affairs. Protestantism has not only nothing to fear, but much to learn from it, as to organization, worship, and fundamental ethics. It contains what George Eliot called "the ardent and massive experience of man." It is enough that it is a Christian Church. Its theology is substantially Augustinian orthodoxy, which it shares with large Protestant bodies. Ecclesiastically, it is at variance with Protestantism, but that question will take care of itself. It is full of superstitions, most of them harmless, while some hide a truth. It stands for sound ethics, for humanity, for learning, and also for science and progress and modern thought, but in a somewhat hampered sense, — encyclically denied, but practically recognized.

It is specially needed so long as the growing majority of our immigration is Catholic and largely Latin. The country could not safely contain these hordes nor govern them without Catholic influence. Our hope is that they will be Americanized. We cannot in the future see a day when the Catholic Church will not be of measureless value to the nation; nor can a day be foreseen when the nation will not be Protestant. In this sure diversity lies its safety and also its strength. What of wisdom and Chris-

tian faith twenty centuries have wrought out should not fail of use in this New World ; what is not of truth and wisdom may be left to its own self-eviction.

The churches of the country, regarded as a whole, have been from the first of immediate and permanent value. Over and over again they have saved and are still saving the nation. To forget it is folly ; to undo it is disaster. All lovers of their country, and all who have skill in detecting the play of cause and effect, are watching closely the course of things, to see if they are still fulfilling the high vocation to which they gave themselves at the beginning. There are those who take a closer view of the situation, and ask if religion itself is to die out of the hearts of the people. These questions do not spring from a pessimistic temper, but from the apprehensions of thoughtful minds as they watch certain tendencies that are steadily gaining ground. The most noticeable is the lessening hold of the Church upon the people at large. The industrial classes in great numbers are deserting it, with the result that those who still remain are forced into becoming a class, and are no longer *the people* ; and as the note of universality is growing less distinct, the pulpit is a waning influence. While the great preachers, like Beecher and Bushnell and Brooks, are rare, there never was a time when the average of ability in the pulpit was so high as it is to-day. Nevertheless it is heard by lessening congregations, and certainly with diminished influence. The industrial classes might be won back if the Church should bring itself into profounder sympathy with the eternal laws of justice and humanity and equality that are its foundation. A plainer word and a far different administration are needed before Labor returns to the Church.

Graver apprehension is felt on account of the note of question and uncertainty that pervades the Church. Everything is doubted, or is vehemently defended

because it is doubted. The result is perplexity and languid interest ; the ties are easily dissolved ; the great realities — or what have been regarded as such — fade out ; so much is gone, why not all ? It would be useless to call attention to these things if they were signs of fatal decay, or anything but signs of a temporary condition due largely to confusion of thought in matters of faith. The Sunday newspaper, the secularization of Sunday, the absorption in business and social folly are effects, not causes. The Church will hold its own against such things when it has attained — not returned — to the faith that awaits it. But this is the crucial point. Can the Church endure the strain of the transition from faith in what have been regarded as the foundations of religion, to those that lie before it and will not be put aside ? “ Faith follows opinion,” as Aristotle long ago said, but it often follows afar off. The scientific habit of thought is recognized generally but not specifically. Exception is made of religion where it faces the old questions of miracle, inspiration, and eschatology ; and as these questions are thought to turn on the infallibility of the Bible, the stream of criticism is now falling heavily upon its students, with corresponding confusion among the people. If they could be led — by the pulpit and the religious press — to accept Tillotson’s definition of infallibility as “ the highest perfection of the knowing faculty,” the greatest stumbling-block now in the way of the churches would be removed. And if some such view of miracle as that in Bushnell’s *Nature and the Supernatural* could once more be made familiar, it would go far to silence the alarms that are sounded by those who know neither Bushnell nor the scientists of the day. The people could be quieted if the preachers would let it appear where the Church stands or may stand on these subjects, rather than raise questions which, while unanswered, are sapping their faith.

That these and like apprehensions indicate a general breaking up of the churches, or that they involve the whole world of religious thought, is not to be allowed. It is not the final result that is to be feared, but the long and weary tract of ignorance and timidity and mistaken faith and invested interests and blind conservatism that must be crossed before the inevitable result is gained. To let matters drift and suffer the churches to lapse into ethical clubs, or, by violent reaction, into peaceful retreats where neither thought nor doubt enter, is not the American way of handling difficult questions. They will be settled when the churches suffer themselves to be led out of regions of thought and methods of action that lie behind them, and enter into the New World that time and knowledge have opened. The present confusion will not yield to minor remedies, but only to fuller knowledge of the subjects in hand. This knowledge is slowly growing, but it is hindered by the very democracy that is the life-blood of every true American Church; the ignorant masses hang on the skirts of those who would fight the battle that cannot be shunned. No radical change of organization and especially no consolidation are now wanted; they would simply increase and bring out the lingering majority that hinder those who are leading them out of their confusion and darkness into order and light.

If we have seemed to speak only of the darker side of the Church, it is because we have touched its immediate questions. A more general view would put it in the same light as the nation, for the Church is both its representative and, externally, its product. It reflects the nation, and shares its prevailing characteristics. For though the churches have largely made and shaped the nation, it is now exerting a return influence upon them. The Puritan gave the nation its political cast and temper of mind, but he did not impose upon it a religion. That

was left to take care of itself; hence its one hundred and forty-seven churches; — a calamity say some, while others see in them the very result that was to be expected when the field of religious thought was left wide open. The multiplicity of churches reveals several things of great importance; — first, man's ineradicable instinct for religion. The choice was open, as it never before had been, and he chose religion as his supreme portion; second, it secured an almost universal spread of religion, for so it works when it is free; third, it reveals an unconscious tendency on the part of the churches to coördinate themselves with the nation, — a process that will come out more and more as time goes on. It will embrace both what is bad and what is good. The result cannot be escaped and must therefore be accepted. But before deprecating this fate it may be well to ask if the coördination will spring out of the fundamental and ruling ideas of the nation, or from the accidents and incidents of its passing history, — out of its nature, or the chance phases it displays. If the former, there will be as little need to despair of the Church as of the Republic. Had there been at first one predominant Church, and had coördination between it and the nation been attempted even in the slightest degree, we might be repeating the conflict now going on in England between the established and the free churches.

Overmuch contempt has been poured upon this multiplicity of churches. It has given religion — perhaps not of the highest order, but such as was at hand — to a vast number of people to whom it was religion indeed, and whom it saved from barbarism, — a danger narrowly escaped. But the multiplicity, so far as it is excessive, will cure itself. Education, modern thought, and the tendency to part with a local and take on a general type of belief, will bring to an end the least worthy. The rest are offshoots or excisions from the greater churches, to

which they will naturally return. They were not without some real justification, though they may not have been wise, and were in almost every case the logical outcome of the prevalent doctrine of plenary inspiration of the Bible. With the incoming of a truer theory, the way will be open for return without need of apology on either side.

The question varies when we come to the greater and more thoroughly entrenched churches. In some of them the terms of membership are too severe, and the theology is too rigorous in its dogmatism to go along with the nation whose ruling idea breathes freedom and equality. Hence men, especially, shrink from assuming membership, not from lack of religious feeling, but because of their unwillingness to separate themselves from the great body of the people; — the moral of which is that the terms should be broader and more catholic. By necessity the early Church was a peculiar people — favored by the Hebrew idea of separateness; also a necessity so long as it stood out against a gross barbarism. But that day is passed. The essential idea of Christianity as the divine expression of humanity leads men to fellowship, and a sensitive nature shrinks from the Church except as it stands for and with a common humanity rather than apart from it.

The question varies somewhat when we come to the Liturgical Churches. This element was left behind when the Puritans came hither; they might well have gone back for it had the Established Church then been in a condition to give anything to anybody. Instead, Wesley sent over Methodism, — a possession worth all liturgies. The Presbyterian Church has a full and rich liturgical service, but it is unused. The Episcopal Church provides one for those who wish so to worship. By virtue of its liturgy and its doctrine pertaining to children it is winning a large place among the churches, and would win a larger were

it not that — unnecessarily one would think — it is tied up by certain ecclesiastical notions and rubrics that violate democratic ideas, and run athwart the course if Church and Nation are to move on together. If these restraints were removed, it would open a path that many would delight to walk in; but the paths in which Americans prefer to walk are those in which two can walk abreast within as well as without chancel bars. The nation forbids nothing in ritual or belief, and welcomes variety so long as there is unity of the spirit, but it requires that all churches shall think in accord with its spirit and its institutions. This is inevitable. The nation cannot say one thing and the churches another. The dominant spirit of the greater will silently find its way to the whole, and a free nation will create a free church by however many names it may be called. We do not say that the nation creates its religion, but only that it shapes and subdues it to its own complexion.

For its interpretation and real meaning the Church must go to the University; and never was the necessity greater than to-day. The Puritan in the wilderness never forgot the University in England. Harvard and Yale from the first have steadily aimed to develop it into encyclopædic fullness, as the best means of getting at the truth of all important subjects. A college education is one thing; a university is another. One is a drill; the other is a court where reliable verdicts are looked for when all the evidence is in. It is there the Church must continually go to correct ancient mistakes, to measure the urgency of new truths, to clear itself of entanglements when old and new conflict, to shut out the clamor of the mob howling for a new dogma or decrying an old one, to keep eye and ear open for fresh visions of God and new accents of the Holy Ghost, and above all for seeing to it that great matters are held in their due proportion, and that all matters worthy of attention

are studied until they are brought into reasonable harmony with one another and so conduce to the one end of all study — *truth*. The University is thus the refuge of the churches for help in all those questions that perplex them. Such has been its function in all ages, and such it will continue to be; for in the long run the man who knows most about a subject is the one who is at last heard. All this is qualified, however, by the question, whether the University is truly one, and so fit to treat important subjects in a universal way. The Church is finding its way out of the world of particular or special truths into that of universal truths. It is feeling after its own greatness and real mission. It might aid Missionary Boards to decide whether they shall resign their charters, or still hold the Church to be the guardian and minister of a universal and absolute religion. If it is such, it must have a universal exposition; otherwise it goes with halting steps, — over-weighted by its conscious greatness and betrayed by its apparent weakness. It is a part of the confusion of thought in the churches at present that there is a subtle doubt as to whether or not Christianity is a local or a universal religion, — a question that involves its very nature.

The increasing necessity of the Church is enlightenment, and for this we must look to the University. Nothing of value is being said to-day on theology or ecclesiastical usage or practical ethics that does not proceed from it or bear its stamp. But the University must be of the true Comenius type, — based on nature and crowned with faith in God, balancing all attainable knowledge, and thus able to teach harmonious truths and true living.

More work lies before the churches than any so far achieved. All are on trial, however permanent they may claim to be. Nearly all have grown out of Old World conditions, either by extreme repulsion or exact reproduction. All wear a look of incompleteness, and eas-

ily fall into factions and schisms. There is a strange mingling of strength and weakness, absurdity and sound reason, mediæval gloom and modern light, bigotry and breadth, depths of triviality and summits of shining greatness, and — strangest of all — the most vital thing in the world, its free growth checked and thwarted. It would be a dismal outlook were it not that it can be regarded in the light of an evolution that has had as yet no final retrogression. What are deemed its faults and defects have their parallel in every phase of society. Were the Church faultless, it would be a wonder rather than an inspiration. It is still the moulder and the leader of the people, and lies at the bottom of nine tenths of the charity that relieves suffering and promotes virtue and fosters education. Above all, it refines manners and ratifies the laws by keeping alive a sense of eternal law. Christianity is the religion of humanity; it is that or nothing. Humanity will have its own, and at last it will have it in perfect accord with its perfected self. Man will no more fail to go on without striving for the highest expression of himself than he will stop in his evolution, — and that is not in his own power. There are behind and within him spiritual and moral forces that will as surely carry him on to the perfection of these forces as those which have brought him thus far were sure in their action. There are no slips in a divinely organized universe. Prophet and poet and the indestructible sense of selfhood are not amiss on this point.

The Church is in its analytic stage of development, and awaits its synthetic period when its various elements of truth and power shall be brought into harmonious relations. It is now insisting on a few things, and antagonizing or ignoring many. But such is not the true church. It is a choir of chanting worshippers, it is a hospital, a school, a charity house, a company of preachers, of missionaries, of students; it is a univer-

sity in which all of God's works and ways and all human institutions are massed for universal ends. Toward some such goal is the Church moving under the divine energy lodged within it. Nothing is diviner in the Christ than the impossibility to identify Him with any church, and yet He is in all ; at some point each touches Him, and because of that touch they are moving toward Him, — sloughing off some corruption, dropping some worn-out superstition, expurgating their creeds of mistaken exegesis, reinterpreting his words until they no longer flame with retribution in after-worlds, putting reason and spirit in place of literalism that defied them, — a process that is surely going on. It is not, however, a process of mere elimination. Denial is not progress nor a way to freedom. True progress involves complexity, but it is made up of what is high and fine and beautiful and strong by reason of its pure unity.

As to the final form of the Church, it would be idle to forecast it. That there will be one only, save in some high mystical sense, belongs to the childhood of faith ; to contend for it now is to mistake its movement. Yet the Church is not a dream of our higher nature, nor a superstition of our lower nature. It is a vital thing, and stands not for a condition, but for a movement. Where it will lead, is not easy to determine. It is not moving in the prelatical way, but it will have organization ; nor in the ritualistic way, but it will have a ritual that is not bound by rubric lines. It will not follow the path of Calvin or of Arminius, but its freedom will not be unchartered. It will not accept Anselm's answer to his question, "*Cur Deus Homo?*" but it will

insist on the divine humanity, and find its goal somewhere in the region of this profound phrase, — at once mystical and historical and scientific, — a phrase that represents the whole play of our nature. And we would say with emphasis, that while the way will be traced along the footsteps of great leaders of thought and through prophets and sacred books, no man nor church nor Bible will be authoritative or other than a guiding and inspiring light. The power and the light that are always leading toward the unattainable goal are in man himself, in the development of his nature, — not as a mere creation of God, but as one in whom God is immanent, and is ever unfolding himself in human ways that are also divine. Hence, while it is to be expected that the word *trinity* will not be insisted on, and — as Calvin said — might better have not been used, the phrase Father, Son, and Spirit will pass into the language of the soul because it defines the forces by which man lives and fulfills his destiny. This phrase does not spring out of Nicene renderings, nor from any later or present forms of them, — all of which are more or less bewildering. Its roots go deeper down than the creeds, — into man himself. When he has found himself he finds within him that which is in all nature, and he names himself a son of the Father of all ; he knows himself as spirit, and he cannot otherwise define himself than as one with Him who was filled with the Spirit, and so was the Son of the Father. And as for the Church, it has no office but to lead men to realize the divine humanity in themselves. Thus, yet by no easy path, they find their way into the Eternal Reality out of which they spring.

Theodore T. Munger.

SOME SECOND TERM PRECEDENTS.

WHEN, on his Pacific coast tour of 1903, Mr. Roosevelt declared, "I would rather be a whole President for three years and a half than be half a President for seven years and a half" (the occasion of the remark being a dinner given to him by a Northwestern Senator, and the provocation to the remark being somebody's assertion of the impossibility for Mr. Roosevelt to get certain delegates unless he did certain things), he gave an intimation that he intended to play an important rôle in the ensuing four years if he remained in office. Assuming that he will be elected in 1904, it is safe to predict that Colonel Roosevelt will be a whole President in his next term whatever he may believe he has been in this one. Moreover, this would be in line with all the examples. Unless an exception be made in the case of Mr. Cleveland, who was independent and aggressive from the beginning, every President who was in office eight years made a larger assertion of authority in the second half of his service than he did in the first half.

Several reasons for this will suggest themselves. The desire to get a second term makes most Presidents cautious about running counter to the wishes of any considerable number of the people or of the leaders of their party. In the second term the President has no expectation of further honors. He has a right to interpret a second election as a mark of the popular confidence in an especial degree, and he will be disposed to take less kindly to any interference in his policy, if he has a policy, by Congress or by the politicians.

Of course these considerations could not have had much weight with the country's first President. Washington received the unanimous vote of the electoral college at each election. Even

for a first term he was averse to accepting office. It was only after earnest persuasion by many of the leading spirits of the country that he allowed the people to give him a second term. Soon afterward he made it known that under no conditions would he accept a third election. Yet Washington's most important official act was his proclamation, in April, 1793, seven weeks after his second inauguration, by which he held the country neutral in the war then beginning between France and England. A large majority of the people, and practically all of Jefferson's Republican party, wanted the United States to take the French side. France was then a republic. She had been the United States' ally in the war for independence a few years earlier. England had been its enemy. A treaty fifteen years earlier, too, with Louis XVI.'s government was interpreted by many persons as pledging the United States to aid France, although the monarchy with which the compact had been made had been swept away in the interval.

Madison, then in the House of Representatives, wrote two months later to Jefferson, the Secretary of State, thus: "The proclamation was in truth a most unfortunate error. It wounds the national honor by seeming to disregard the stipulated duties to France. It wounds the popular feelings by a seeming indifference to the cause of liberty." By another element Washington was denounced as a Royalist, who was conspiring to subvert the republic here and set up a monarchy with himself as king. Ten thousand outraged citizens, it was said, in Philadelphia, then the seat of government, threatened to drag him out of his house and make him either resign or declare for France, and that but for the opportune advent of a malignant

fever, which seized some of the leaders of the mob, serious trouble would have come.

But with admirable courage and foresight Washington preserved the balance between this noisy pro-French sect and the smaller but socially powerful faction which leaned toward England. His act had consequences which are felt to this day. It announced to the world that the United States had no concern in Europe's collisions or combinations, but had a set of interests of its own which it would defend against all outside interference. The proclamation of 1793 gave official expression to that spirit which, expanding with the country's growth, was to assert itself more specifically in Monroe's hands-off-the-American-continent warning to the Holy Alliance thirty years later.

If anybody had asked Jefferson on what act of his eight years as President he placed most value he undoubtedly would have said his embargo, which came in his second administration, and not his Louisiana purchase in his first term. Contrary, indeed, to what the country is apt to infer in this world's fair period, Jefferson did not set such a high appraisal on Louisiana's annexation as he did on other achievements which have been forgotten by most of that small part of his countrymen who ever knew anything about them. "Here was buried Thomas Jefferson, Author of the Declaration of Independence, of the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom, and Father of the University of Virginia." This inscription on his tomb at Monticello, prepared beforehand by himself, makes no reference to the transaction by which the area of the United States was more than doubled, and which we of to-day sometimes say will preserve Jefferson's memory longer than even his authorship of the Declaration.

But while the Louisiana cession was dictated by Bonaparte, the embargo was of Jefferson's authorship. By George III.'s

orders in council and by Bonaparte's Berlin and Milan decrees, of 1806-07, which, in Jefferson's words, transformed England into a "den of pirates" and France into a "den of thieves," each side, in its life-and-death struggle with the other, captured and confiscated scores of American ships and cargoes. The philanthropic Jefferson retaliated by asking Congress to pass that series of measures collectively called the embargo, ranging from an interdict on trade with the offending countries to a virtually complete prohibition of commerce with the entire world.

No other President ever exercised such hypnotic sway over Congress as Jefferson did in that crisis. Said the Federalist John Quincy Adams, then in the Senate, in advocating the first of Jefferson's bills: "The President has recommended this measure on his high responsibility. I would not consider. I would not deliberate. I would act." This was in the closing days of 1807. The Senate acted by passing, a few hours later, the bill, one of the most disastrous to private interests ever placed on the national statute book, which was also rushed through the House. The object was to protect American sailors, shippers, and shipowners, and to peacefully coerce the belligerents into respect for American rights. This was magnificent, but as Jefferson neglected to prepare for war in case war could not be abolished by his plan, it was not sense. The orders in council and the decrees meant risk for American commerce. The embargo meant ruin or rebellion. America, and not the belligerents, was the chief sufferer. George III. rejoiced at the embargo as a means of crippling American commerce, of which England was jealous. At last, under the menace of a secessionist plot in New England, divulged by Adams to Jefferson early in 1809, in the closing days of Jefferson's service, the embargo was repealed on March 4, and milder restrictive mea-

asures were adopted, under which Bonaparte, in Madison's days, trapped the United States into a war with England, the thing which the embargo was designed to avert, before adequate preparations had been made for war. Yet Jefferson many years later told William B. Giles that if the embargo had been continued a little longer it "would have effected its object completely."

In Madison's case, of course, those acts which were necessitated or suggested by the war of 1812-15 with England were by far the most important of his eight years in the White House, and almost all were in his second term. The war, indeed, began in the last year of his first term, but it was openly charged in Congress by Josiah Quincy of Massachusetts, Alexander C. Hanson of Maryland, and other Federalists that his renomination and reelection were made contingent on his acceptance of the war policy which he had opposed up to that time. One of Madison's political friends, James Fisk of Vermont, very strongly intimated that he was one of the junta of young Democratic congressmen — Calhoun, Crawford, and others being among its members, of whom Clay, the Speaker of the House, was said to be the leading spirit — who coerced Madison into making the change of base. Braced up by a second election Madison, the least warlike of America's Presidents to this day, coaxed William Eustis to resign as Secretary of War; forced Paul Hamilton, the Secretary of the Navy, to step down; put John Armstrong in place of the former, and William Jones in place of the latter; and afterward induced Armstrong to retire and gave the war office temporarily to Monroe, who already held the state portfolio, and was thus placed in the line of succession to the White House.

In his annual message in December, 1815, in the third year of his second term, Madison urged Congress to adopt a uniform national currency; suggested the creation of a national bank; and re-

commended an increase and improvement in the army and navy, the enlargement of the West Point Academy and the building of branches to it in various parts of the country, the protection to manufactures and the construction of roads and canals at the national expense. Nearly all these things, when proposed at one time and another in previous years, he had fought. All of them, when passed in 1816-17, he approved. Madison in 1791 had joined Jefferson in opposing Hamilton's first United States Bank. Madison in 1816 signed the bill creating the second United States Bank, based on the principle of Hamilton's institution, but representing a larger exercise of Federal power. Quincy, the Federalist, witnessing this swing of Madison and other state sovereignty men to the centralization side, was justified in his taunt that there was no longer any need for a Federalist party, for the Democrats had now out-federalized Federalism.

Two measures of importance — Florida's annexation and Missouri's admission to statehood with its stipulation dividing all the then Western territory between slavery and freedom — are connected with Monroe's first administration, 1817-21. Neither in its inception nor in its later stages, however, did Monroe have any influence on the Missouri contest. The only influence of any consequence which he exerted in shaping the Florida annexation treaty with Spain was in placing the country's western boundary at the Sabine River instead of at the Rio Grande, which Adams, the Secretary of State, urged. This surrender of Texas — which, of course, at that day was only a geographical expression — to Spain was part of the price for which Ferdinand VII. ceded Florida to us. The surrender, moreover, was a concession to Northern sentiment, which objected to a sweeping extension of the slavery area on the west to reinforce that which Florida would contribute on the east.

In at least three important instances

in his second term, however, Monroe exerted decisive sway. These were his veto in 1822 of the appropriation for the Cumberland road; his recognition in that year of Mexico, Colombia, and the rest of the Latin-American states which had broken away from Spain; and his announcement in 1823 of that American continental policy which has borne his name ever since. Though ordinarily as averse as Madison to anything like self-assertion, Monroe, because of the virtually unanimous vote cast for him in 1820, in his second election, only one member of the electoral college being against him, had a right to assume that his countrymen offered him a free hand in the management of the government's executive affairs. When Jefferson, in his first inaugural, declared, "We are all Republicans, we are all Federalists," he stated metaphorically something which became a physical fact in Monroe's time.

Monroe's veto of the Cumberland Road Bill was on the ground that while Congress had the right to appropriate money for internal improvements of a national character, it could not exercise jurisdiction over them, as that measure proposed to do. The barrier thus erected checked the system of road and canal building in the extreme form which it was beginning to take, and the distinction which he set up was observed by Jackson and by some of the other succeeding Democratic Presidents in most instances. His appeal to Congress in 1822 for an appropriation for the support of ministers and consuls in the Central and South American countries, which meant their recognition by the United States, passed that body with virtual unanimity, evoked applause in every community from the Rio Grande down to Cape Horn and up to the Gulf of California, and set the example which was followed soon afterward by the rest of the world. His warning of 1823, which headed off the Holy Alliance in its purpose, or presumed purpose, of dividing the Latin-American nations

among its own members and Spain, furnished all the countries of the hemisphere with a new and permanent cause of gratitude to him and to the United States, rounded out that America-for-the-Americans idea which — first voiced by Washington in his neutrality proclamation and in his Farewell Address, and by Jefferson and others in several connections — had been steadily developing in the public consciousness, and definitely proclaimed a policy for the whole continent which has been decisively asserted as recently as in the British-German-Venezuelan case of 1903, and which has made Monroe's name travel farther throughout the world than that of any other American of any age.

When, shortly after Jackson went to the White House, Joseph Story, of the Supreme Court, wrote that "though we live under the form of a republic we are in fact under the rule of a single man," he expressed the view of a large number of persons who, like Story, were not active partisans. But Jackson's personality was asserted in a far more pronounced way in his second term than it was in his first. In his first term the spoils system was established, and the "Peggy O'Neil war" was waged, which broke up the Cabinet, sent many Democrats permanently into the opposition, and completed the rupture between Jackson and Calhoun, which placed Van Buren instead of Calhoun in the line of succession to the presidency, and dwarfed the great South Carolinian into a sectional figure. In those four years, also, the United States bank, the nullification, and the French spoliation claims issues came up, though only in a preliminary way. Upon these three measures, the most important of all the questions dealt with during his service, drastic, decisive, and final action came after his second election.

Six weeks after Jackson's nomination in 1832 for his second term his enemies, the National Republicans, led by Clay,

their presidential nominee, and reinforced by Nicholas Biddle, the bank's president, and by many Democrats, passed the bill to grant an extension of charter to the United States bank, which had the support of a majority of the Democrats of Pennsylvania, a Jackson state, and which had many powerful Democratic champions all over the country. Jackson accepted Clay's challenge, vetoed the bank bill, coerced most of the bank Democrats into line, and overwhelmingly defeated Clay at the polls.

Immediately after the election, or in December, 1832, South Carolina, under the lead of Hayne (Webster's antagonist of two years earlier, who had just stepped out of the Senate into the governorship) and Calhoun (who resigned the vice-presidency and entered the Senate to succeed Hayne), having passed a nullification act, to go into operation on February 1, 1833, Jackson issued a proclamation pointing out that nullification assailed the Constitution, and that disunion by armed force was treason; and he ordered General Scott to have troops ready to enter South Carolina, a naval force meanwhile being sent to Charleston to coöperate with the army. Awed by Jackson's promptness and vigor, and under cover of Clay's compromise tariff of 1833, which was passed to placate them, the nullifiers gave way. When France disregarded her treaty promise to pay \$5,000,000 for spoliations committed on American vessels by French cruisers in Napoleon's wars, the first installment of which was due in 1833, Jackson in 1834 urged Congress to pass a law authorizing reprisals on French property. France was enraged at this menace, war for a time seemed imminent between the two countries, but the debt was finally paid, claims which had been vainly pressed for a quarter of a century by Presidents were collected by Jackson, and United States prestige among the nations was greatly heightened.

During all the time that Jackson was fighting Calhoun and the nullifiers at home and Louis Philippe abroad he was waging savage war on Clay, Biddle, and the United States bank. His immense majority in the battle of 1832 on ground of Clay's own choosing was interpreted by Jackson as the people's injunction to extirpate the bank, and he started to obey the mandate with his accustomed directness and vigor. Finding McLane, the Secretary of the Treasury, unwilling to take the public funds from the bank, which Congress had declared to be perfectly safe, Jackson sent him to the head of the State Department. Duane, his successor in the Treasury, refused to remove the deposits, and was himself removed, and Taney, who was put in his place, obeyed Jackson's command, the government moneys being put in what Jackson's enemies called the "pet" banks. On account of his autocracy all the elements of the opposition — National Republicans, Democrats, and Anti-Masons — united in a coalition which adopted the Whig name in 1834, and they passed a resolution in that year censuring him for his conduct. After a three years' fight Benton carried a measure in 1837, shortly before Jackson's retirement, exonerating him and expunging the censure from the Senate's journal. Thus, with Clay, Calhoun, Biddle, and all the rest of his foes of all social castes and political sects laid in the dust, Jackson stepped out of office in a blaze of glory.

Except in the case of the treaty of Washington of 1871, under which the Alabama claims were adjusted by arbitration at Geneva a year later, and the long controversy with England amicably settled, the things done by Grant which will be remembered almost all took place in his second term. The completion of reconstruction, in which he did not have a commanding influence; his Santo Domingo annexation project, which failed; the short-lived Civil Service Act, which,

however, was a beginning in a great reform that first took practical shape in Arthur's days; and the Liberal Republican schism, by which many prominent personages in his party, some permanently and others temporarily, went over to the opposition, — all belong to his first term.

There was a note of triumph in Grant's second inaugural, in 1873. After saying that when his first term began the country had not yet recovered from the effects of the civil war, and that therefore he had been opposed to the raising of new questions, he pointed out that through a large part of the term he had "been the subject of abuse and slander scarcely ever equaled in political history," and added that the people's verdict in giving him a new commission he would accept as his "vindication." This gave him the opportunity, which he quickly embraced, to show his independence and initiative. When, in April, 1874, he vetoed the Greenback Inflation Bill, which had been supported by large numbers of his party in each branch of Congress, among whom were many of his personal friends, which measure was especially strong in his own section, the West; and when he followed this up by personal appeals, orally and by letter, to Conkling, Sherman, Morrill, Edmunds, Hamlin, Jones (of Nevada), and other Republican leaders to take immediate steps to bring the currency back to the specie basis from which it had been separated since the beginning of 1862, he exerted a controlling sway that has told for good in the country's financial affairs to this day.

Grant here got aid from an unexpected source. In the congressional election in November, 1874, the Democrats, for the first time since the Buchanan canvass of 1856, carried the House of Representatives. A condition as well as a theory thus confronting the Republicans — the necessity for passing their Money Bill between the first Monday in December,

1874, and the 4th of the following March, when they would drop out of control in the House — sent a measure through Congress by a straight party vote, which Grant signed on January 14, 1875, that brought all the country's currency up to the gold line on January 1, 1879, and it has, in every crisis since then, by the operation of that act, been held up to the gold level. In the latter part of his service he began that relaxation of the harsher features of reconstruction which was followed by Hayes when, a few weeks after entering the White House, he removed the troops from Louisiana and South Carolina. Grant's presence at the head of affairs during the charges and countercharges of conspiracies and the threats and counterthreats of violence attending the disputed Hayes-Tilden count in the early weeks of 1877 gave his countrymen confidence, and did much to preserve the peace in that crisis.

Asked early in 1885, just before his first inauguration, by Warner of Ohio and other free silverite Democratic congressmen as to his attitude on silver, President Cleveland not only condemned free coinage, but he declared that the country's financial safety demanded the repeal of the limited Silver Coinage Act then in operation. Thus, at the outset in his career, he placed himself in hostility to a powerful minority, that was soon to become a majority, of his party on an issue ultimately to become dominant. Never before or since in the country's history was a great political organization in such humor wooed. In his message of 1887, devoted to that subject solely, he assailed the tariff, a question which at that time carried more dynamite than any other issue since slavery during the Kansas territorial fight, except silver in 1896. Cleveland, however, was unfortunate politically in his tariff propaganda. The Mills Bill of 1888, incited by that message, defeated him for reelection in that year, and the

Wilson Bill of 1894 (in his second term), which he liked, was mutilated by Gorman and a few other Democrats in the Senate into the "party perfidy and party dishonor" tariff which he denounced, and which he contemptuously refused to sign or veto, letting it become a law through the time limit.

It was in his second term, however, that Cleveland's courage and independence were most strikingly displayed. A few days after he reëntered office in 1893 he withdrew the Hawaiian annexation treaty that Harrison had sent to the Senate, and he soon afterward hauled down the American flag in Hawaii, which had been run up shortly before that time, and he attempted to restore the deposed Queen. In 1894 he vetoed the Silver Seigniorage Bill, the bill to "coin a vacuum," which had received the votes of three fourths of his party in Congress. In 1895 he constrained England to arbitrate her several decades old boundary dispute with Venezuela, and gave the Monroe Doctrine a stronger sanction in the outside world even than it received when, in response to a word from Secretary Seward, Louis Napoleon in 1866 took his troops out of Mexico and let the people of that country overthrow Maximilian. But Cleveland's most valuable public service was when, in the extra session of Congress which he called in 1893, he, by swinging the patronage

club, forced enough free silver Democrats over to the support of the small number of gold Democrats and the large majority of the Republicans to repeal the purchase clause of the Sherman law of 1890, and stopped that silver dilution of the currency which had been under way since the passage of the Bland-Allison Act over Hayes's veto in 1878.

Lincoln and McKinley died too early in their second term to show definitely the temper with which they received their countrymen's renewed vote of confidence. It is safe to assume, however, that had Lincoln lived to serve out his second term the reconstruction scheme would have taken a different form from that into which it shaped itself in the fight between Johnson and the Republican Congress when Johnson attempted to carry out Lincoln's policy without having any of Lincoln's tact or any of his influence over the Republican party. Some of McKinley's words just before his assassination indicated that he would urge, had he lived till Congress met, a less rigorous application of the tariff than that which his party favored then or apparently favors still. If President Roosevelt is elected in 1904 — and the chances are that he will be — he will find himself in very distinguished company should he attempt to make himself a larger force in the government's affairs than he has been thus far.

Charles M. Harvey.

SANTA CLAUS AT LONELY COVE.

THERE was a lusty old wind scampering over Lonely Cove, — a big, rollicking winter's gale, blowing straight out of the North. Had there been no snow, — had the earth been naked brown and the rocks black in the night, had the pines of Great Hill and of the gully called Long-an'-Deep been free to toss their arms

and tell their dreadful secrets to the storm, had gusts of black rain fallen angrily on the window-panes, had the low growl of breakers come up from the sea, — had there not been snow, indeed, and had it not been Christmas Eve, the three little Jutts would long ago have crept up to bed, led by the hand of Martha, the

sister, herself timid of the wind and of the dark, but still dissembling great courage; and they would have slipped into bed in a hurry, with Sammy between them, to whom Martha would have sung all the hushaby songs she knew, to help him to sleep. But it *was* Christmas Eve, and there *was* snow with the wind, — clouds of thick flakes; and the earth was soft and white from Battle Harbor up the Labrador coast to places beyond the furthest cove to which the schooners of men had gone for fish. So the three little Jutts sat waiting at the kitchen fire, not by any means shaken in their purpose, but, rather, only pleasurably thrilled by all the noises, great and small and known and queer, — sudden rattle at the window, and long, gruff roar in the cellar, — which that jolly old winter's wind could devise to frighten them.

"The wind's playin' bear, the night!" laughed Jimmie Jutt.

Sammy flung an impudent challenge to the big black bear. "Boo-o-oo!" said he, to frighten it.

"T will not cotch *us*, b'y," said Martha very softly; and she gave little Sammy a quick, close hug, and snatched a kiss from his lips.

"Boo!" shouted Sammy, more impudent than ever.

"Sammy Jutt," said Jimmie Jutt, "you're not keepin' watch. Sure, an' we don't look out the word 'll come an' burn up afore us knows, — like it done las' Chris'mus."

And so they all began again to look intently through the half-opened stove door into the blazing fire.

"Does you really think us 'll get it, Martha?" asked Jimmie.

Martha looked at Sammy, who was blinking sharply at Martha, — and Martha nodded.

"T will be fine for Sammy," said Jimmie.

"'N' mama," lisped Sammy.

"T will be fine for you, Sammy," said Martha. "My! but 't will."

"'N' mama," Sammy persisted.

The father and mother of the three little Jutts — they were Skipper Jonas and Matilda Jutt, who have the only cottage at Lonely Cove, as all Labrador men know — were off by themselves in the cold front room. They were in trouble; the eyes of Matilda were wet and red, and had been the day long; and while she made use of her apron to dry her tears and stifle her sobs, Jonas patted her rounded back with a hand that was meant to be gentle, saying the while, "Hush! woman, dear, lest the young ones hears you cryin'. 'T would 'a' been all right, an' the fish had n't failed; an' 't will be all right next year. Woan't you hush, Matilda?" which only moved her to greater weeping. "'T see them dears sittin' there," she sobbed, "an' t' think o' what they wants, an' t' think o' them waitin' an' waitin', an' t' think o' them havin' t' get the letter you writ — Oh, Jonas!" and she could say no more for the lump in her throat. There was nothing for Jonas to do but pat her on the back and mutter, "Hush, woman, dear!" again and again; and, at last, firmly to say, "Come, now! I've the letter up me sleeve. Do you do what you said. Us 'll go in." Very sad and shamefaced they went into the kitchen, where the little Jutts sat expectant at the fire.

"Sure, zur," said Jimmie, snatching a hasty glance at his father's face, "'t is not come yet."

"But 't will be along soon, zur, I'm thinkin'," Martha added, never moving her hopeful eyes from the stove.

Little Sammy merely continued to blink rapidly at the red crack.

"Oh, ay," said Jonas, "you 'll be havin' that letter down soon. Sure, he's never long with the answer."

Jonas stood awkwardly behind the children. Nobody stirred, nobody spoke; all eyes were steadily fixed on the stove door — until Matilda Jutt, calling courage to strike the blow, pretended sudden fright.

"Look!" she exclaimed. "Sure, there's something under the table!"

The poor subterfuge was sufficient; the little Jutts faced about in great alarm; and before they had turned again to the watch, Skipper Jonas dropped a letter on the damper of the stove.

"Oh!" cried Jimmie Jutt.

"Oh!" Martha screeched.

"Oo-o-o!" gurgled Sammy.

Martha, now very solemn, took up the letter. She looked it over, back and face, somewhat wistful the while, as though she feared disappointment; then she let it fall to her lap, and stared from Sammy to Jimmie, and back to Sammy again.

"I'm thinkin' he's t' come!" cried Jimmie confidently, his blue eyes fairly blazing with delight.

"I'm thinkin' so, too," said Martha; but her voice was shaking, and so low that it would be hard to vouch for what she said.

Matilda suddenly left the room. But, "Oh, I don't think he'll be comin', this year," said poor Jonas. "'Tis awful weather. Sure, it must be *fearful* down North. 'Tis like he'll not be able t' stir out, the night."

Martha opened the letter. Jimmie watched her face for a sign. Skipper Jonas turned away. She glanced the writing over; but before her face — and a wonderfully expressive little face it was — had time to change with joy or the reverse, there was a loud knocking on the door, — a knocking and stamping and repeated shouting of "Ha! I'll freeze to death! Open the door! Ha! I'll perish on your doorstep! How long *will* it take you?" with more stamping, a hail of loud knocks and more than one heavy kick; so that the Jutts, both big and little, were very quickly roused from their stupor of amazement that there should come a knock on the door that night.

"Good Lord! Will you *never* open the door? Ho, within! *Are* you going

to let a fellow man die on your very doorstep? *Open this door!*"

So gruff was the voice — so big and commanding and angry, and so loud (and continuously louder) did the heavy fists and feet fall upon the door, and so sudden was the outcry and strange the manner of the man, and so late was the night and wild the wind and far away the little cottage — that the little Jutts huddled close together, and Sammy, his eyelids stiff with horror, blinked no longer, but slipped from his chair and limped to his sister, whose hand he clutched.

"I'll freeze, I tell you!" came the voice without. "Open the — Ha! Thank you," in a mollified way, as Skipper Jonas opened the door. "May I come in?"

"An' welcome, zur!" cried the hearty Jonas. "'Tis a wild night."

"Ha! Thank you. Yes — a wild night. Caught sight of your light from the top of the hill. I'll leave my racquets here. Straight ahead? Thank you. I see the glow of the fire. Ha!"

After some further stamping and puffing, and many a gasping "Ha!" there entered a queer old man with a pack on his back. He was not rotund, — not rotund at all; rather lean, and tall, and straight as a spruce. But he was rosy enough, and had curling white hair, escaping in heavy masses from his fur cap, and an astonishingly long white beard; and his eyes flashed here and there and everywhere, twinkling most merrily all the time, so that one was irresistibly moved to chuckle with delight at the very sight of them, no matter how suddenly or how terribly the thick gray brows fell over them. There was snow on his pack, snow on his shoulders, snow in his beard and hair, snow encrusting his long skin boots. He must have had a time of it in the storm that day, floundering down the gully from Gander Rock, where the light in Skipper Jonas Jutt's window is first visible on a thick night.

"Hello!" he cried, stopping short. "What's this? Kids? Good! Three of them. Ha! How are you?"

The manner of asking the question was most indignant, not to say threatening; and a gasp and heavy frown accompanied it. The fierce little glance that darted from the old man's eyes was indubitably directed at little Sammy, as though—God save us!—the lad had no right to be anything *but* well, and ought to be, and should be, birched on the instant if he had the temerity to admit the smallest ache or pain from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet. But Sammy looked frankly into the flashing little eyes, grinned, chuckled audibly, and lisped that he was better.

"Huh!" growled the stranger; and he searched Sammy's white face and skinny body as though for evidence to the contrary, "I'll attend to *you*."

Presently the old fellow returned with Skipper Jonas from the shed, where he had laid off his boots and his pack—Sammy was quick to note the absence of that significant burden—and been swept clean of snow. Presently, too, he cocked his head and sniffed; and he sniffed, and sniffed again, and said "Ha!" in a way that most other folk smack their lips; and, at last, he fixed his eyes on the fat pork that sizzled and spluttered in the pan Matilda had made haste to put over the fire; and not another word did he say until the table was laid: whereupon, he ejaculated a loud and sudden "Ha!" and fell to. With such alacrity, such determination, and a gusto so manifest, did he attack the fried pork and bread and tea, that, as Sammy was driven to admit, he was more like a man who had trudged a long day's journey than one who had sped a greater distance in a more unusual way.

"And now, lass," said the stranger when there was nothing left on the table, and he had drawn up to the fire, "what's what?"

To this extraordinary question, de-

livered, as it was, in a manner that called imperatively for an answer, Martha Jutt did not know what to say.

"What's what, I say?" repeated the stranger.

Quite startled, Martha lifted the letter from her lap. "He's not comin', zur," she gasped, for lack of something better.

"Hum!" said the stranger. "You're disappointed. So he's not coming?"

"No, zur—not this year."

"That's too bad. But you must n't mind it, you know,—not for an instant. What's the matter with him?"

"He've broke his leg, zur."

"What! Broken his leg? Poor fellow. How did he come to do that?"

"Catchin' one o' they wild deer, zur."

"Extraordinary—most! But he was a fool to try it. Broken a leg, eh? How long ago?"

"Sure, it can't be more than half an hour; for he've"—

"Half an hour!" cried the stranger.

"Where is he? It can't be far. I'll fix him. Where is he?"

"North Pole, zur," whispered Sammy.

"Oh-h-h!" cried the stranger; and he pursed his lips and winked at Sammy in a way most peculiar. "I see!"

"Iss, zur," Jimmie rattled eagerly. "You could n't get there quick, zur, could you, an' fix un up so he could make a shift at travelin'? We're fair disappointed that he's not"—

"Ha!" the stranger interrupted. "I see. Hum! Well now!" And having thus incoherently exclaimed for a little, the light in his eyes growing merrier all the time, he most unaccountably worked himself into a great rage. "The lazy rascal!" he shouted, jumping out of his chair and beginning to stamp the room, frowning terribly. "The fat, idle, blundering dunderhead! Did they send you that word? Did they, now? Tell me, did they? Give me that letter."

He snatched the letter from Martha's lap; and he paused to slap it angrily, from time to time, as he read it.

NORTH POLL.

DEER MARTHA, — Few lines is to let you know on accounts of havin broke my leg catchin the deer Im sory im in a state of helth not bein able so as to be out in heavy wether. hopin you is all well as it leaves me

Yrs respectful

SANDY CLAWS.

Will com next yere sure pop. Fish was poor an it would not be much this yere anyways. tel Sammy.

"Ha!" shouted the angry old fellow, as he crushed the letter to a little ball and flung it under the table. "Ha! That's the kind of thing that happens when one's away from home. There you have it! Discipline gone to the dogs. System gone to the dogs. Everything gone to the dogs. Now, what do you think of that?"

He tugged at his long white beard, and tweaked his long red nose, and bit his under lip, and trembled and puffed, and said "Ha!" in a fashion so threatening that one must needs have fled the room had there not been a curiously reassuring twinkle in each of his red little eyes.

"What do you think of that?" he repeated fiercely at last. "A countermanded order! I'll attend to *him*," he burst out. "I'll fix *that* fellow. The lazy dunderhead, I'll soon fix *him*! Give me pen and ink. Where's the paper? Never mind. I've some in the pack. One moment, and I'll" —

He rushed to the shed, to the great surprise and alarm of the little Jutts, and loudly called back for a candle (which Skipper Jonas, now utterly bewildered, carried to him); and when he had been gone a long time, he returned with a letter in his hand, still puffing and ejaculating in a great rage.

"See that?" said he to the three little Jutts. "Well, *that's* for Santa Claus's clerk. That'll fix *him*. That'll blister the stupid fellow."

"Please, zur!" whispered Martha Jutt.

"Well?" snapped the stranger, stopping short in a rush to the stove.

"Please, zur!" said Martha, taking courage, and laying a timid hand on his arm. "Sure, I don't know what 't is all about. I don't know what blunder he've made. But I'm thinkin', zur, you'll be sorry if you acts in haste. 'T is wise 't count a hundred. Don't be *too* hard on un, zur. 'T is like the blunder may be mended. 'T is like he'll do better next time. Don't be hard" —

"Hard on him?" the stranger interrupted. "Hard on *him*! Hard on that" —

"Ay, zur," she pleaded, looking fearlessly up. "Won't you count a hundred?"

"Count it," said he grimly.

Martha counted. It is to be admitted that the numbers fell slowly, and yet more slowly, from her lips, until — and she was keenly on the watch — she saw a gentler look overspread the stranger's face; and then she rattled them off, lest he change his mind once more.

"— an' a hundred!" she concluded, breathless.

"Well," the stranger drawled, rubbing his nose, "I'll modify it," whereupon Martha smiled, "just to 'blige you," whereupon she blushed.

So he scratched a deal of the letter out; then he sealed it, strode to the stove, opened the door, flung the letter into the flames, slammed the door, and turned with a wondrously sweet smile to the amazed little Jutts.

"There!" he sighed, "I think that'll do the business. We'll soon know, at any rate."

They waited, all very still, all with eyes wide open, all gazing fixedly at the door of the stove. Then all at once — and in the very deepest of the silence — the stranger uttered a startling "Ha!" leaped from his chair with such violence that he overturned it, awkwardly upset Jimmie Jutt's stool, and sent the lad

tumbling head over heels (for which he did not stop to apologize); and there was great confusion: in the midst of which the extraordinary old fellow jerked the stove door wide open, thrust in his arm, and snatched a blazing letter straight from the flames, — all before Jimmie and Martha and Sammy Jutt had time to recover from the daze into which the sudden uproar had thrown them.

"There!" cried the stranger, when he had managed to extinguish the blaze. "We'll just see what's in this. 'Tis better news, I'll warrant."

You may be sure that the little Jutts were blinking amazement. There could be no doubt about the authenticity of *that* communication. And the stranger seemed to know it: for he calmly tore the envelope open, glanced the letter over, and turned to Martha, the broadest of grins wrinkling his ruddy face.

"Martha Jutt," said he, "will you *please* be good enough to read *that*."

And Martha read: —

NORTH POLE, Dec. 24, 10.18 P. M.

TO CAPTAIN BLIZZARD,
JONAS JUTT'S COTTAGE,
LONELY COVE,
LABRADOR COAST.

RESPECTED SIR, — Regret erroneous report. Mistake of a clerk in the Bureau of Information. Santa Claus got away at 9.36. Wind blowing due south, and strong and fresh.

SNOW, Chief Clerk.

Whereupon there was a great outburst of glee. It was the stranger who raised the first cheer. Three times three and a tiger! And what a tiger it was! It fairly put the noisy old gale to shame. What with the treble of Sammy, which was of the thinnest description, and the treble of Martha, which never was so full and sure, and the treble of Jimmie, which dangerously bordered on a cracked bass, and what with Matilda's cackle and Skipper Jonas's croak and the stranger's guttural uproar (which might

have been mistaken for a very double bass), — what with all this, as you may be sure, the shout of the wind was nowhere. Then they joined hands (it was the stranger who began it by catching Martha and Matilda) and danced the table round, shaking their feet and tossing their arms, the glee ever more uproarious, — danced until they were breathless, every one of them, save little Sammy, who was not asked to join the gambol, but sat still in his chair, and seemed to expect no invitation.

"Wind blowing due south, and strong and fresh," said Jimmie, when, at last, they sat down. "He'll be down in a hurry, with they swift deer. My! but he'll just *whiz* in this gale."

"But 't is sad 't is too late t' get word to un," said Martha, the smile gone from her face.

"Sad, is it?" cried the stranger. "Sad! What's the word you're wanting to send? What is it you" —

"'T is something for Sammy, zur."

Sammy gave Martha a quick dig in the ribs. "'N' mama," he lisped reproachfully.

"Iss, zur; we're wantin' it bad, — fair *bad*, — an' does you think us could get word to un?"

"We can try it, anyway," the stranger answered heartily. "Maybe we can catch him on the way down. Ha! Where's that pen? Here we are. Now!"

He scribbled rapidly, folded the letter in great haste, and dispatched it to Santa Claus's clerk by the simple process of throwing it in the fire. As before, he went to his pack in the shed, taking the candle with him, — the errand was really most trivial, — and stayed so long that the little Jutts, who now loved him very much, wished that the need might not arise again. But, all in good time, he returned, and sat to watch for the reply, intent as any of them; and, presently, he snatched the stove door open, creating great confusion in the act, as before; and before the little Jutts could recover from

the sudden surprise, he held up a smoking letter. Then he read aloud:—

Try Hamilton Inlet. Touches there 10.48. Time of arrival at Lonely Cove uncertain. No use waiting up.

SNOW, Clerk.

"By Jove!" exclaimed the stranger. "That's bully! Touches Hamilton Inlet at 10.48." He consulted his watch. "It's now 10.43 and a half. We've just four and a half minutes. I'll get a message off at once. Where's that confounded pen? Ha! Here we are. Now—what is it you want for Sammy and mama?"

The three little Jutts were suddenly thrown into a fearful state of excitement. They tried to talk all at once; but not one of them could frame a coherent sentence. It was terrible to see.

"The Exterminator!" Martha managed to jerk out at last.

"Oh, ay!" cried Jimmie Jutt. "Quick, zur! Write un down. Pine's Prompt Pain Exterminator. Two bottles guaranteed t' cure. Make it two bottles, zur. We wants t' work a cure. *Please*, zur, make haste!"

The stranger stared at Jimmie.

"Oh, zur," groaned Martha, "don't be starin' like that! Write, zur. 'T was all in the paper what the prospector left last summer. Pine's Prompt Pain Exterminator. Cures boils, rheumatism, pains in the back an' chest, sore throat, an' all they things, an' warts on the hands by a simple application with brown paper. We wants it for Sammy's rheumatiz, zur. Oh"—

"None genuine without the label," Jimmie put in, in an excited rattle. "Money refunded if no cure. Get a bottle with the label, zur. Get *two* bottles, zur."

The stranger laughed, — laughed aloud, and laughed again. "By Jove!" he roared. "You'll get it. It's funny, but by Jove, he's got it in stock!"

The laughter and repeated assurance vastly encouraged Jimmie and Martha, — the stranger wrote like mad while he talked, — but not little Sammy. All that he lisped, all that he shouted, all that he screamed, had gone unheeded. He could put up with the neglect no longer; so he limped over the floor to Martha, and tugged at her sleeve, and pulled at Jimmie's coat-tail, and jogged the stranger's arm, until, at last, he attracted a measure of attention. Notwithstanding his mother's protests — notwithstanding her giggles and waving hands, notwithstanding that she blushed as red as ink (until, indeed, her freckles were all lost to sight), notwithstanding that she threw her apron over her head and rushed headlong from the room, to the imminent danger of the door-posts — little Sammy insisted that his mother's gift should be named in the letter of request.

"Quick!" cried the stranger. "What is it, boy? We've but half a minute left."

Sammy began to stutter.

"Make haste, b'y!" cried Jimmie.

"One — bottle — of — the — Magic — Egyptian — Beautifier," said Sammy, quite distinctly for the first time in his life.

The stranger looked blank; but he doggedly nodded his head, nevertheless, and wrote it down; and off went the letter at precisely 10.47.45 by the stranger's watch.

Later, when the excitement had all subsided, the stranger took little Sammy in his lap and told him he was a very good boy, and looked deep in his eyes, and stroked his hair, and, at last, very tenderly bared his knee. Sammy flinched at that; and he said, "Ouch!" once and screwed up his face when the stranger — his gruffness all gone, his eyes gentle and sad, his hand as light as a mother's — worked the joint and felt the knee-cap and socket with the tips of his fingers. "And is this the rheumatiz the

Prompt Exterminator is to cure, Sammy?" was the question asked. "Ah, is *that* where it hurts you? Right on the point of the bone, there? And was there no fall on the rock, at all? Oh, there *was* a fall. And the bruise was just there — where it hurts so much? And it's very hard to bear, isn't it? That's too bad, — that's very sad, indeed. But, perhaps, — perhaps, Sammy, — I can fix it for you, if you're brave. And are you brave? No? Oh, I *think* you are! And you'll try to be, at any rate, won't you? Of course. That's a good boy."

And so the stranger mended Sammy Jutt's knee, with sharp knives and strips of cotton, while the lad lay white and still on the kitchen table and a queer smell spread all over the house.

"Doctor, zur," said Matilda Jutt, when the children were put to bed, with Martha to watch by Sammy, who was very sick, "has you really got a bottle o' Pine's Prompt Exterminator?"

"I've an empty bottle, ma'am, sure enough — picked it up at Poverty Cove yesterday — label and all — thought it might come useful. I'll put Sammy's medicine in that — they'll not know the difference, and they'll be content with one bottle, I'm sure — and you'll treat the knee with it as I've told you. That's all. I'm off to bed now; for I must be gone before the children wake in the morning."

"Oh, ay, zur; and" — She hesitated, much embarrassed.

"Well, ma'am?"

"Would you mind puttin' some queer lookin' stuff in one o' they bottles o' yours?"

"Not at all," in surprise.

"An' writin' something on a bit o' paper," she went on, pulling at her apron and looking down, "an' gluin' it t' the bottle?"

"Not in the least. But what shall I write?"

She flushed. "'Magic Egyptian Beautifier,' zur," she whispered; "for I'm thinkin' 't would please little Sammy t' think that Sandy Claws left — something — for me — too."

Now, if you think that the three little Jutts found nothing but bottles of medicine in their stockings, when they got down stairs on Christmas morning, you are very much mistaken. Indeed, there was more than that, — a great deal more than that. I will not tell you what it was; for you might sniff, and say, "Huh! That's nothing." But there *was* more than medicine. No man — rich man, poor man, beggar man nor thief, doctor, lawyer nor merchant chief — ever yet left a Hudson Bay Company's post, stared in the face by the chance of having to seek hospitality of a Christmas Eve, — no right-feeling man, I say, ever yet left a Hudson Bay Company's post, under such circumstances, without putting something more than medicine in his pack. I am in a position to say, at any rate, that the Labrador Mission Doctor who mended Sammy Jutt's knee never once did in his long life. And I know, too, — you may be interested to learn it, — that as he floundered through the deep snow on the way to the bedside of James Luff at Back Harbor, soon after dawn the next day, he was mighty glad that he did n't, though not one of the merry shouts came over the white miles to his ears. But he shouted merrily for himself, for he was very happy; and that's the way *you'd* feel, too, if you spent *your* life hunting good deeds to do.

It only remains to say that you may tell Sammy Jutt as often as you like that there is no Santa Claus. He will not believe you. *He* knows better. *Santa Claus mended his knee!*

Norman Duncan.

KNIGHTED.

ONLY a word — but I knew!
 Merely a touch — but I grew
 Healèd and whole and blest,
 Strong for the Quest!

Only a word — but I went
 Into my banishment,
 Singing your name and glad —
 New Galahad!

And you — did you know or guess
 How your face leaned to bless;
 How of your faith was made
 God's accolade?

Arthur Ketchum.

EDITING.

[The fourth of Sir Leslie Stephen's reminiscient papers.]

IN 1871 I became editor of the Cornhill Magazine, and ceased to do much in the way of journalism. My editorial duties gave me leisure to write a book or two (of which I need say nothing). Meanwhile one great advantage of the Cornhill was that George Smith, already a valued friend, was the most considerate of proprietors, and treated me with, if anything, an excess of confidence. Otherwise, perhaps, I might have been less content to stick in the old ruts. The brilliant youth of the periodical was over; it had rivals, and as we kept pretty much to our traditions, we did not dazzle the world by any new sensation. I found the duties pleasant enough. My great predecessor, Thackeray, has left a record of the "thorns in his cushion." His kindly and sensitive nature suffered from the necessity of rejecting would-be contributors who had no other qualification than pressing need for remuneration. No man indeed, who is not a brute, can

fail to be pained by some of the facts that come to his notice, — the hopeless struggles of the waifs and strays who are trying to keep themselves afloat by such a very inadequate life-buoy as unsalable articles. I could comfort myself sufficiently by a very simple consideration. I had only a fixed number of pages at my disposal, and to accept one writer was, therefore, to reject another. It was clearly my duty to take the best article offered, and not to distribute charity at the cost of the magazine and its proprietor. In other respects, I had no cause for complaining of my contributors. They were (except, of course, the poets) more reasonable than I expected. I had (also of course) one or two of the typical forms of perversity. There was the young man (he might have come straight out of the Dunciad) who was aggrieved because I could not advise him to give up a partnership in a good business in order to adopt a literary career,

and attributed my rejection of his five-act tragedy to my jealousy of his anticipated success. I had a difficulty or two of that kind from a rather curious cause. Gladstone, in the midst of his multitudinous occupations, found time to read minor poets, and to applaud them with characteristic warmth. One or two of these came to me with heads turned by such praises, and thought me painfully cold in comparison. I might have reminded them of Blackwood's very sensible remark, when Lewes complained of strictures upon George Eliot's first story, that critics who had to act upon their judgment were naturally more guarded than irresponsible eulogists who need only consult their good nature.

An editor, though authors sometimes forget the fact, is always in a state of eagerness for the discovery of the coming man (or woman). In spite of many disappointments, I would take up manuscript after manuscript with a vague flutter of hope that it might be a new Jane Eyre or Scenes of Clerical Life, destined to lift some obscure name to the heights of celebrity. That delight never presented itself; and yet I do not know that I ever rejected an angel unawares. Had I done so, I should only have been treading in the steps of men more sagacious in gauging aptitude for success. I do not fancy myself to be a good judge of the public taste. I have never clearly discovered what it is that attracts the average reader. Many popular authors would suffer considerably, and at least one obscure writer would gain, if everybody took my view of their merits. I believe, not the less, in the *vox populi*. Books succeed, I hold, because they ought to succeed. A critic has no business to assume that taste is bad because he does not share it. His business is to accept the fact and try to discover the qualities to which it is due. Sometimes, of course, an ephemeral success may be won by rubbish; the preacher may please the audience, as Charles II.

shrewdly observed, because his nonsense suits their nonsense; but it is idle to condemn lasting popularity. It is too late to set down Shakespeare as simply barbarous: though I admit that it is tempting to try to clear away some of the stupendous rubbish heaps of eulogy which accumulate over the great men when admiration has become obligatory on pain of literary excommunication. Even blasphemy in such cases is better than idolatry. But anticipation, not explanation, of the ultimate verdict is the difficult problem which an editor has to solve; and, if I am not conscious of having nipped any genius in the bud, I dare say that I owe more to good luck than to discrimination. If, on the other hand, I cannot claim to have discovered any new star of the first magnitude, I may plead that the chances were small. The regular contributors to reviews seemed to me to be a small class, like the proverbial stage army which is multiplied by walking round and round. Any one who could reach the regular standard could get admission to the ranks, and so many editors were lying in wait that one's chance of first catching the early worm was small. I inherited some admirable contributors. Matthew Arnold had to part company after a time, to my great regret, because he wished to discourse upon topics to which we had to give a wide berth. Another old and welcome contributor was John Addington Symonds. I had the good fortune to see him more than once in his retreat at Davos, and the sight was impressive. Shut up in the snow-bound valley, surrounded by patients in the advanced stages of the malady with which he was himself carrying on a precarious struggle, he astonished one by the amazing courage and cheerfulness which turned to account every hour of comparative health. He was keenly interested in all manner of literary and philosophical questions, and ready to discuss them with unflagging vivacity. He was on cordial

terms with the natives, delighted in discussing their affairs with them over a pipe and a glass of wine, and not only thoroughly enjoyed Alpine scenery æsthetically, but delighted in the athletic exercise of tobogganing. Far from libraries, he turned out a surprising quantity of work involving very wide reading as well as distinguished by an admirable literary style. His weakness was perhaps his excessive facility; but no man ever encountered such heavy disadvantages with greater gallantry. His remarkable biography contains some revelations of an inner life which would not suggest this side of him. Readers would hardly expect to find that the æsthetic philosopher had the masculine vigor which made him the most buoyant of invalids.

The most widely popular of my contributors was R. L. Stevenson, and though I did not discover him, I may venture to say that I was the fortunate recipient of most of the early articles which I think contain some of the best examples of his literary skill. I may therefore hope that I did not show obtuseness to his merits. I was specially struck by *Will of the Mill*, which I had the honor of publishing. I take it to be one of his most characteristic bits of delicate work. It reminds me of another charming story, — Mr. Henry James's *Daisy Miller*, which, I hope, did something to establish the author's reputation here. And that again reminds me that Mr. Hardy's *Far from the Madding Crowd* — a most delightful book of the kind in which he is unrivaled — appeared in the *Cornhill*, and, I hope, did the same kind of service for him. But I cannot claim the honors of first discovery in any of these cases. I was greatly pleased to see lately, in Mr. Clodd's life of Grant Allen, encouragement that I had in one case given generously acknowledged. Grant Allen was a man of so versatile and ingenious an intellect that one might have predicted for him a great success in periodical writing. He declared, however, I have heard,

that he would rather bring up a son to crossing-sweeping than to literature. He had, I fear, a hard task. He sent some articles upon popular science, which I thought singularly good of their kind, and the kind is to me very attractive. They did not receive, I suppose, the notice which they deserved; he had to struggle with ill health, and he was forced to take to the more profitable occupation of writing novels. Clever as they were, they hardly corresponded to his best function. Meanwhile he was at work for twenty years, as he tells us, in preparing the book upon the evolution of theology, which, perhaps because his conclusions were unwelcome, scarcely had the success deserved by its brightness and candor. It shows at least that an enthusiastic disciple of Mr. Herbert Spencer could impart vivacity to a philosophy to which, as a rule, one can hardly attribute that particular quality.

I will speak of no other contributors. To some still living I have a debt of gratitude for their tenderness to that ambiguous personage, the editor, who, like the bat in the fable, holds an equivocal position between the winged and the pedestrian races of author and publisher. I left the *Cornhill* in order to take up editorial duties of a much more laborious nature. The *Dictionary of National Biography* has been received with a general chorus of praise which I should be the last person to call excessive. It has, however, like other human productions, certain faults. I leave them to be pointed out by others. Their existence suggests a few words upon the conditions under which it was produced. The general scheme had been conceived by my friend Smith. He had indeed been ambitious enough to contemplate a dictionary of general biography to rival the great French dictionaries. The same thing had been attempted by the old Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, and, so far as it went, was very well done. But after completing the letter A in seven

volumes, the dictionary broke down, and the Society, I believe, died of the too gigantic effort. The mouse was trying to give birth to a mountain. Smith agreed therefore to my suggestion to limit the enterprise to British lives. I do not think that either he or I quite realized the weight of the burden even so restricted. That it was ever carried to a conclusion was due to Smith's public spirit, and to the pride which he took in a work costly enough to have ruined most publishers. Smith was thoroughly generous, but he was too good a man of business to pay authors, as a rule, more than their work was really worth. No author, it seems to me, ought to desire to be treated as an object of charity; and a publisher has done quite enough if he is thoroughly honorable in his dealings, without incurring loss for the benefit of authors or of mankind at large. The case is very rare, in which the world would be benefited by the appearance of books unable to pay their expenses; and there is no obligation upon a publisher to bestow such gifts upon the public. Smith soon became aware, if he was not aware at first, that the book would not pay commercially, and that his reward must be the consciousness of having done a real service to the national literature. One point was evident to me. If an intelligent government had appointed such a work, and promised me a comfortable salary till it was finished, I might have taken my time about it. Probably in that case the dictionary might by this time have reached the middle of the alphabet. But as it was after all to be done by private enterprise, I had to take care that the self-imposed sacrifice should not be made more than even a generous proprietor could be expected to stand. I made up my mind in the first place that the book should be finished, if possible, within the lifetime of Smith and myself. I am glad that I succeeded. I have a certain regard for posterity, but something is gained for the present generation by making sure of a

relatively imperfect book instead of aiming at an ideal standard which will only benefit their children. However that may be, I thought that it was plainly due to Smith that he should be able to reckon upon the completion of his project. For the same reason, it was desirable to convince the public that the work would not, like many of its predecessors, come to a premature end, or be finished in a perfunctory spirit. We promised four volumes annually, and the promise was kept. In spite of a good many forebodings every volume, including the sixty-third and last, appeared up to time. I had begun by calculating the whole at fifty volumes: and the excess was due to the more elaborate scale on which the lives came to be written.

I say so much to explain the conditions of the most troublesome undertaking in which I was ever involved. I was not, and I have never become, an antiquary. I fear that I rather sympathized with Carlyle's lamentations at having to take service under Dr. Dryasdust and spend years in exploring the rubbish heaps accumulated by former specimens of the genus. The old-fashioned antiquary was what used to be called a "humourist;" a man with a quaint and perfectly unreasonable hobby; loving to collect obsolete knowledge the more because it was utterly uninteresting to anybody else. The consciousness of outside contempt often made him sour and crusty, and his love of antiquities went with a devotion to outworn creeds. But the labors undertaken by such men have gained a value which they did not anticipate. Dryasdust has found himself in sympathy with the modern scientific tendencies. Darwin has taught us how much can be learnt even from earthworms; and a modern entomologist, I am told, spent a lifetime upon the history of the house-fly. In the same way Dryasdust, by preserving records, mainly because they were antiquated, has provided materials from which the modern historian

undertakes to reconstruct a picture of the past, and to lay the foundations of social science. History, we are told, has to be rewritten by a minute examination of innumerable documents, by ransacking archives, and studying ancient deeds and charters. History has, no doubt, thus become more scientific in method; but one can hardly say how it has gained in a literary sense. We sometimes cannot see the wood for the trees; and lose the broad outlines in the multiplicity of detail. Anyhow we have got to make the best of the position; and that consideration prescribed the functions of such a book as the dictionary. We intended, I said at starting, to supply a useful manual for all serious students of British history and literature. We were to achieve that end by bringing together as concisely as possible all that was so far known about every person who might conceivably be interesting to such students, and to indicate clearly the sources from which the narrative was derived. We were to treat of all manner of people, — statesmen, divines, philosophers, poets, soldiers, sailors, artists, musicians, men of scientific and literary mark; and not only men of mark, but every one about whom the question might arise in the course of general reading, who was he? Some people thought eminent murderers unworthy of record; but, surely, to the social inquirer the crime of any period is full of instruction. The highwayman is often more interesting to the historian of society than the dignified judge who hangs him.

Without going further, I may say that the first condition was to get competent contributors; from the grave historian who could speak with authority upon great constitutional events to the specialist who had rummaged up some of the obscure provinces of antiquarian investigation. Above all, it was desirable to get men who would take an interest in the work for its own sake, and discharge minds already full of the required know-

ledge, instead of cramming up the topic for the immediate purpose. There were, of course, plenty of people who would be willing to undertake such tasks and write about anybody, from Shakespeare to Tupper, in a mechanical fashion. Some men have to make a living (I can only pity them, and wish that their employment was better paid) by laboring in the reading-room of the British Museum, with more or less intelligence, to collect raw material for others, or by working as humble artificers at the trade of "bookmaking." We required more enthusiasm, as well as more historical knowledge and literary skill, than such worthy persons could generally supply. We aimed at finding men each of whom would be competent to take charge of some special department, and write both with zeal and authority. To get a fairly organized body of contributors was not at first an easy task. Some men of eminence were fully occupied with labors of their own; Professor Rawson Gardiner, for example, was good enough to give us many admirable lives of the early seventeenth century, but had far too much on his hands to deal with the smaller characters. Then some men of the antiquarian variety had their little crotchets, and would be unreasonable, so at least I thought, if I would not give as much space to some twopenny halfpenny scribbler, whose only merit was that nobody had ferreted him out before, as to his most eminent contemporaries. Somehow, or other, we gradually got the thing into order; and I owe special gratitude both to distinguished writers whose contributions gave credit to the undertaking and to younger enthusiasts, undeterred by minute drudgery, whom we were fortunate enough to enlist.

I have said "we" rather than "I" for a sufficient reason. My greatest piece of good fortune, perhaps, was that from the first I had the coöperation of Mr. Sidney Lee as my sub-editor. Always calm and confident when I was tearing my hair

over the delay of some article urgently required for the timely production of our next volume ; always ready to undertake any amount of thankless drudgery, and, most thoroughly conscientious in his work, he was an invaluable helpmate. When he succeeded to my post, after a third of the task was done, I felt assured that the dictionary would at least not lose by the exchange. He had, moreover, more aptitude for many parts of the work than I can boast of ; for there were moments at which my gorge rose against the unappetizing but, I sorrowfully admit, the desirable masses of minute information which I had to insert. I improved a little under the antiquarian critics who cried for more concessions to Dryasdust ; but Mr. Lee had no such defect of sympathy to overcome. Having caught our contributors, the main duties were to keep them up to time, to correct, and to condense. We kept them up to time by steady and remorseless dunning. The correction was of necessity inadequate : I am not omniscient, and the vast sphere of my ignorance includes innumerable matters discussed in the dictionary. A book of which it is the essence that every page should bristle with facts and dates is certain to have errors by the thousand ; unless it should be supervised by a staff of inspectors beyond all possibilities. We made, no doubt, slips enough, and I had in the main to depend upon getting trustworthy contributors and thinning out those in whom I detected inaccuracy. I remember the horror with which I discovered the misdoings of a writer (long since dead) who had the highest recommendations, and in some sense deserved them. He was a man of really wide learning, but demoralized by impecuniosity. He saved trouble, as I discovered, by copying modern and still copyright books, and made a "bogus" list of authorities which had no reference to the statements supposed to be established. When I informed him that I no longer required his services he wrote a reply

which I remember as a model of epistolary dignity. I was oppressing him, it appeared, because he was a poor man ; and might as well have struck a woman or a child ; but the saddest part, he concluded, of all this sad business was that it destroyed the ideal which he had formed for himself of Mr. Leslie Stephen. I did not see my way to apologizing, and hope that I escaped pretty completely from his like. The more serious difficulty was condensing. If the book was ever to be completed, wordiness must be sternly excised, and that is a fault which has many varieties. Some early aspirants, whose articles I had stewed down, were simple enough to be more diffuse next time, in order to allow for probable shrinkage. I parted company with them pretty quickly. But some otherwise valuable contributors had to be trained to submission. One of them, whom I shall always remember with gratitude, wrote to thank me for having reduced an article by at least two thirds, and admitted the great improvement of his style. I believe that he was perfectly sincere ; for he continued to give valuable help. But he was unique. Others kept their gratitude for such services, if they felt it, to themselves. The "sweating" of articles was certainly the most trying of my duties. One mystery always puzzled me. It is easy enough to cut out superfluities, sentiment, and rhetoric, and flowers of speech in general. As Canon Ainger put it, we might adopt the phrase of obituary notices : "No flowers, by request." Though a thoughtless critic might complain of a life for being "unsympathetic," it was clearly our business to be sternly concise, and to confine comments or criticism to a brief indication of a man's place in history. My puzzle was that writers who fully appreciated the necessity could yet manage to be long winded. One man will tell a story without introducing any clearly irrelevant remark or assertion, and manage to be twice as long as another who yet omits nothing. The

only remedy would, I suppose, be to re-write the whole on a different scheme. I had work enough on hand without doing that service as systematically as I could have wished. But I learnt to think that the whole art of writing consists in making one word suffice where ordinary men use two. I wish that it were a little more practiced. Meanwhile, I had to take my share in writing lives, and at moments I caught the contagion of the antiquarian fever. There was a certain sense of luxury in sitting in the reading-room of the British Museum, conscious that vast multitudes of books and MSS. were waiting your pleasure, ready to come when you called. Then came the excitement of the chase; the conjectures as to the most probable place to find your needle in that stupendous bundle of hay; and now and then, the triumphant conviction that you had run the game to ground and settled some fact, infinitesimal as it might be, which had baffled your predecessors. One such success would compensate for many of the disappointments which were of course more numerous. My enthusiasm, I think, culminated when I had to consider whether Sir Philip Francis was Junius. Many predecessors, of course, had beaten the bush so thoroughly that there was little chance of any new discovery. Still there was a fascination in turning now to old newspapers and pamphlets, verifying or disproving, but always fancying that the next page might contain some pregnant hint hitherto unnoticed. The inquiry, however, ended by rather damping my zeal. In the first place, it permanently lowered my estimate of human intelligence. Some forty-nine of the fifty hypotheses said to have been suggested are really worthless. Many of the so-called arguments are on a level with the proofs that Bacon wrote Shakespeare: that is, they proceed on the assumption that you conclusively establish a proposition by showing that it does not involve a physical impossibility. The only real question is whether the authorship of

Francis can be proved. I think that it can, and there was some amusement in bringing together the converging probabilities. But it was also borne in upon me very strongly that it matters not a straw to any human being whether Francis was or was not the author. Considered as a puzzle, the inquiry might be an amusing game, like the solution of a chess problem. But the toil of going through the old documents was more than the pleasure could repay. I need hardly speak of other necessary drudgery; the terrible question of bibliography, for example; the duty of making an accurate list of all the works of some voluminous person, all now securely sunk into tenfold oblivion, and of all the forms in which they have appeared. When some admirable person has done for an author what Professor Masson did for Milton, one could hardly do more than condense and verify. But I have hardly the qualifications of a pioneer. Anyhow my health broke down, partly, at any rate, from the strain of such labors, and though I continued to write lives I handed over the reins to my friend Lee — not without a sense of relief.

The dictionary had one advantage, that is, I could feel that I was employed in a really useful undertaking. I may be allowed to assume that the facilitation of historical inquiry is useful. Contributors could feel themselves to be coöperators, interested in the reputation of the whole work as well as in their own articles. I am specially grateful to many who put an amount of research into the smaller articles which generally pass without notice, but which are perhaps the most valuable part of the book. The popular critic naturally confined his attention to the longer articles upon famous names; but the real value of the book depends mainly upon less conspicuous people, who are not to be found in easily accessible places. The dictionary thus brought me into contact with a class of writers with whom I had previously had comparatively little to do.

I admire the study of history and the students. Professor Gardiner, of whom I have spoken, had in some respects an ideal career. I do not mean that he was a man of most lovable qualities personally, though that would, I believe, be perfectly true. But a man is surely enviable who can devote a lifetime to a single task, learning all that is to be known about a definite period, patiently recording in each year of his life the events which had taken a year to happen, and giving his results with admirable impartiality and with the certainty of turning out a work of permanent value. The average author by profession, who can only reflect at the end of his career, that if he had stuck to one aim, he might have done something worth the labor, is humiliated by thinking of such a calm and honorable self-devotion. The age, we are constantly told, is one of excessive tension and excitement; and the author who has to meet the whims of the world becomes demoralized. I am not about to contradict the many moralists who dwell upon that theme, but I will also say that, somehow or other, I seem to have known a great many authors, who, though subject to such temptation, appeared to me to be very decent fellows in their way. My old friend, James Payn, one of the simplest, most affectionate, and most sociable of men, took to literature from spontaneous enthusiasm; and he declares, if I remember rightly, in his *Reminiscences*, after long experience, that the literary profession is the best of all; that its members are the freest from jealousy, and from all the bad passions of which, no doubt, they have a share, but which are developed more abundantly (so it seems to be implied) in clergymen, lawyers, physicians, and men of business. Few authors would have spoken so well of their employment in any previous generation. The lives of authors, authors used to say, are the saddest of all reading except the lives of criminals in the *Newgate Calendar*. So

far, perhaps, Payn's judgment gives some presumption that things have improved; but I cannot quote him as an authority, because I have a strong suspicion that, among whatever class of men he had had to live, he would have discovered that they were the best and most charming set of people in the world. Authors, it seems to me, like the proverbial Lord Mayor, are, after all, men. They are made of the same raw material as other men, and if the author and the politician are, as some think, the worst of men, it must be that they have the strongest temptations. Both classes are tempted to overestimate the value of popularity. Even if he is independent of the sale of his work, the author at least writes in the hope of being read. He has not the same temptation as the politician for the grosser kinds of demagogism. Indeed, on the whole, the easiest way to popularity is to take a high moral tone. Edifying moralizing is as easy as lying. But, being in his study, he does not get the case hardening which the politician acquires in the rough and tumble of active life; and is apt to become morbidly sensitive. He seldom learns to take abuse as all in the day's work, and like Johnson to regard it as a proof that he has hit hard. Criticism stings him to the last, and one generally fancies at the moment that the hostile critic has found one's weak points with singular subtlety, whereas the complimentary critic has a horrid tendency to praise in just the wrong place.

Whatever the temptations, however, I have, on the whole, thought that authors, as I have known them in a pretty wide experience, are an enviable race. They have the advantage, if, at least, they are authors by nature, that their work has some spice of intellectual interest and a smaller proportion than most occupations of mere humdrum drudgery, and that they have more liberty to work out their own scheme of activity. I have had the good fortune to know some very emi-

nent authors, and can give them a very decent character. If they suffer a little from the author's disease, — self-consciousness and vanity, — they often take it in a mild form; Tennyson was, perhaps, an instance. Many years ago I paid some visits to Freshwater, then — for alas! it has been grievously injured by the growth of the usual watering-place surroundings — the ideal place for the poet of *In Memoriam*. It is still "close to the edge of a noble down," and the old girdle of woods, round which cockneys used to wander in hopes of a glimpse of the bard, still incloses the picturesque lawn and gardens to which the fortunate few found admission and might listen to Maud or an *Idyll*, gaining new force from the lips of the author. In my day, a little group of reverent admirers was generally gathered there to render acceptable homage. It was impossible for the cynic not to catch a certain comic side to the proceedings, — though, of course, it was very wrong. I remember a dinner from which I fled precipitately in company with a man highly distinguished in official life and solid literature. We confided to each other that it was perfectly right for the ladies of the party to show a certain preference for the man of genius; but that it was too much to be treated as pariahs, outside of the pale of social equality. "Stay! Stay! Dr. Johnson is going to speak," would have been fairly resented by Goldsmith even had he not been Goldsmith. Such a steam of incense creates a rather unwholesome atmosphere for a man of specially sensitive nature. Tennyson perhaps suffered a little. He had a right to complain if a certain article in a popular newspaper contained, as he told us, three lies about him in one column; but I did not want to hear the statement repeated daily for a week. He might, too, have been a little less shocked by the apparition on the "noble down" of a distant figure — a harmless local laborer — whom he at once assumed to

be one of the circumambient cockneys who were always prowling round the protective circle of woods. But I apologize for mentioning these petty foibles. Tennyson was so transparently simple, one might say childlike, in his little vanity, that one only felt something piquant in its combination with the massive frame and the expressive countenance worthy of an intellectual monarch. He was obviously all that one could expect from the poems including the *Northern Farmer*, which, almost a solitary case in his writings, shows the strong humor that occasionally came up in his talk. There was one lady in the Freshwater circle who could be very outspoken as to the little infirmity at which I have glanced, and he took it as kindly as it was meant. The lady was Mrs. Cameron, who showed real genius in the photographic portraits which, I think, give the best impression of Tennyson and of other eminent men. Mrs. Cameron was unique in her way; the most warm-hearted and enthusiastic of women; impulsive to a degree which often startled solid British conventionality, and doing things which nobody else would have done; but generally because nobody else gave such free play to generous sentiments. She had, therefore, the rare power of giving the heartiest praise without flattery, — at least of the conscious and intentional kind, — and could administer a bit of wholesome advice without a touch of venom. Her enthusiasms included Wordsworth and Carlyle as well as Tennyson: but her closest friendship was for Henry Taylor. Philip van Artevelde, the work from which Taylor took his literary title, is not, I fear, often read in these days. Dramatic in form, it is rather to be classed with the poetry of reflection, full of weighty gnomic utterances, though often really poetical, and always in admirable English. Taylor himself looked the poetic sage. Mrs. Cameron's portrait justified a remark of his closest friend. "My infantile idea of the Deity," said Spedding, "was Henry

Taylor sitting on the sofa in his dressing-gown." Most of Taylor's long life was devoted to his official work at the Colonial Office, where he was my father's colleague and warm friend. I naturally looked up to him as to one dwelling in serene regions of wisdom and ripe experience; and I do not think that I was wrong. I have certainly never seen a more imposing figure; and believe that he fully deserved Mrs. Cameron's devotion. With him, I associate Spedding, beloved by him and Carlyle and Edward FitzGerald; wasting thirty years, as FitzGerald complained, in whitewashing Bacon when he might have been the ideal editor of Shakespeare; but, at any rate, absolutely contented with his self-imposed task, going about it "without haste and without rest," and too free from vanity to fancy that he could be wasting his powers. Taylor said that every family should have a Bible, a Shakespeare, and a James Spedding; and his slow and sure judgment, with a substratum of humor and genuine appreciation of literature, made him a critic after FitzGerald's own heart. Another friend of all the circle was the most amiable poet Aubrey de Vere. I do not read his poetry; I fear that it might stir me the wrong way; but the man himself was among the most lovable of human beings; gentle, courteous, and chivalrous, — clinging to his old friends the more when his conversion to Catholicism made some intellectual separation. Whatever his merits as a poet, to me he suggested the type of saint. — I mean to refer only to the better qualities connoted by that name. The malicious and censorious instincts seemed to have been omitted from his composition. De Vere was of course an enthusiastic Wordsworthian, — and although that name could not be applied to Tennyson, there was this much of affinity that one charm of his poetry is due to the pure and lofty moral sentiment. The men of whom I have been speaking seem to breathe in a wholesome social atmos-

phere, and, in spite of a foible or two, were lovable human beings as well as men of genius. The moral might be enforced by speaking of the other most famous poets whom I have known, Matthew Arnold and Browning. Arnold had no doubt a touch of the intellectual coxcomb. He preached to the Philistine with a certain air of superiority, and repeated his pet maxims too often and too confidently. If he showed, like Tennyson, a simple-minded delight in receiving compliments, his vanity was equally harmless. He was so full of good nature that even the Philistine and the dissenter or the barbarian in flesh and blood appealed to him at once, and he could drop his magisterial robes to talk in the friendliest terms. The impression which he made was that he was too kindly to be able really to despise even the objects of his theoretical contempt. If Browning had at bottom, as one suspects that he had, a touch of excessive sensitiveness, he concealed it under the reserve which made him pass with superficial observers for nothing but a brilliant conversationalist. He was so anxious not to wear his heart upon his sleeve, that he could conceal even his tender and noble nature from dull eyes; and never condescended to acknowledge a craving for praise or shrinking from blame.

Such characteristics may be of doubtful value in the eyes of some people. The morals of these poets were not disturbed by the dæmonic passions which drive the Byronic race outside the pale of respectability. Wordsworth would not have been so irreproachable a person if the prosaic element had not mastered his higher moods. The "leader" would not have been "lost" though the man might have got into scrapes. Undoubtedly the poetic fire may often be an unruly element of character, and æsthetic sensibility be galled by the chains of commonplace good sense. The most conspicuous and melancholy illustrations might be taken from Ruskin. I saw him fre-

quently during two summer vacations which I spent at Coniston. The English Lakes, though but a miniature edition of mountain scenery, have always had a special though unanalyzable charm for me; and Ruskin's home at Brantwood seemed to me to give its very essence. Had I been Ahab he would have been my Naboth, and I dare say that even in that Arcadia I could have found the necessary men of Belial. The house was of the modest dimensions which do not exclude thorough comfort; and I could fancy myself settling there into a sufficiency of books, with a lovely and soothing scenery courting me for a stroll whenever I wished for relaxation. There, certainly, Ruskin had every advantage, in the happiest domestic environment; and when he exhibited his treasures, — a manuscript of Scott or a drawing by Turner, — one could fancy him to be a calm connoisseur with hobbies enough to secure ample and delightful occupation. He received one with the courtesy of a polished gentleman of the old school, and talked delightfully without the least assumption of superiority. I remember how, on my first visit, he gave me a recent number of *Fors*, in which, he said, I should be interested because it spoke of Alpine traveling. So it did. But he had quite forgotten that he had taken an unfortunate article of mine for a text to illustrate the vulgarity of modern scramblers. He remarked that I thought the Alps improved by the odor of my tobacco smoke. I adhere to that heresy; they were greatly improved for me. I might have claimed to be a disciple and told him that their beauty had been interpreted to me by Modern Painters, though increased by my tobacco, but I thought it better to drop the subject. I remember him, too, entering the room rubbing his hands with no small glee. Somebody, it seemed, had remonstrated with him for one of his slightly extravagant denunciations of the English bishops, — or some such respectable class. Ruskin had re-

plied to the effect that, though he was always scrupulously accurate in the use of language, he had never said anything more carefully measured or more precisely just than in the offending passage. His complacency in making this retort suggested to me at the time that some of his petulant outbreaks did not imply fierceness or loss of temper, but only the delight of a master of logical fence in administering a skillful thrust at the joints of his opponent's armor. Perhaps that was so, but undoubtedly his wrath was often genuine and painful enough. At the time of which I am speaking, he was beginning to suffer from the excessive nervous tension which upset his powers. He told me, if I remember rightly, that he was correcting eight sets of proofs at once: and the strain showed itself in occasional irritability. Ruskin somewhere compares his state of mind to Swift's. He was like Swift in that the sight of the misery and corruption of the world stung him to ungovernable indignation. He could not find comfort in art or literature, while the whole world was turning brutal and selfish and sweeping away the old beliefs and institutions, and therefore becoming incapable of appreciating or creating genuine beauty. I don't ask whether the world is so bad, but the man who would reform it ought, I fancy, to keep his head. He should take time to reflect and coördinate his ideas. For that, Ruskin's intense sensibility and impetuosity was a disqualification. He could never work at any definite line of thought; and his writings became a mass of more or less incoherent denunciations and exhortations, most amazingly keen and telling at a number of particular points, but leading to unsatisfactory and inconsistent conclusions. We should perhaps be the more thankful for the genius, which struggles through so many infirmities; and Ruskin's feeling is always so deep and genuine, and is uttered with such singular keenness, that most people forgive the want of in-

tellectual self-control. He is at least a proof that there is some truth in the uncomfortable doctrine that the most effective utterance is only to be won at the cost of the utterer. He is tortured for our benefit, and we admire the man who cannot see wrong without wrath, while we manage to take things more easily ourselves.

That suggests a contrast. Among the objects of Ruskin's denunciations was the modern man of science. When his mind was losing its balance, he used to speak of a mysterious cloud, such as he had never seen in the days of his youth, which had taken to overshadowing the mountains. It might be a symbol of the scientific materialism which was darkening the intellectual sky. Carlyle had preached the same doctrine; and in a milder form the revolt against some scientific tendencies was most felicitously expressed by Tennyson. Perhaps it might turn out that he had not an immortal soul. Nobody, Huxley is reported to have said, had a clearer view of the issues involved. I, certainly, should have no wish to belittle them, or to deny that Tennyson and his brother poets were uttering emotions which no one can afford to despise. But, I only speak of the fact as reminding me that whatever the goodness or badness of their cause, the leaders of the scientific world were personally as attractive as those who regarded their principles with horror. I had the privilege of seeing something of Darwin in his later years. To me, and my opinion was not exceptional, he appeared to be simply the most lovable person whom I ever encountered. A little party of us used at one time to take long Sunday tramps in the neighborhood of London. Those were days to be marked with a white stone when Darwin received us at the famous house at Down. It is in the quiet region of chalk downs, which had been left untouched in the gaps of the network of railways; and still looked as

rural as it had a century earlier. One could expect to meet the old smugglers whose paths from the coast to London were laid through the unfrequented district. There Darwin found an admirable retreat for contemplating flowers and bees and worms, and for slowly elaborating the thoughts which had revolutionized science. He was as free from pretensions as if his investigations had no more claims to respect than those of a commonplace pigeon-fancier. The simplicity of the man was evident in the delightfully easy terms in which he lived with a family which was worthy of his affection. I could sympathize with the young German who burst into tears on leaving the house, touched by the contrast between the famous thinker and the sweet-natured, quiet country gentleman, so free from the pedantry which sometimes haunts the professor's chair. I remember my quaint sense of humiliation when he asked me quite seriously for my views about the correct definition of instinct. I felt as I once did when a doctor of divinity asked me to explain the origin of evil. It was not a question for me. I will not speak further of qualities sufficiently obvious to every reader of his life. I have only one moral to draw. Darwin himself insists upon his literary shortcomings. He lost a taste for poetry in his old age, and ascribes the loss to his absorption in science. I have observed the same phenomenon in many men who were absolutely unscientific. At all times, he found the labor of expressing his thoughts on paper very trying; and Huxley declared that he was like an inspired dog, at once inarticulate and full of the most valuable thoughts. Yet I know no pleasanter book of travels than the *Voyage of the Beagle*, and his letters, though mainly upon topics beyond my knowledge, have a peculiar fascination. They have not the qualities of Mrs. Carlyle's or of Edward Fitzgerald's, but they have the quality, whatever it may be, which makes even a

botanical discussion interesting to one who scarcely knows a poppy from a tulip. The most obvious are the intellectual vivacity, which makes the whole of external nature a collection of fascinating problems, and the generous enthusiasm with which he accepts the help of his fellow workers. Men of science, I fear, are not always free from jealousy; but when Darwin welcomes a friend's suggestion with his favorite "By Jove!" it suggests the unqualified glee of a schoolboy when a good blow is struck on his side of the game. Darwin, of course, suggests his "bulldog" Huxley: the best wrestler in the intellectual ring. I never had the treat, said to have been delightful, of looking on at one of his rounds with W. G. Ward at the Metaphysical Society; but I saw enough of his contests with other antagonists to appreciate his singular alertness and vigor. Huxley, as I have good reason to know, was not less remarkable for warmth of heart than for keenness in controversy, and sufficiently proved that thorough amiability does not necessarily prescribe a gentle handling of humbug or equivocation. Huxley's essays are among our very best specimens of one variety of literature. Few controversialists ever hit so hard and so straight and avoided so rigidly the temptation to stray into irrelevant issues. To concentrate your whole force upon the critical point is the great art of intellectual as of physical warfare. Huxley's style has in the highest degree the merit due to never thinking of the style at all, but simply of the clearest utterance of your thought. In those days the orthodox generally described their adversaries as "the Huxleys and the Tyndalls," the complimentary plural. My first contact with Tyndall was not altogether satisfactory. He had joined the Alpine Club and was elected Vice President. He made us an after-dinner speech, eloquent I have no doubt, which somehow suggested an unlucky reply to my youthful impertinence.

I asserted that true Alpine travelers loved the mountains for their own sake, and considered scientific intruders with their barometers and their theorizing to be a simple nuisance. When shortly afterwards Tyndall broke off for a time his connection with the club I was accused of having given the offense. How that may be I know not, but I do know that when I met him afterwards, he received me in the friendliest way. Our tramps led us occasionally to Hindhead, the nearest approach to a mountain within reach of London, on the summit of which Tyndall had built a house in late years. He was a delightful host, overflowing with the heartiest talk. Tyndall had some of the characteristics claimed, though I hope not monopolized, by Irishmen. He was easily roused to enthusiastic rhetoric, very different from Huxley's terse cut and thrust, but showing a poetic imagination stirred by science. One marked quality was the enthusiasm with which he took up the cause of men whom he considered to have been ill treated by their superiors, or to have failed to receive due recognition. He was among the most chivalrous and warm-hearted of men. From Tyndall and Huxley, I might make a natural transition to Mr. Herbert Spencer. It is needless to speak of his heroic devotion of a lifetime to the highest intellectual purposes. What always impressed me most forcibly was the admirable simplicity and candor of the man. I am not quite so convinced as he appears to be that he has found the last word in regard to the great problems of philosophy. But there is something impressive in the sight of a man giving himself up so unreservedly to the guidance of what he takes to be the voice of pure reason, and so absolutely indifferent to any other authority. When he calmly sets aside all other philosophies as so much blundering, he does not, like Carlyle, suggest personal arrogance, but simply his surrender to obviously self-evident truth.

Acquaintance with such men might well convince me that if they were, as Carlyle and Ruskin seemed to think, instruments of the devil, the devil deserves much credit for enlisting good men in his service. I must rather hope that the time will come of true reconciliation between faith and science, or the imagination and the reason, or whatever the right phrase may be which has been the topic of so many controversies. I am only thinking of a much smaller question. The merit of a scientific work depends upon its contents, not its form. The force of Darwin's arguments was the question, and not his skill in expounding them. If many men of science have written admirably, their literary power was an accident or a subordinate and secondary virtue. They have literary intelligence while aiming at something better or at least less egotistical. The imaginative writer is bound to be emotional and personal; he has to work up his inmost emotions for exhibition, and is thin-skinned and self-conscious. He is apt to quarrel with facts in general; and is tempted either to give up his in-

terest in the brutal outside world and even to become "æsthetic," or to knock his head passionately against the world at large and find that the world is the harder. Let us hope that he has his reward in the raptures of creation, and be thankful that we are spared his temptations. The quiet man of letters by profession need not bother himself about soul problems, if he is wise enough not to mistake himself for a genius. He may go on like the admirable Trollope, content to provide his fellows with harmless and healthy amusement, and feel that it is well worth while to have increased the stock of innocent pleasure for the moment. Or he may be content with honestly spreading knowledge and interpreting the thoughts of the original minds. It will no doubt occur to him that the world will lose nothing by committing all his works, as it is sure to do, to the newspaper basket. But meanwhile, he will feel, unless indeed he has been face to face with starvation, that he has had very satisfactory employment, with less of worry and responsibility than falls to the lot of most men.

Leslie Stephen.

"NATURE STUDY."

It is the fashion, and society is out of doors with book and glass. Modes and fabrics are not more contagious. Thus the world moves: we have changed our hand-shake and our calling-cards, we give our brides showers, and we study Nature. Sometimes we forget our manners, claiming vulgar and impertinent acquaintance with the wood-gods. There are stories of an authentic young woman who thought Nature nice: and all the rest of us capitalize Nature as we used to rubricate art; we patronize our thrushes, we chaperon the lady's slip-

per. Some of us are earnest seekers: among whom the long bow is drawn, insomuch that the profane scoff at us, and the fabulists of gun and rod are put to school. "You bird men are all liars," said my friend the Philistine the other day. "One of you says, 'I heard the bow-legged sandpiper this morning,' and the other answers, 'Oh, I heard him day before yesterday.'" The next development should be personally conducted excursions. If we have books to tell us how to listen to Liszt, we may expect How to Believe the Bobolink;

and they that tell us how to look at pictures, except the late Mr. Whistler, will help us to attain the right Mongolian of a seeing eye in the wildwood. Meanwhile, if Pan in reality be not dead, he must experience the novel sensation of blushing.

It does not matter much what children play, so they play in the sun: and I submit that all this is good. For if it does not serve science, it serves art, a service by no means less. We shall never be done, one must suppose, with these quarrels of our own making between art and science. Gods of life, they do not quarrel. We cry, "War, war!" but there is no war. To say that the artist may exceed Nature is the confusion of tongues. "The light that never was on sea or land," we have all seen it, or God pity the blind! Our Rosalinds are high as our hearts: five feet, ten feet, no man can measure her for me. "Overdrawn" and "too highly colored" are words which signify nothing: a thing may be drawn wrong, but not overdrawn; the color may be wrong, but it cannot be too pure and clear, it cannot surpass the right. To use the words argues against one's self. I once saw a scarlet tanager flash across the very faces of three young gossips in a maple-path; they did not see it. I once saw a scholar trample calmly through a heavenly acre of bluebells. "Look at the posies!" he said: he did not see them. Even with the elect the incidents are frequent. One had a long list of spring arrivals, among which was the Louisiana water-thrush. "Was he singing?" I asked, and he answered with a naïve surprise, "Why, yes, he was doing some twittering." It is of course the very whimper of sentiment to object to the collector's gun: I have seen without remorse the ruby-crowned kinglet fall from his fairy madrigal, crimson not only at the brow; but once I was near homicide over a similar incident. The bird was a Wilson's snipe, and we approached him incredibly near, where he

probed with his long bill in the autumnal marsh-edges, so near that we could see every embroidery of his rich fabrics.

"Ah, I understand!" said my comrade, and then he shot him; the bird was blind of one eye. And let me tell another story of a tanager, that upon the full pomp of May-day returned, not in his wonted manner. Fire of the treetops, I all but touched him, finding him in the last least thicket of the budding copses, a foot from earth, in exile, silent, motionless, hardly avoiding my hand. In the afternoon he was found dead on the slope; there was no mark upon him; a perfect specimen, said the ornithologist who gathered him in. Well, I heightened nature; I committed Ruskin's pathetic fallacy; I made him to myself more beautiful than he appeared to the other man. He has homed here to die, I thought, a broken heart.

Harken one pronouncing, therefore! Literature is reducible to this, a projection of inner upon external life, for the purpose of expression. What science makes an end, art uses as a means: vocabulary, imagery, by which a human mood may be spoken. The real thing for literature, the wearer of the costume, is this latter, the human emotion. If I see in the closed gentian a bud that will not blossom, a maid that will not marry, my fancy, not the flower, is the motive of art. If I see the resurrection in the first mourning-cloak of March, the butterfly that breaks from a derided winter after the long months of sleep in his folded purple wings, my fancy, not *Vanessa antiopa*, is the stuff of which literature is made. When the violet blooms in October, 't is memory; when the witch-hazel hangs its light of stars in the fall of leaves, like the evening star outlasting the afterglow, 't is hope; when the trilliums from their maiden white begin to burn and blush, till they are like red tulips through the wood, 't is love, and fatal. When you find in the vireo's nest three white eggs and a different fourth, freckled with brown,

you name the cowbird prostitute, a word true also in science. In the eye of the brooding dove, upon you with what a still wildness, you have seen the Madonna: and of the waxwings, the wanderers who have no song, feeding one another in the scarlet-budded japonica, I make a valentine, calling them lovers kissing. Well! madonnas and lovers, not doves and waxwings, are the materials of literature. Of course I am repeating truisms, old as the story of Narcissus; but the trite things are after all the things that must be said most often, the things we forget too constantly.

It must be said here again that science is the servant of art. Proofs are as numerous as out-of-door books. The argument is sound that we never know or possess a thing until we name it. These many winters I have been trying to find among the flocks of shore-larks the snowflake, rare in my country, the white snowbird of the North. In looking recently over some old notes, I found record of a walk on the snow-ribbed russet uplands, one forgotten March, when I was circled again and again by a flock of birds that took birth from the empty sod, and with a faint twitter of harp-strings danced about the blue to return and drop again into the meadow. These I now named gladly, our brothers of the skylark, the Northern horned larks. There was a last sentence, that one bird, following with the others, was white. The white bird! I read as Richard Feverel read the journal of Clare. I had been blind and deaf without the name; my pleasure was airy nothing; now, with the helplessness of memory, I can give it a local habitation only in a grave. The essence of human enjoyment, to share by expressing and by sympathy, is in the naming. Science names, art echoes with a change as musical as resides in moonlit hills. Only, 'tis hard for the airier voice to make melody of some of the names; that little bird, colored not unlike the violet, for instance, the blue-gray gnatcatcher;

or those golden faces in back-blown golden hair, sneezeweed! And in proportion as birds become rarer, less in the eyes and on the lips of men, their use becomes difficult; the warblers, for illustration: the prothonotary warbler, and the hooded, the cerulean and the baybreast, each of his kind inimitable sparkling loveliness, and a joy to the finder, but with even the redstart added not likely to be more than strange names to most people. For he who hears the story must also know, or be able to know, the name. Consider what a mere fairy tale would be Shelley's skylark, if no one else could name or know the bird. Science gives us this common knowledge: which is often finer than fancy, as the agaric that leaves the fairy ring in the grass, itself pretty as a poised dancer, and the dance silent and slow of generation after generation, is finer elf-lore than could be conjured out of books: and as tradition is better than invention, such knowledge is always better than irresponsible dreaming, because it is common. Herein, too, is the poet's verification. It is strange to think that the hermit thrush got his beautiful name because he was believed to be songless; strange to remember that those living within constant hearing of him, whose heart-strings are a lute, did not know him. If a moment's testimony is required to show how little native after all, what a borrower of Old-World fire, our best literary production has been, no better illustration could be cited. In the production of art we must have imagery to support thought: this should be native, taken ever anew from our life, or it becomes indeed stale and unprofitable: and it should be the best possible. One might meet, for example, with Mr. Thompson Seton's story of the wild swans migrating, sound of bugles in the moon over Manitoba. Why should not one be able to write of this, surely suggestive of so much human dream and desire, and symbolize a story, under his

own lamplight? Because the emotion is second-hand; faint as the second rainbow; insubstantial as Plato's shadows in the cave. One must live it, one must die into and be that wild, wild beauty.

For beauty, the immediate and immortal beauty rather than the infinite change of the living truth, is the end of this quest. By beauty we identify art with life: this is indeed the touch of Nature, and this the use of delight. I may speak a little proudly: I have had the gray squirrel on my knee, have held the child of the grouse in my hand, have been of the company when the young foxes were at play; what impressed me chiefly was the beauty of that kindred life; what I desire most is to make mine and to share with others the joy that like a witch hung tip-toeing every quiet hill of midsummer. And if in the course of this random new defense of poetry I have overstepped the modesty of prose, and danced to my own piping, the fault is not in the argument, O scientists! but in me. It is her friends that keep beauty blushing. Yet I have one more story to tell. The day, I remember, was a holiday; for the heart-stricken week was done, and the kindly President lay dead: children were out nutting, and I, too, was out of school. Nor did I think I wronged the nation's grief, I who with those shrillers after walnuts was thus proving that we are a nation indeed. Midway the green autumn of the ravine I stopped in sudden anger to see a bird hanging, wings out and head down, crucified in the bushes: a boy's snare, was my first thought: and dropping my armful of asters, I came into an adventure. There were two birds, and the snare was a wild one. Beggar's lice — but who names burs? — grew there in a great cloud, and the birds, a brown thrush and a female cardinal, limed themselves deeper with every struggle. Dull and malignant, the green vermin swarmed

and enmeshed me as I cut my way in upon that incessant strange crying: and I brought them out, the cardinal first. In the tangle of green-burred stems she was sadly ruffled; wine-colored feathers were torn out, and a drop of blood was on my hand; and I have still an unfading sense of her red beak open and crying, her eye wild and plaintive on me, her turning her crested head to pinch feebly at my fingers as I held her. Then I opened my hands. Calling quick to an instant agitation, all about me in the thickets, of the quick kissing calls of the cardinals, she slipped away through the yellowing sensitive fern. I went back for the agonized thrasher: untrammelled the long, elegant figure from its horror, and freed the fettered bright wings, and plucked green leeches from the dappled breast: sweet and pitiful was the silken bird in my hand, his yellow eye wild upon me, wild on the path, the sky, as I turned him. I slipped a finger through the tight slender clutch of his feet, and he sat free and rumpled on my hand a moment; then, with a sharp "chuck!" flashed vividly to the path, and ran like a fox into the copses, calling to the many sudden answers that sprang to meet him. And I stood covered with burs, — who was to free me? — smiling and wistful, and striving to fashion into utterance the emotion in me. Sing sweetly for me, I sighed, birds of my hand! Heart of April if her throat no longer, my brown thrush! your autumnal echoes should break and beat about me elect, in the far-flushed morning away or under the golden berries of the bittersweet! And your blithe bravery of winter song, my cardinals! let me not lack that fine fantasy when the sun is silver afar on the snow! Then came into my thought the smiler with the knife. He had an impersonal face and a ruminant foot. "They think it is you they have escaped," he said.

Joseph Russell Taylor.

THE LAST ROYAL VETO.

HISTORY, it is said, repeats itself. It sometimes — at long intervals — reverses itself. When Louis XVI. was bankrupt, his advisers bade him summon the States-General, and a body that had last met in 1614 came together once more in 1789, reversing the whole system of six generations. But the revived corpse was less manageable than Frankenstein's monster.

English politics are in a parlous state. Parliamentary control and party government are, it seems, on their trial. Can they perhaps derive new strength from the revival of a power often called dead — so dead, that the very date of its death is forgotten? If the reader will exercise a little patience to learn the date of the supposed decease, he may be interested to speculate on the chances of a possible resuscitation.

The veto of a chief magistrate — the refusal of assent to a bill which has passed all the other stages of legislation — is always an interesting event in political history. The veto of a President of the United States, or a Governor of one of them, invariably creates much interesting speculation. Sometimes, on these occasions, reference will be made to the fact that a bill is never vetoed by the Sovereign of England; and perhaps the exaggerated language of Mr. Bagehot may be resorted to, — that “Queen Victoria must sign her own death-warrant, if both Houses present it for her signature.”

Yet, beyond all doubt, our own ancestors adopted the veto provision first in their State Constitutions, from which it was copied in that of 1787, because they believed that the English executive had such a power, and that indeed to an extent beyond what they were willing to trust their elective governors; for American vetoes are merely suspensive, — bills may be passed over them; a royal veto

in England is final. John Adams in the Defence of the American Constitutions finds fault with the Americans for not imitating the English Constitution in respect to the negative given to the executive power; but a suspensive veto certainly belonged to his own State Constitution before 1787.

And, indeed, there is no difference of opinion among the earlier text-writers, like Blackstone and Delolme, that the King does possess this absolute negative, as expressed in the terms “*Le Roy s'avisera*” (The King will consider of it); they speak of this as an actual power. Later writers, however, invariably tell us that the power is entirely disused; and Bagehot goes to the length I have stated, — that it must be considered as extinct. What has taken its place, — if, as some say, the sovereign cannot affect legislation at all, or if he can do so only by influence, or, finally, if there are established but indirect methods by the agency of the ministry, — I shall not at this moment discuss. My present purpose is to dwell on the most recent or least remote use of the sovereign's negative, as it has been recorded and treated, whether as belonging to the actual history or the theoretic Constitution of England.

In what reign was the sovereign's assent last refused to a bill passed by the Lords and the Commons? The answer is, in that of Queen Anne, on the 11-22 of March, 1707-8, when the Act for Settling the Militia of Scotland was met by “*La royne s'avisera*.” There is not the least mystery about this fact; it is recorded in the Journals of the House of Lords, which are easily accessible, and has been mentioned in several books which are still handier; and yet I find, on consulting about thirty prominent historians and text-writers, *not a single one* who does not either omit all allusion to

the fact, or commit errors about it more or less serious; always excepting Lord Macaulay, who alludes to it correctly but very casually. Now, this seems to me a very remarkable comment on the way history is written. That the entire body of accessible historians and text-writers who have handled this period or this subject should either not know or omit or misstate the latest exercise of this very interesting power, is enough to make the most indifferent and lazy investigate for himself anything that strikes him in his historical or legal study.

Taking it first from the historians' point of view, — the chief chroniclers who handle the reign of Queen Anne have absolutely nothing to say about this event. They tell us that the Parliament of 1707–8 (the first so called of Great Britain) was engaged in perfecting the union of England and Scotland; they tell us how, on the 11th of February, Harley and St. John were ousted from the government by the Whigs, supported by the Duchess of Marlborough; they tell us how intelligence was received that the Old Pretender, James Edward, set sail from France, in charge of Admiral Forbin, on the 8th of March, and that Sir George Byng prepared to intercept this descent on Scotland; they tell us that the Queen came in person to the House of Lords on the 11th of March, announced that she had received news of this expedition, and asked for the assistance of Parliament, which was promptly voted; they do not tell us that, before making this announcement and appeal, she gave her assent to various acts, public and private, and then, for the last time, as it turned out, refused it to the one named. The historians who thus wholly omit or ignore the event are Luttrell the Diarist, Burnet (who was present), Tindal, Smollett, McPherson, Mortimer, Belsham, Hallam, Keightley, Lord Stanhope, King, Burton, Morris, Knight, Lecky, Green, Wyon, and McCarthy.

When we come to text-writers on the

British Constitution, I find that Lord Brougham, Lord Russell, and Sir Edward Creasy say nothing whatever about the last exercise of the veto power. Neither does Blackstone; but in the note of his editor (Christian) we find the mistake of saying that it was last exercised by William III.; and this same error appears in Delolme (translated by Stephens), in Fischel (translated by Shee), in David Rowland, in Curtis on the United States Constitution, in Justice Story, and in an address of Webster's.

Now let us see who have with somewhat greater accuracy alluded to the event. Macaulay, who has given such an interesting account of four of the vetoes of William III., says the words of refusal "have only once been heard since his reign." I can hardly doubt that if he had reached 1708 he would have told us the whole story, and told it right. Hatsell, in his *Parliamentary Precedents* (second edition), records the event, and refers to the *Lords' Journals*; but he admits that he did not know of it when he published his first edition. He is followed by Fonblanque (*How We are Governed*), Sir Erskine May, Sir W. Anson, and Ewald. But every one of these writers says the event took place in March, 1707, ignoring the old style, which they never do in their account of other events which have a similar double dating. The date is 11–22 March, 1707–8, and however we may prefer to write the day of the month, 1708 we shall call the year in all accurate historical writing. The same inaccuracy occurs in an Australian writer, Mr. William Hearn, whose book on the British Constitution is yet the only one I have read that gives full recognition to the event, and tries to analyze its cause. He points out that the sudden outbreak of Jacobite insurrection, supported from France and directed to Scotland, would naturally create a dread of establishing a militia in that part of the island, still chafing under the unpopular Act of Union, and with many

of its Lords Lieutenants, who would be commanders of the militia, notoriously disaffected. But as the Act had passed both Houses, the Queen's veto was the only way to arrest its perilous operation.

Mr. Hearn refers to Somerville, whose History alludes to the event, but in the most perversely incorrect way: "But while the Militia Bill was depending, the attempt of the Pretender to invade Scotland excited a general suspicion that it would be unsafe to trust the people with arms, and prevented the bill being presented for the royal assent."

Just the reverse of the facts! In point of fact, the bill had been reported from Committee of the Whole on the Queen's speech on the 11th of December, 1707; went regularly through its readings without a division in the Commons, under the charge of King, afterwards C. J. C. P. and Lord Chancellor; was reported to the Lords on the 11th of February, the day of the ministerial crisis; went through its stages, and passed on the 25th of February, also without a division or protest; and met the fate I have described.

I may add that I cannot find in Lord Campbell's Lives of the Chancellors of this reign a single allusion to the veto, even in that of Sir Peter King, the patron of the Militia Bill; while on the other hand, a Mr. P. F. Aikin, who wrote in 1842 a comparison of the United States and English Constitutions, says the King's veto power has not been exercised since the Revolution, that is, since 1688; whereas King William refused his assent to at least six bills in the course of the years 1692-96. But such a blunder is exceptional indeed; every historian who has dealt with the reign of William III. has had something to say about his refusing his assent to several bills. Two only have discussed the matter with any attempt at penetration, — these are McPherson and Macaulay, the insidious enemy and the thoroughgoing friend.

Almost every writer of history copies

the statements of his predecessor to an extent hardly to be imagined by those who have not compared a variety of authors. It is particularly noticeable that when a new historian has possessed himself of some freshly discovered correspondence or memoirs throwing new light on some special theme, while making the very most of his material, he does not hesitate to copy what has been said a score of times, in the parts on which his new treasure throws no light, without suspecting that there also one should look deeper. I have little doubt, for instance, that if a new history of William III.'s reign were written, the author, finding some of the King's vetoes alluded to by all his predecessors, but only Macaulay and McPherson mentioning as many as four, and discussing these four with much acumen, would conclude that there were these four and no more. Yet the Lords' Journals show that the King vetoed at least two more, whose titles would indicate that they were private bills.

I have not found that the Stewarts refused their assent to any bills; but I have not searched the entire Lords' Journals of their eighty-five years. Charles II., not liking the last bill passed by his last Parliament, just before its dissolution contrived to have the Clerk of the Crown steal it, before the Clerk of the Parliaments had formally presented it to him. Sir Simonds D'Ewes is quoted as saying — I have not yet verified the quotation — that Queen Elizabeth at the end of one session rejected as many bills as she passed. Of the earlier Tudors I can say nothing; the earliest veto I have found mentioned is when King Henry V., shortly after the victory of Agincourt, said, "*Le Roy s'avisera*" to a petition of Parliament against the transferring of suits at Common Law into Chancery. And the Plantagenet monarchs were less likely to veto the measures of the two Houses, because acts were then framed by some of the King's advisers, in compliance

with petitions from the Houses, and really emanated from the King; and to this day it is conceived in England that legislation, in the overwhelming majority of cases, should proceed from the ministry, who are in theory supposed to represent the Crown, and not from the opposition, although now the ministry are in fact the spokesmen of a popular majority.

Since 1708 the veto has never been used. Queen Anne soon after got the majority of Parliament in accord with her personal predilections. The first two Georges were shrewd enough — for they were anything but the fools that it is fashionable to call them — to put themselves completely in the hands of a parliamentary majority. George II. and his two sons, though they frequently attempted, and not seldom succeeded, in influencing and even in reversing legislation, found easier ways of doing so than by refusing their assent to bills passed by both Houses. But the sturdy Tories, with ex-Lord Chancellor Eldon at their head, really hoped George IV. might veto the Catholic Emancipation Bill of 1829; and he probably would have, if he had not stood in mortal terror of the Duke of Wellington.

Since then, — a period of seventy years, — scarcely any one has talked about the royal veto. Bryce's *American Commonwealth*¹ quotes a Canadian writer, Mr. Tod, on a threatened exercise of the veto by Queen Victoria in 1858. Mr. Bryce — or Mr. Tod — gives the usual date of Queen Anne's veto as 1707; but he ascribes to William III. *five* vetoes. Mr. Fielden gives William III. three vetoes, and gives no date to Queen Anne's. But there is not the least absurdity in supposing its use, and even its salutary use. The ordinary theory is that if the sovereign refused assent to a bill, the ministers would be in danger of impeachment by the Commons and condemnation by the Lords for having advised such action by their master; that they would at once resign, and

that no other ministry could be found bold enough to take their places unless the Crown withdrew its refusal. But this entirely overlooks the very possible case of a non-partisan measure, forced through both Houses by some independent interest, which should divide both ministry and opposition, so to speak, across and not lengthwise. In this case a large minority might be backed by a very strong outside opinion, which the Commons had failed adequately to represent; and yet a ministry, which on all party questions held a working majority might greatly hesitate to dissolve the Parliament. In such a case the royal veto might very well cause a too confident majority to pause and see if they really were sustained by popular opinion. There is also the perfectly possible case analogous to Queen Anne's veto, — that between the passing and the signing of an act some striking occurrence should make it expedient to check its operation.

I have already remarked that the royal veto is final; there is nothing corresponding to the American practice of passing a bill over a President's or a Governor's veto by increased majorities. Further, there is nothing analogous to our fixing a limit of time for the executive to make up his mind. Apparently, the King may take till the end of the session to decide whether to give or withhold his assent. King William did so with at least two of the bills he vetoed. In that case, if the Parliament were merely prorogued, apparently he might give his assent in the next session; if it were dissolved, the unsigned bill would seem to be waste paper.

It is the fashion now with some modern purists to draw a distinction, unwarranted by the history of our language, between the "last" and the "latest" of any series. Queen Anne's veto of 1708 was undoubtedly the latest exercise of that power; most writers assume it was and always will be the last.

¹ Vol. i. p. 70, note.

Yet from time to time suggestions are made that the prerogative, never formally renounced, may be usefully revived. It is not many months since some of those who objected on religious grounds to Mr. Balfour's Education Bill made frequent and loud suggestions that King Edward should refuse his assent to it if it passed. He has not done so; but the idea was started, and it may be that the historian who, before the nineteenth century is quite forgotten, undertakes to record the beginning of the twentieth may have to tell some such story as this, — different doubtless in details, but not in the upshot: —

The end of the session of 1903 found the Conservative, Tory, or Unionist government — for all these names were applied to it by one and another faction — seriously discredited. It had had a long lease of life, renewed by its appeal to the country to support the African war. When the fighting was over, and the bill came in, the enthusiasm which had kept Mr. Balfour in power cooled rapidly. The Education Act passed against bitter protests, and met with avowed and dogged resistance in many parts of England from those who ordinarily show great respect for law; the Irish Land Bill, though generally approved, did not pass without serious misgivings, finding expression in many influential quarters; other acts had equally been forced through against weighty opposition; and finally Mr. Chamberlain's attack on free trade had stirred up the hottest excitement, and seemed likely to split the ministry.

Still the session ended without an absolute defeat of the government. The recess began, and members went down to the country to be "heckled" to pieces by their constituencies. These were not likely to be in very good humor.¹ But apart from any dissatisfaction with par-

ticular measures, the men who were at the head of both parties, or all three parties, had not aroused the enthusiasm of their supporters. Mr. Balfour, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Broderick, Lord Lansdowne, and other members of the government had every one been the victim of the sharpest criticisms; but when the question came to turning them out, who was to replace them? Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Mr. Morley, Mr. Asquith, Lord Rosebery, had every one done something or omitted something to displease some important section of the Liberal party — if there were such a party at all. Lord Salisbury, the undoubted oracle of the Tories, was dead, and Sir William Harcourt, who still commanded greater respect than any other Liberal, was too old to be relied on for continuous help. It might be said that with all the talk of the supremacy of the House of Commons the only two leaders who had retained unbroken confidence for consistency were two peers, the Duke of Devonshire and Earl Spencer, opposed in their views, but both relics of the ancient and much abused Whig party.

But there had begun to diffuse itself among the people a more serious feeling than that of mere distrust of individuals. Not a few persons openly avowed a downright distrust of parliamentary government, as of machinery that was antiquated and worn out. Some declared that the government had no power to carry out really needed and promised measures; others declared that all the different Reform Acts had left the people unrepresented; and all felt that the machinery was rusty and creaky, and the debates, sadly protracted at the beginning, were indecently hurried toward the end of the session. These doubts of what once was extolled as perfect were confined to no party.

Meanwhile King Edward VII. had achieved a remarkable popularity, or rather a solid confidence very different from every-day popularity. He had

¹ The report of the committee to investigate the South African war had convicted the government of shameful neglect.

long been known as possessed of perfect tact, and always saying the right word to everybody. But now Englishmen opened their eyes wider every day to the fact that their King's personal presence had not only retained the regard of ancient allies, like Italy and Portugal, but had strengthened the ties with the United States, and brought the Papacy and the French Republic completely over; more wonderful still, that he had been hailed with an effusive loyalty in Ireland, never before dreamed of. He was about the only public man who had brought out increased honor from the anxious conflicts of two years. The anticipated split in the Cabinet came like a thunder clap before the autumn was far advanced. First, Mr. Chamberlain himself resigned; then, when Mr. Balfour replied to his letter of resignation in terms which appeared to show sympathy, one after another of his most important colleagues withdrew, the last being the Duke of Devonshire. The Cabinet was wholly reconstructed, and the national tension increased to the utmost.

All through the recess of Parliament the country was uneasy; it did not know what would happen, nor what it wanted to happen; and when Parliament met again, every one knew things would not go comfortably. An expression in the King's speech was understood to favor Mr. Chamberlain's semi-protective policy; it was met by a sharp amendment to the address declaring in unflinching terms for free trade. The government carried the original form by a very small majority; but it was plain that its basis was tottering. Every measure it introduced was fought; every weak point was struck. The crisis came very unexpectedly. Early in 1904 the much abused Education Bill had contained an ambiguous provision, which it was apparent must be defined by a special act; such an act was early brought in, and was represented as a matter of course; no serious contest was expected, and no debate pre-

pared for; the opposition watched its chance, rallied its forces, and put the government in a minority. Mr. Balfour instantly dissolved Parliament.

The election was carried through early in 1904 under the bitterest excitement; parties seemed to be breaking up and re-forming on no intelligible bases. Tories, Liberals, Unionists, Home Rulers, Churchmen, Nonconformists, separated and coalesced on no traceable principles. It was soon evident that the existing government was not likely to stand; but who should succeed it? As soon as Parliament reassembled, the opposition precipitated the issue by moving the blunt amendment to the address "that Your Majesty's government, as at present constituted, does not possess the confidence of this house." It was strongly represented, by members solicitous for decorum, that such a direct order to the King to dismiss his ministers had rarely if ever been incorporated in an address, and the form was a little softened. None the less the blow was struck, and the Balfour government was turned out.

It was succeeded by a "Liberal" government under Lord Spencer and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. But could that Liberal government carry its measures? Could it satisfy its Irish supporters like Dillon, iconoclasts like Labouchere, nonconformists and labor men, and keep in hand its practical moderate business supporters? It very soon appeared that it could do no such thing. It was allowed to carry on ordinary business, — to run the government; but as soon as it attempted to achieve any decided reforms, or carry out any vigorous plans, it knew that it must expect dogged opposition in the House of Lords; nor did it have that firm and strong majority in the House of Commons that might enable it to defy the Lords. Two or three absolute defeats, and victories by small majorities hardly distinguishable from defeats, taught it how precarious was its existence. The ministry was re-formed

and recast more than once ; but all would not do.

Yet the Conservatives could not come in again. More than once the Liberal premier tendered his resignation : but no attempt to reconstruct the old Conservative ministry could succeed. Many declared Mr. Chamberlain was at the bottom of the trouble, and that the old line, "there is no living with thee or without thee," was strictly applicable to him. However that might be, the parliamentary government of England was in a most unhealthy state.

or the bag. Members spoke out. They told the Liberal government openly, on the floor of the House, that Home Rule would have ; that all the Bills in the world would not satisfy their appetite ; that if they rejected Gladstone's plan, the Liberal government would go out of office ; if not, out they should go, and the government which attacked England should go out of office.

no disguising the danger : it was in the face. Years before Gladstone's Home Rule measure split the Liberal party, and drove the Liberal Unionists into the arms of the Conservatives. The House of Commons rejected that measure, to the great satisfaction of England and Scotland, and the ghost had risen. The Liberal Unionists had had their full share of power and in peace. The country was divided ; they had split themselves. The Gladstonians, whose tongues called them, were not their ruthless Celtic opponents. Could Home Rule on them ? Could the House of Commons help passing it ? Could the Lords think of it again ?

They yielded. The Home Rule measure was brought in, to a deafening chorus of cheers and howls. Obeyed, it would shake the bottom. King Edward

felt how dangerous the experiment was. He sent for the chiefs of the ministry. He assured them of what they well knew without his assurance, that he was the warmest friend of Ireland in his whole empire ; but that he believed this measure was most impolitic. They readily put their resignations in his hands. He sent for the Conservatives. Mr. Balfour attempted to re-form his ministry ; but he found it impossible to unite the opponents of Home Rule on a single other question of policy. Many Conservatives really believed the time for it had come : and

many nonestly averred they wished to give the Liberal party rope to hang themselves. The measure must at least be allowed to run its course.

It could hardly, however, be said to run its course ; it was rather hobbling. The proceedings, for delay and tumult, were such as had not been known within the memory of man. The Irish members sought to block any other possible measure of legislation ; their opponents sought to block the bill itself. The King had to resort to the desperate and almost obsolete measure of adjourning both Houses for some days to let the members come to some sort of decency. The whole country rang with attack and counter-attack in newspapers, pamphlets, and public meetings. Still, step by step, with ever decreasing majorities, the bill forced its way through the Commons, and was carried by only fifteen votes to the House of Lords.

Nobody supposed the Peers would pass the bill at once. They rejected it ; but after long and brilliant debates, and by a small majority. The delays on both sides in every form of legislation had so spun out the session that it was necessary to prorogue the Parliament for sheer weariness.

The Houses broke up in August, 1905, to meet again in the autumn. When that meeting came passions were boiling. A new bill, possibly less objectionable, perhaps even more so, was sure to be brought in, and this time its friends defied the

The Irish members told the Liberal government on the floor of the House, that they must accept Home Rule or the Land Purchase Bill, or they would only whet the appetite of the Irish members, who would turn to Mr. Balfour's Conservatives, and any other measure would go, and any other measure would be tempted to ruin the country.

There was no doubt that it must be lost before Mr. Gladstone's measure had split the Liberal party, and swept the Liberal Unionists into the arms of the Conservatives. The Lords had blocked the measure, to the general satisfaction of the Liberal Unionists and Tories, and the Liberal government was in a bad chance, in what was a sick country. The Liberal government was sick among themselves, as a thousand voices called in again. The Liberal government's allies forced Home Rule on the House of Commons. And if it did, the Liberal government would be voting it down.

The ministry's measure was a chorus of mingled cheers and howls, obviously, if it passed, would lead the country to the

Lords to reject it. But nothing, it was rumored, could induce the King to recommend it in his speech to Parliament. The words, "I consider it highly important that the relations of Ireland to the rest of the empire should be discussed in a spirit of conciliation and prudence, and with a view to the permanent as well as the immediate requirements of all my people," were the utmost he would consent to read from the throne.

His popularity during all these stormy times had continued unabated, and increasing; he had renewed his visits to Ireland, each time meeting with greater enthusiasm; it was understood that his quiet mediation had been accepted in more than one European complication which had threatened war; and among all the harsh words on the hustings or in the newspapers his name had been used with something more than respect.

The Home Rule Bill was pressed and opposed with ever increasing bitterness; the Irish members presented an unbroken front in its support; but outside Parliament many thoughtful Irishmen expressed grave doubts of its expediency. As the weeks went on, the King's veto began to be alluded to more and more seriously. The very newspapers which had at first declared it preposterous and impossible began to recognize that the prerogative had never been renounced, and that the time might come to revive it. The bill, as every one expected, passed the Commons by a large majority; it passed its first stages in the Lords; but the excitement and the bitterness outside the walls of Parliament came but little short of civil war.

Just at this point, an incident, sad indeed, yet not of itself what would be called one of national interest, became strangely significant. This was the death of Lord Wakefield, a venerable man of universal popularity. He had gained the Victoria Cross in youth by an exploit which had crippled him for further warfare; he had gone into diplomacy and

won a highly honorable name, at home and abroad, for courtesy, tact, and firmness combined; he had then held high office in the government, from which the need of paying some political debt had forced his retirement, and he had refused the pension to which such service was entitled by law. His son had served gallantly in South Africa, and after his return was on the eve of marriage to a woman endowed with every charm except fortune, which neither father nor son deemed necessary. Suddenly it was announced that Lord Wakefield had lost all his property by the knavery of a near kinsman, who had lured him into an unsound investment, whence he himself had escaped with plunder and left the head of his house with nothing.

There was a general feeling that something should be done for the gallant old man; and an easy method was at hand. There was a small estate in the neighborhood of Lord Wakefield's birthplace belonging to the Crown; the trouble of managing it was a tax on the nation for which it poorly compensated; in private hands it might be a suitable provision for a faithful old servant of the Crown. It was therefore agreed by all concerned that a bill should be brought in to confer the manor of Enstone on Frederick Lord Wakefield and his heirs forever; the two Houses waived their quarrels to pass it, and it stood ready for the King's signature on the very day the Houses were to adjourn for the Christmas recess. That very morning the papers announced that Lord Wakefield and his son had been killed the night before in an automobile accident. If the bill became an act, it conferred the estate on him whom their deaths had made Frederick Lord Wakefield, namely, the kinsman who had ruined them. Such a perversion of royal and national bounty was impossible, — but how to stop it? The affair was pressing; the Houses were on the point of adjourning; the Commons were expecting to be summoned to the House of Peers to

hear the assent given to several bills by commission. They were startled by the trumpets announcing that the King would be there in person; soon they were summoned to his presence; the titles of various bills were read, and in the King's presence the clerk of the parliaments announced "Le Roy le voet;" then came "a bill for conferring the manor of Enstone on Frederick Lord Wakefield and his heirs forever." The words were uttered, "Le Roy s'avisera;" and it was announced that the Houses stood adjourned till 8 January, 1906.

The bill was nullified; the objectionable grant was averted; but how? *The*

King had vetoed it; the royal prerogative, dormant for all but two centuries and by many called extinct, had revived. It was for a good object; it had saved Parliament from perplexity, not to say disgrace; no party, no ministry, no principle had been touched; but — if a king was to refuse his assent to this bill, might he not to any? If both Houses agreed, agreed unanimously it might be, on a measure, was there an impassable obstacle? If the Lords felt obliged to pass the Home Rule Bill, which the majority of them doubtless hated, could that which had been done once be done twice?

William Everett.

THE STORY OF THE QUEEN.

IN TWO PARTS. PART TWO.

WHEN, the next evening, following his friend, Fairfax was announced in the drawing-room of the duchess, his welcome was not only that cordial one extended to the American of fabulous wealth, but that of a friend of the house; nor was he made to feel any difference of station, — taking out the Baroness Dalma, and sitting opposite the marquis. He was speaking with the duchess, before dinner was announced, when the Princess Adria entered. The scarlet gauzes of Dalma behind her made her whiteness dazzling. She wore a little coronet of diamonds, and chains of diamonds hanging half-hid, half-revealed, in the long flowing of her lace drapery, made her a thing of light. "I will wear them all," she had said to her dresser; "my mother's, and those my cousin gave me when I came away." And she added to herself, as she stood before the mirror, "He shall know the worst."

The worst was an apparition of splendor. The Princess Adria. For an in-

stant a sharp red flashed on Fairfax's cheek, as if a hand had struck him, — as instantly gone. As he bowed, no one but Her Highness heard him say, "The wood-nymph must plead with the princess for my forgiveness." And he turned from this woman, white and cold as an icicle, to Dalma.

"You never know where you are with these royalties," said the duchess afterward, with her more than English contempt for anything not English. "Perhaps I should have shown her the list, but we were told she was to see our life as it is. Fancy! Could she be displeased that Fairfax was here? But he has been here and at Charles Chetwynd's so much I forget he is n't one of us. In fact, when he sent us those Kaura pines from the south seas, I felt if he was n't a prince there was some mistake, — the hundred towering black giants keeping guard over the conservatories! These kings and kinglets, — once you forget, and they remember, and out of clear sky they turn on you,

and the blueness of their blood becomes appalling!"

The duchess herself looked at such things with a good deal of perspective, having been born an American. But she was darkening counsel just then by words without knowledge. For it was in the conservatories that Fairfax, returning for something there, leaving Chetwynd to be overtaken later on his way home through the park, saw floating down the shadow under the huge black guarding giants of Kaura pines a shining white phantom, who drew near holding out both hands.

"Are 'Things,' then, of so much moment?" she said, the smile on her lips, but a steady gravity in the depths of the jewel eyes.

"Some things," he replied, "in the regard they receive make barriers of an absolute nature. Between thee and me is a great gulf fixed." And he took the two hands and lifted them to his lips and was gone.

The Princess Adria was sitting alone with the duchess the next day. She had read to her a letter from her cousin, the King, and they had been talking rather intimately. She dropped the letter presently, and looking at the duchess a few moments, she said, "I am much younger than you are" —

"Alas, yes," said the duchess.

"And sometimes I need the advice of a good woman not immediately interested in my entourage, my affairs. I do not know why I am sent here, except that the duke is a far-off kinsman, except to see" — She hesitated, and added, "You yourself are not, — you have not always" —

"No," said the other laughing, "I was not. I was simply Miss Melton, with a big fortune. Not so big as the huge belongings of Fairfax to be sure. What in the world can a man do with fifty million pounds? I could manage with ten. Really, it is not in good taste! Oh no, not any such figure as that, — but big enough to buy a duchy!"

"And — has it satisfied you? The duchy? Forgive me if I am" —

"Entering where angels fear to tread?" said the good-natured listener. "Angels have never feared to tread where I am. Yes, I find it agreeable to be an English duchess. I don't think much of any other kind. But to tell you the truth, it might have been quite different to what it is if — now, shall I speak openly? — if my husband and I had not — had not grown to care. Perhaps we would not have married but for the fortune, — you see I am frank, — but the fortune being given, why, love had its way."

"You are a good wife," said Adria timidly and in a low tone, leaning toward her, "a good mother. A wise woman, it may be. Tell me, would love have been enough without the rest? Would you resign all this," and she made a wide gesture with her arms, "if it were a question between this and love?"

"I don't know what I would have done when I was young and a fool. But now," — and she laid her hand on the arm of the young princess, — "now I know that not all the kingdoms and principalities and powers in creation weigh a feather in the scale with the love of a good man."

"Do you know," said the duchess when, an hour or two later her husband found her in the south garden, "I was wrong about the young royalty last night. She is as human as the rest of us." She had a rose in her hand, and she held it up over her head. "This is under the rose," she said gayly. "But, — lend me your ear, — I more than suspect that Fairfax might have half a chance there."

"Fairfax!" cried her husband. "That is simply preposterous!"

"But two hundred million dollars."

"Why, she is the heir-presumptive to a throne. The Margravine is just dead, dead of grief over the drowning of her boy, and there is nothing between

our princess and power but the imbecile old Grand Duke, who will drop off any day."

"Well, — if one should prefer Fairfax to power?"

"But, my love, it would involve all Europe in a broil. It is a moot point if the next heir is the Emperor or the Comte de Bourbon Thurm. The Emperor would not only claim but seize. And the petty kingdom has such strategic importance, that not one of the great powers would allow it. And unless your little royalty means to precipitate a general war, she will take the goods the gods provide."

"But afterwards. Could she not marry where she pleased?"

"No. Only where her people pleased."

"Oh! I would rather be a milkmaid!"

"It is to be doubted if Her Highness would. Indeed, I believe her husband is already selected. You have seen him, — the Prince Porpirio-Dassa. And the alliance will add some important provinces and much wealth to the kingdom."

"That wretch!"

"My dear, he is cousin to ten kings," said the duke, with a laugh.

"I don't care if he is the cousin of St. George and the Dragon! And you would really consent to such a thing?"

"My consent has nothing to do with it. I would advise it, though. I fancy she will consent."

"Well, to be sure, crowns don't grow on every bush. But you have made me shiver. How cold and damp the evening is! There is positively a frost in the dew!" And she drew her chiffrons about her, hurrying away.

"The new chef does very well, don't you think?" said the duke, striding along beside her.

"Oh yes, a *cordon bleu*. Lord! As if anything signified!"

But if the duchess found it chilly that summer evening, the two sitting

on the marble bench beneath the cedar were wrapped in rosy warmth. They were building a new Utopia. Its shining porticoes rose lofty and white before them, the beautiful appearance of what might be. They saw wealth and wisdom re-creating homes and people, — no more savagery in cities, no more starving in forests, no luxury to rot men's souls, no want to dwarf their bodies, pure bridals, lovely children, a race, if lower than the angels, yet strong with the strength of powers used toward achievement, a race filled with the spirit of good, — a dream that might become waking fact if others, following one of all but boundless wealth, united in the wish to renovate the world. "Yes," said Fairfax, "in such a world man would be

'Sceptreless, free, uncircumscribed, but man
Equal, unclassed, tribeless, and nationless,
Exempt from awe, worship, degree, the king
Over himself; just, gentle, wise;

Nor yet exempt, though ruling them like
slaves,

From chance, and death, and mutability,
The elogs of that which else might oversoar
The loftiest star of unascended heaven
Pinnacled dim in the intense inane.'

The soft night-wind lifted the level boughs of the cedar as he was speaking, and the moonlight, falling over him, gave his face a sort of splendor, and falling on Adria, surrounded her with a silvery aureola, making her beauty something unearthly as their dream. Then the boughs fell again, and shadow with them, and the two sat in the darkness, silent, all the fragrances of the summer night stealing about them. The moments seemed drawing into ages; but ages of bliss. They had not known each other a week? They had known each other since their atoms came together! Far off a nightingale's song blew a bubbling breath of music. The night, the darkness, the sweetness of earth and heaven seemed pressing them closer together, till their arms were about each other and their faces touched.

A night of joy, — the only pure and perfect joy the Princess Adria was to know in all her life. Three days between heaven and earth, in that dimension which has no bound in time or space; and then the messengers had gone and come again, and her letters ordered Adria to the King.

She went. But Fairfax followed. Her heart was in her mouth, but her courage was in both hands.

"There has been nothing underhand, sire," she said to the King, feeling that she desecrated the holy of holies, but knowing it must be done. "I supposed there might be those about me whose duty it was to make report; and I walked openly. It is difficult for me to speak. But if I fail in maidenliness, it is because all that is life to me is in the balance. I hoped," she went on, compelling herself, as he listened and made no further sign, "that when Your Majesty should see him, more noble than mere nobility makes a man, when you understood to what far ends his vast wealth would carry this kingdom, you might approve" —

"Approve of your marriage outside a royal house!" roared the King, purple in the face.

She stood before him, very erect, but her head a little bent, in a simple stateliness; even the King feeling the spell of her dark beauty in the pale blue transparency of the gauzy gown she wore. "There must always be a precedent," she said.

"You are mad!" declared the King. "Do you think a minor power, ready to be snatched into fragments by the greater ones, is in any condition to make precedents? Do you suppose the people could smile on an alliance with an unknown stranger" —

"Pardon, Majesty. But why, then, should the people care, if I resign all pretension to the crown?"

"Resign? You cannot resign! The Court goes into mourning to-day for the Grand Duke, and you stand at my right

hand. Moreover, it is Destiny. Everything has pointed to you. One after one all who stood between you and me have dropped away. There has been a murrain on them. They have been accomplishing the will of God. You must yield to it. Could you resign, it would mean struggle between Bourbon Thurm and the Emperor, destruction to the kingdom, revolution, ruin! It is the folly of a fool to waste words on so childish yet so monstrous a thought as yours. Have you no love of country? Will you see this sovran power reduced to suzerainty, this ancient state degraded to a province" —

"But, sire, sire," said the girl, extending imploring hands, "if you yourself saw the advantage of that which you forbid, the enormous wealth spent in public works, in lessening taxes, in exciting industrial activity with new enterprises, in bringing new blood, new life, into the kingdom, and the uses of the intimate friendship which should follow with the great power across the seas, — if you yourself stood by me, then the people" —

"The people! They would tear you limb from limb. Tut, tut!" said the King. "You talk like the worm to the bird. Listen! Under the law such a marriage, were it possible, would bemorganatic, its children illegitimate, with no right to the throne at all" —

"Oh, so much happier they!" she cried, clasping her hands.

"That is as it may be. We cannot go into sentimental considerations. It would simply postpone the present situation and all its potential evils. And the fact is, my word is pledged to Porpirio-Dassa, and it is yours to redeem it. All the courts of Europe are to be notified at once; the marriage is to take place out of hand, that I may see the succession secured before I am gathered to my fathers, as it may happen to me with any sudden shock" —

"I do not wish to give Your Majesty any shock. But as I have not been con-

sulted in this matter, it is hardly necessary for me to refuse my consent. But I assure you in this moment, sire, I will marry no one but the man I love!"

The King was controlling himself by great effort. "You have known him — perhaps less than a month?" he said.

"You have loved him" —

"Ever since, a young girl, I saw him hunting in the Long Chase!"

The old King was silent a while. "Child," he said then more gently, "I am sorry for you. But this is the fate of kings. We do not live for ourselves. We die to ourselves. Your duty is to obey. Your duty is to become the wife of Porpirio-Dassa, to prevent the dismemberment of the kingdom, to stand between the people and ruin. My God!" he cried, lifting his trembling hands, "am I to have insubordination at my own hearth? If this man, this American, does not leave the kingdom in twenty-four hours, there are no deeps of the salt mines too dark to hold him while he lives!"

"Your Majesty could not dare. He belongs to a nation that will take care of its own in the uttermost parts of the earth. And if he goes, I go with him," said Adria. And with a low reverence she left the presence.

"Dalma," she said, when in her own apartment, "you can go and come more freely. Will you find Mr. Fairfax and tell him I will be at the Terminus to-night at midnight? I shall take nothing but a hand-bag and my mother's jewels. And perhaps, at some time, Dalma, you, you, too, will come" —

"Do you think I am not going with you?" cried Dalma. "Thank heaven, I am no one, and can do as I please. And your people shall be my people!"

"Oh, Dalma!" said the princess, her arms around her, her head bowed upon Dalma's. "How could I live without you!"

"If the atmosphere of making the world over is not too rare," said Dalma, laughing through her tears.

In the evening of that day, the stately dinner over, the King sent for the Princess Adria. "I wish you to come with me," he said. "I am not offended by your self-will, your determination. I would have you use both. You will need them. But I wish you — freed from passion and near that which is most sacred — to make a vigil of thought and prayer in the chapel under which lies the dust of all our kings." And giving her his hand, he led her down through long corridors and into the chapel, and up to the high altar, where he left her.

A requiem service for the Grand Duke had just closed. The place was quite deserted. The long dying roll of the organ throbbed through her as she stood there. One by one the lights went out, and the place was dark except for a dim one near the altar. She was alone here over the dust of those that won the glory of her name and race. She remembered even now the fearful joy with which she had come here once with Dalma, years ago, feeling the spot sacrosanct and full of a lofty poetry. To-night she only felt that to this pass of sorrow had these kings brought her.

Sorrow? Was it sorrow to be making her days one with those of him she loved? To be going out with him into the larger world, to drink of this wine of life he held to her lips, this sacramental wine? It is true she would leave behind her obeisance and royal adulation. But she had never cared for it. The freedom would be like wings. And she would hear and see no more of this people who could dare to stand between her and her will, between her and happiness! The poor unwitting people! She had had such schemes for their welfare, she had built such bright hopes concerning them! Well; there were other people; she would work for them with Fairfax. It would be good to work for any one with Fairfax.

Yet, alas, these needed her so much; from the old Nana of the forest to the young Nanas of the town. These had

a right to her work. These had been committed to her by the kings, her fathers, lying here beneath her feet. These suffered now because the kings, her fathers, had fought wars with their blood, had lived lives of splendor in high palaces, with wine in jeweled tankards, with meats on golden plates, with sumptuous dress and gems, all wrung from the labor of these people who ate black bread that the kings might have white and all that white bread meant.

It was true that under the mild rule of her cousin things had been better with them; but she had seen how they could be better still, taxes lifted, work found, revenue produced. She had meant that every man in the kingdom should own his home, that every woman should be free to prove what was best, till from a line of mothers with every power developed sons should be born, who would lift the kingdom to a plane where no other kingdom stood, and create such wide benefit, such intelligence, such culture, such fostering of the arts of peace, that a stranger breathing it would feel the uplifting, the enlarging atmosphere of happiness.

Nor had it been the baseless fabric of a dream; she had seen the way clear with a people loving a young queen and understanding her purposes; and when she had added to her previous thought the power for righteousness inherent in Fairfax's prodigious wealth, her hopes had known no bound.

And despite her feeling now, she knew that as she had laid her plans for their prosperity she had grown to love these people; there had been times when she had felt like opening her arms wide to them, these dear people of her dreams and hopes! And now she was abandoning it all, abandoning them, — oh, worse than that, — leaving them to their enemies! For if the Bourbon Thurm came in, all that had been accomplished would fall to pieces under his imbecile sceptre. And the Emperor would never suffer the other; and if the imperial power

came in there would be oppression, degradation, and in any event struggle. For if the great powers refused countenance to the Emperor, as they would refuse, then war, bloodshed, ruin! The peaceful little kingdom trampled to a bloody sod, homes destroyed, hearts broken, — alas, alas, what was the breaking of one heart to all of these!

She had sunk upon the cushions while the wild swift thoughts, with all their retinue of feeling, raced through her consciousness as boiling bubbles in her blood might race. Far off through the palace halls she heard the silver chiming of clocks, one after one; then the big bell of the tower of the Prince of Peace tolled twelve. She sprang to her feet. Fairfax was waiting for her! She saw him pacing the platform, looking into the darkness, saw the light on his fair head, saw the eager eye, the kindling cheek, the smile of confidence, saw the smile fade, the dismay follow, saw the long stretch of his desert life, — oh, it was not the breaking of one heart only, it was the heart of Fairfax, too! And then, by some ominous necromancy, she saw, as if passing palpably before her eyes, the procession of weeping women, of wounded men, of starving children, a flock of the crimes that always set their feet in the footprints of war, and dead man after dead man rose corpse-white but with discolored gashes and staring with accusing eyes, wide-open eyes, fixed, and fixed on hers. "Oh, help, help!" she cried, as she flung herself prone upon the floor before the altar.

She may have lain there an hour. In the whirl of bitter fears and fancies she knew she had not fainted. But when at last she rose, putting back her fallen hair, as if she pushed aside also the cloud of terror, the moonlight was streaming in at the clerestory windows and lying on the effigies of old King Thurm and his wife, a man who in his day rode fetlock deep in blood. What profited him his riding now, with that condemning stain of gules upon his

breast? And then she saw the moonlight touch with white radiance the marble statue of an angel bearing the cup of communion as if it were the Holy Grail. The heavenly smile upon the skiey face was full of pitying love; but through the transfixed and bleeding heart of the Mother of God, in the painted pane above, a crimson spark shot into the cup the angel held, and glowed there like live fire till the moon swam on. "It is the cup of gall and bitterness," she exclaimed, "and it is given me to drink." And she lifted her hands where she stood and prayed for strength.

The short summer night had passed. The gray of morning made the place chill as the touch of death, when automatically she stepped aside into the royal closet, feeling half as if she moved with wings, tired though she was, yet wrought upon by tremendous forces. The spot seemed to afford protection; she would stay for the morning service.

The first sunbeam poured through the stained windows and filled the spaces with jeweled splendor, when the King came in. And presently the organ pealed forth a magnificat, so joyous, so sweet, so strong, that sorrow seemed lost in it. When, prayer and praise being ended, the King turned to her, she bowed her head before him in witness of her obedience, and he put his hand on it and blessed her. Hours afterward, she felt that touch where the blessing seemed to burn.

"Find him," she said to Dalma, who would have met her with wonder and reproach, but was silent before the pale awfulness of her face. "Tell him I will not see him. I will not write to him. I will open no letter from him. He must be to me as if he had never been. Oh, my God, he must forget I was more than a dream!"

Still in too exalted a state for sleep, the princess leaned that night over her balcony and saw the great picture of the starry heavens painted in the depths

of the lake beneath, beautiful, unreal, a universe farther still, tempting one into its hollow. But as her glance went up never had the ranks of the stars shone with such magnificence, wheeling on the blue-black field of the night. "Each set in his place, they submit to law. Let me submit, let me submit!" she cried. "I, too, am set in my place, oh, so small a place beneath this vastness! But not small since power stoops into it! O Lord God, King of heaven and earth, as thy hand has poured into me this right to rule, pour also thy spirit!"

There was great rejoicing everywhere when the arrangements of the marriage were announced. There were deputations, addresses, offerings. Dignitaries came from this court and from that, bearing gifts and honors. Porpirio-Dassa sent his bride the jewels his crusading ancestor brought from the empire of the East; there were no rubies in Christendom equaling their blood-red flame.

Adria passed through it all like a sleep-walker. She seemed to wake only when, after the nuptial benediction in the cathedral of the Prince of Peace, she paused a moment in the lofty door beside her husband,—her gown of woven pearls and silver whose long train, lifted by her ladies, was like moonlight on the sea, and her enveloping veil, making her like a spirit,—and looking down on the people thronging in the square, a mass of glad humanity, her heart went out to them. She had given herself for them. She felt that instant the tenderness that comes for that for which one has sacrificed greatly,—she who had sacrificed soul and sense! They were her people,—she loved them! A smile like a burst of sunshine illumined her face; involuntarily she dropped the arm she held and stretched her hands toward them. Wild shouts of joy answered her. Seeing Porpirio-Dassa, perhaps the multitude understood her motive, her deed, her love. But the outcry made her turn

hurriedly and take the prince's arm, bending her head and drawing her veil closer as she descended the steps, covered with cloth of gold, to the gilded coach whose eight white horses, splendid in scarlet and gold, and satin-clad postilions, whirled them away.

It was when they came back from the Summer Palace which the King had lent them that His Majesty, in the audience to which he had summoned her alone, said, "The country air agrees with you. You have proved the virtue of obedience. I see you happy."

"Sire," she said, looking at him fearlessly, "there is another life. In that life may you be a worm that I may tread on you!"

The King laughed. "A ruler and his heir have never been too friendly, I hear," he said. "And there must be brief rebellions to the yoke. Yet, princess, you and I are of one accord. Look you! Do you think I, also, I have sacrificed nothing for this people? I have never spoken of it before; I shall never speak of it again. But do you remember that my wife Elena, although she brought me no children, brought into the kingdom the salt mines, the marble quarries, the turquoise beds, that augmented revenue and created work for thousands? And I never let myself know she was either hunched or crazed! No," as he saw her lips part, "I do not ask sympathy. I do not expect contrition. It is not I you just now insulted. It is the Lord; — since the king is king by God's grace and the vicegerent of the divine power. Ask pardon of God."

And hesitating, swaying, the last work of her submission, Adria fell upon her knees and asked pardon of the King.

She accepted in the act his heirship from heaven. And going, with reactionary force as far back into mediæval darkness as Fairfax went forward beyond the light of to-day, she confessed the divine right of kings.

"I sent for you to-day," said the King presently, "to tell you that henceforth I associate you with myself in the government. You are to sit in my council. And your voice is to have its full weight."

And the people understood, before long, that the new thought of them and of their liberties was hers, and they were already yielding her a romantic worship when very instantly the King joined the long line of kings who had gone before, and left at last the crown to her.

"I had been thinking," said the Baroness Dalma, "that His Majesty would be abdicating and retiring to the Palace of the Hills, with the Senhora Rossiznola for wife. It would have been his ghastly joke."

"Never!" said Adria. "He would have been crucified with all the Rossiznolas beside him, rather than surrender that which he believed to be his trust from God."

What a day was that of the young Queen's coronation! One would have said there was no man in the kingdom who had not felt crowned in her crowning — or woman either. The sun blazing in the blue heaven, banners and bannerols and leafy canopies, the purple of the church, the white and scarlet of the soldiery, the populace vari-colored as beds of blossoms, — all made holiday; the streets were paved with flowers, the air was rent with bell-ringing and glad cries, with singing bands of boys, and the fires leaped at night from hill to hill to the utmost boundary of land and sky. And if there were gayeties in the great houses, there was feasting in the cottages; and down in the beautiful palace of the Shore of Shadow, where the young Queen chose to make her home, the lights burned to mid-day with royal cheer.

But although the young Queen made part of the rejoicing, she herself was wrapped in a kind of awe, for, in the moment when, kneeling, she received the

chrisms and the crown, she felt that she took the vows before God not only for herself, but for her unborn child.

The Queen sat one day on the lawn of one of the terraces of the Shore of Shadow, where an Indian rug was spread under the great plane tree. She had dispatched her papers, and leaned back in her chair with a book fallen from her hand, — Machiavelli's Prince; and she was wondering why once she had found it so abhorrent, since, even if portions were revolting now, there was in it a wisdom for the wise.

Dalma sat with her, her close friend as ever; she had no confidante. They were looking across the lawn, whose sheets of live emerald lay between the deep shadows cast by the great trees behind, at a boat far up the lake where the wind went ruffling it blue and silver. "It is like life," said the Queen. "One sail in sun and one in shadow."

"And we know nothing of the shadow," said Dalma.

"Sometimes that is best," said the Queen.

"There is a man," said Dalma, then, looking not at the Queen with the sunlight flecking her white raiment and making the somewhat melancholy traits of her dark beauty radiant, but straight before her into the far air, "there is a man who has gone out to the great South to add an empire to an empire. He has regarded the civilization of his own people as the greatest the world has reached. But yet he conceives a greater. He has associated with himself a number of those who believe with him in what they call the human potentiality. He is under the nominal protection of his own land. But he needs no protection. If he had not carried it into the common treasury, his wealth would make his will absolute; but his will is law without it, for it is the fulfillment of old hopes for an ideal state" —

"Dreams, — dreams!" said the Queen.

"An idler, a law-breaker there is deported," continued Dalma. "The simple government requires an inappreciable tax. It is expected that the free ports shall receive the commerce of the world, and build a realm as beautiful, as powerful, as old Venice, but without the tyranny and sin and crime. Powerful for inspiration; and with that moral force which is a panoply. The accretion of individual wealth is made impossible; but individual comfort is everywhere secured, and with it individual virtue and responsibility."

"Dreams. Idle dreams."

"The beauty of surrounding nature there is so prodigal, there is such luxuriance of loveliness, that it already begins to feed the beauty of art; and nurtured in health, in self-forgetfulness, in culture, it is intended that a people shall at last grow up equal to the perfection in the thought of God, and whose blood shall overflow into other veins, and one day re-create all the peoples of the earth! That is the way it has been told to me, — word for word. And this man's name" —

"It does not signify," said the Queen.

"This man's name is Chetwynd," said Dalma.

"Pshaw!" said the Queen.

"Did I say Chetwynd? Chetwynd is with him. You remember the marquis? I should have said Fairfax. For" —

"Fairfax," said the Queen, as if dreamily, her finger on her lip. "One lives so many lives in a lifetime. I remember no one of the name of Fairfax." And she rose, drawing her long lace cloak about her, and walked swiftly away.

"Well, well, and Peter denied the Lord!" said Dalma to herself.

As the Queen moved into the shadow of the wood she was joined by her husband, who went along beside her. Dalma knew that in her heart Adria must loathe the man; but she saw that not

the quiver of a muscle betrayed it. Porpirio-Dassa was the husband of the Queen, and whether worthy or not, the Queen exacted for him every right and courtesy, and began by extending them herself. Yet Dalma saw that as she walked she did not allow the flutter of one of her long ribbons to touch him. "And if I had listened to Chetwynd," said Dalma, "I would be far away from this attendance on silent martyrdom. And if I had n't much heart for founding empire and regenerating races, it is no bed of roses to help a woman endure." And then Dalma was remembering the first time the Princess Adria had ever seen Porpirio-Dassa, — he too eagerly occupied with the band-master over a fantasia of his writing in her honor to hasten to her side, and afterwards paying court by puffing out his fat white cheeks over the flute's part in the piece, — a flute-player, a small, lean soul, to whom a false note on his pipe, a wrinkle in his ribbon, obscured the large concerns of people and government and God.

And so time, which is merciful to all men, brought Adria to her hour, and bore her through it. And her little son lay in the lawns of his cradle. And the kingdom was hanging on the breath that fluttered like the fainting wings of a butterfly upon her lip, while she lay sinking into an abyss of nothingness.

Effort had proved idle. The heart was failing. "Imperceptible," the physician listening for its beat said to another, and to the weeping women. They had forgotten she was the Queen, — she was a woman dying, and leaving the world of youth and light. "If," murmured the physician, "if there were anything to rouse her, to reach her vitality, to call upon her nervous force" — And then the Baroness Dalma, who had been sent for long since, went at the word and lifted the baby from his cradle and laid him beside the sunken form in the bed, upon the outstretched arm.

The Prince Porpirio-Dassa waited in

a distant wing of the palace; he disliked the sight and sound of suffering. Now and then he read a page in his French novel, but it did not fix his attention. His situation seemed to him to be poetic and picturesque. Now and then he tried a minor strain on his flute, half under his breath. He found the time tedious; some ladies helped him while it away in gossip and piquet.

In the chapel the chaplains offered prayer from hour to hour. And here and there throughout the palace groups of the great nobles talked together, almost hesitating to whisper their apprehension of the havoc to be wrought by the slack and careless hand of Porpirio-Dassa's possible regency through a long minority.

But where the Queen lay, the soft murmur of the breeze in the branches without made the hush within more solemn. One started at the occasional tap of the vine on the lattice. And the faint shuddering sigh after long intervals of silence seemed more awful than the silence.

After that first fearful failing and sinking, although Adria was unconscious of external things, she had been intensely conscious throughout her inner life. Across the darkness every circumstance in her days of joy or sorrow had sprung into vivid light. She saw the child in the old castle, and the people in the forest, the hunter in the Long Chase, the young girl first learning from the King what the future held for her. She saw the sheet of tossing sea from the English cliffs, the wings of the eagles, and the bright face of Fairfax; and her heart gave a great surge. She rose on that surge into a skiey region of light and joy only to sink into succeeding hollows of deep darkness where, like the wreckage of storm, floated by detached memories of the King's word, and of the coming of Porpirio-Dassa and his flute. Then for a while a mad maze of trouble, till over it rose, like a city shining in the sun, thought of the blessing of her

people; like a city shining in the clouds, thought of the great empire in the South; and a waft of dreamful ease stole over her. How sweet, how sweet, to rest! Oh, let her dream forever! But like a thousand stings followed remembrance of the anger of the nobles at the rights given to the people, of the factious remonstrances, the atmosphere of conspiracy, the delaying, the hindering, the depleting of chosen measures, the clash of wills, the struggle of opposing interests, the fear, the feverish hope, the eagerness, the deadly fatigue, — and oh, to be done with it all! What was this life that she should cling to it? This unendurable life, the life of Porpirio-Dassa, — his wife, the mother of his children, the listener to his trifles, — the unlovely, the loathly life! How blest to lay it down and be off and away! Oh, suffer her, suffer her to go! So gently, so slowly, the tide was bearing her down, drifting, drifting, — how cool the shadow, how tranquil the current!

What a burden was this that went slipping from her shoulders as she swam in the soft, cool waters, — the trouble of the people, the pride of the Court, the clamor of the Chambers, the days, the dreadful days and nights of Porpirio-Dassa! Oh, never to see that face, to hear that voice again! Off, off, off, let it go, all this burden, this cruel load, falling, falling, even though she fell with it!

Perhaps, then, for a space all was suspension. And when she became aware of herself again, she was floating through wide vapors, folded in their soft touch, as if she herself were exhaled to thin air. Ah, what rest, what peace! It seemed as if a wide smile were breaking through the dimness and lighting all the way, as if she were just entering some vast nimbus. But what — what was this weight she held — ah, the thing she was about to surrender to the hands that gave it, the crown, the cruel crown! And the burden, — she had cast it off,

but it was still at hand and trailing after. Something teased her, too; there was a pressure against her arm, — oh yes, — a little child, — it had floated to her out of this great deep. She remembered now, they had told her she had a son. Perhaps he had died also, and was going out with her. Best so, — Porpirio-Dassa's son! No, no, her son, her own! It was from the mother the son inherited. How warm he was! That little head against her breast, how dear! He was warm, he was living, he was going to live! Then he must be reared so that every drop of the Dassa blood should be counteracted. Great heaven of heavens, she must live to do it! He must be reared to know the duties of kingship, to feel that the weight of his crown is the weight of his gift from God, to represent God to his people through his divine authority, to be anointed to service, to justify his blood sanctified through generations of kings! And there was no one to do it but herself. Oh, she must live, she must live! She had been weak, she had been willful; she had drifted on this pleasant tide too long; she must draw in that burden trailing away. But how, how? Oh, for a breath of fresh air, something to blow away these vapors! Oh, for some hand to lift her from this clinging, cobwebby mesh! She must live! She must live for the boy, for the kingdom, for the people. She had no right to lay down her trust. It was betrayal. God! God! God! she cried in her soul.

At that moment the physician, releasing her hand, laid it upon her breast. Something hurt her then, — a prick, a fret. It was the ring she wore, had always worn. Yes, the ring the King had given her, under its jewel the particle of the sword that won the kingdom. What was this he had said? To remember — yes, yes, the iron, the iron in her blood! And with the thought a spark of life struck up. In the instant she was slipping under the burden again, as in the forest she and Dalma

took old Nana's fagots on their shoulders. As if she rose, buoying herself up from dark gulfs, she opened her eyes. "I am going to live," she said to Dalma, who was bending over her.

It was the next summer that the Queen sat again on the terrace-lawn at the Shore of Shadow, where the carpet was laid beneath the plane tree, holding her little son upon her knee, running her fingers through the thistle-down of his curls, looking into his dark eyes that were her eyes, kissing his waxen loveliness. She had suffered a great change in the year. The beauty was still there, but it was different, — a moonlighted sort of beauty, ethereal, pale, the spirit looking through like a flame behind transparency.

The child grew sleepy; and there was a little silence before Dalma said, — her voice so low it was like a wind blowing far away, — "I told you once of the

man founding the empire in the South. It was a mighty thought. It has already met more than the beginnings of good fortune, of fruition. But his living share in it is done. They have made his grave out of a rock of the sea, an island rock. Over him is immense sky, around him illimitable sea. He has his part in storm and sunshine and infinite elemental loneliness. Only they have built there a shaft, a giant finger of light, that shall last as long as the rock itself, and on its peak, the cable laid from land, an electric lamp burns nightly to tell the way to those that sail the sea."

The Queen had grown very white. But the effort to lift the sleeping child and rest his head upon her neck brought the color to her cheek. She looked out a moment steadily into the deeps of the sky. "In heaven," she murmured, "they neither marry nor are given in marriage."

Harriet Prescott Spofford.

THE SOUL'S BATH.

At even when the roseate deeps
Of daylight dim from heaven's bars,
The Soul her earthworn garment slips
And naked stands beneath the stars;

And there unto that river vast,
That mighty tide of night, whose girth
With splendid planets brimming past,
Doth wash the ancient rim of earth;

She comes and plunges in; and laves
Her weariness in that vast tide,
That life-renewing deep, whose waves
Are wide as night is wide.

Then from the pure translucent flow
Of that unplumbed, invigorate sea,
Godlike in Truth's white spirit-glow
She stands unshamed and free.

W. Wilfred Campbell.

THE NEW REVELATION IN SCIENCE.

THE Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table, meeting me on the street shortly before he left the world poorer in mirth and philosophy, said that he desired to ascend the scientific Mount Pisgah before he died; he therefore wished to know how soon he would be able to buy a pint of horse power at the corner grocery.

This does not seem a mirage when we reflect upon the new revelation in physical science; the enormous energy stored up in the atom of radium. A bit of this new substance immersed in ice or in the intense cold of liquid air continues to give out heat and light apparently uninfluenced by its frigid surroundings. Its strange radiations or emanations extending beyond these surroundings make diamonds glow in the dark with a mysterious light, and exert a burning effect upon the human skin. The discoverers of radium believe that it would be dangerous to remain in a room with two pounds of pure radium. It would burn all the skin from the body, destroy the eyesight, and probably kill the occupant of the room.

These are some of the singular stories that come to us from those who have been the first to catch a glimpse from Mount Pisgah, which, like Christian in Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, we are struggling to ascend. The first glimpses of the new revelation were obtained by those who followed Röntgen in the study of the X rays. When a discharge of electricity is prevented from passing across a highly rarefied space, — a space similar in its vacuity to that which intervenes between us and the sun, — it seems to gather itself together to make a supreme effort to break down the barrier; and in its success there is revealed a hitherto unsuspected light which cannot be seen by the human eye directly, but which reveals its presence by making certain

phosphorescent bodies glow; and photographic plates are darkened, even if they are protected from ordinary light by layers of wood a foot thick. The strange phosphorescent light caused by such discharges of electricity led various observers to study phosphorescence apart from electrical causes in the hope of detecting emanations similar to those discovered by Röntgen. Becquerel, a French physicist, found that the salts of the metal uranium gave off rays which were analogous to those produced in rarefied gases by electric discharges. He suggested to M. Curie and Madame Curie, two chemists, that it would be well to investigate the chemical constitution of the oxides of uranium called pitch-blende in the hope of finding the active material which caused the radiations.

After working over more than a ton of the pitch-blende these chemists succeeded in isolating perhaps a quarter of a teaspoonful of a new metal which possessed the sought for properties in a remarkable degree; and they gave it the name of radium. The patience necessary in the scientific explorer is well illustrated by the discovery of this substance. The amount of gold in several tons of salt water is analogous to the amount of radium in a ton of pitch-blende: and the processes by which the latter is extracted call for all the refinements of science.

The properties of radium are so strange that by some it is called already the "miracle of science," and the new revelation threatens to upset the most cherished tenets of Physics. How does the bit of radium obtain its great source of energy, — a source which appears to be unlimited. It is computed that it can continue to give out energy unimpaired for millions of years. We have been led to believe that we cannot obtain

heat without the consumption of fuel or the expenditure of work. Tyndall's work entitled *Heat a Mode of Motion* marked an epoch in philosophic thought; and we have all been suckled in this creed. Will it prove a Pagan creed?

Upon the doctrine of the conservation of energy is based all our steam engineering. The boilers and engines of our great steamships are designed upon the theory that there is an exact equivalence between the heat developed and the horse power produced. Our practical employments of electricity also require for their economy an acknowledgment of the truth of this law, which is known to scientific men as the second law of thermodynamics. The motion of the dynamo is transformed into an equivalent of heat and light.

In radium we apparently have a dynamo which affords energy without the expenditure of fuel. This is indeed a marvelous revelation: it does not seem to be connected with what may be called the Old Testament of Physics; there are no hints or physical prophecies which might have led us to hope for this new light.

A magnet, it is true, maintains its attracting power unchanged for ages; the loadstone in the Continental museum whose strange properties puzzled the Phœnicians still holds iron to itself in a mysterious embrace with unimpaired force. A magnet, however, does not give out heat or light; its effect upon iron or steel is analogous to the attraction between the sun and the earth. No external work is done as long as the magnet remains at rest. A magnet embedded in ice or in the cold of liquid air does not give out heat. It is only when a coil of wire or a piece of metal is rapidly moved in its neighborhood, or the magnet is quickly moved about these latter objects, that heat is produced; and this heat is the exact equivalent of the motion.

In order to save our long-cherished and apparently well proved law of the

conservation of energy we are driven to the hypothesis that there is a transforming power in the radium atom which enables it to absorb some new radiations, and to give them forth in the recognizable forms of light and heat. The electrical transformers at Niagara Falls take the energy of the water and convert it into electricity. The electrical transformer feeds a furnace in which the most refractory substances can be made molten; it produces a dazzling light; it can run trolley cars at a distance of many miles from the Falls; and it can produce discharges which are comparable with those of lightning. These transformations result from the energy stored up in the water.

Is it possible that waves from the sun can start atomic engines in the atom of radium even when it is embedded in ice, and thus constitute it a transformer for radiations which have hitherto been concealed from mankind? Is the atom of radium an earth or atomic universe placed in the cold of space and heated and illumined by some form of electrical waves; waves which after a long, swift journey across the vacuity and cold of space are transformed by their contact with matter? If the sun, too, were largely composed of radium, how simple would be the explanation of the infinite duration of solar heat and light; yet the explanation would supplant one mystery by another. In physical science a simple explanation is often the temporary sedative to the mind which had been long perplexed by unsolvable mysteries. The explanation in time ceases to be simple.

While the astronomers are inclined to limit the size of the universe, the physicists, delving in the region of the infinitely little, see no limits. There are corpuscles one thousandth the size of the smallest atom upon which for centuries the science of chemistry has been based, and there are waves of light only one thousandth the amplitude of those with which the astronomer deals.

Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace in the *Fortnightly Review* for March, 1903, brought forward evidence which seemed to him to conclusively limit the size of the stellar universe. He quoted the reasoning of the star gaugers who, in probing the depths of space with the largest telescopes, had found a diminution in the number of stars as the telescopic power had been increased. It has been shown that if there were an infinite number of stars uniformly distributed, the earth would be bathed in light both by night and by day; the stars might be infinitely distant, but they would be infinite in number. This theory assumes that there is no absorption of light in space.

There is, however, no reason to suppose that there is not an absorption of light in the depths of the heavens. Wallace points to the existence of the dark rifts or canals in the Milky Way, and finds there a limit of stars. The universe, to his imagination, is like in form to a saucer. We are in the middle of the saucer, and looking toward the edges of it we see the crowding of stars which constitute the Milky Way, and looking upward at right angles to the saucer we see a space meagrely scattered with stars. But the imagination utterly fails to conceive of a limit to the universe, a barrier beyond the farthest star. Can there not be successive colonies of stars like colonies of bacilli in a fluid medium? Our most powerful telescopes can never detect such colonies. Photography even now reveals stars which do not contribute evident light or heat; such stars far outnumber the visible stars; and photography has its limits; for the earth's atmosphere forever cuts us off from the study of the shortest waves of light which, if detected, might reveal successive collections of stars in a universe far beyond the stars now revealed to us.

It is just in this region of the shortest waves of light that the physicist is now greatly extending his conceptions of the physical universe. I have said he can

set no limits to the extent of this universe. This, then, is the new revelation in physical science; a world of atomic motions and an apparent absorption of some new radiation from the sun or from outer space. What a text for the theologian! If matter can absorb physical influences from outer space, and transform them into useful agencies for mankind, why cannot spiritual influences be absorbed by the human atom and transmuted into beneficent influences? Man can thus be likened to a transformer.

But are these new radiations beneficial to humanity? What use can man make of them? The shortest waves of light exert a remarkable effect upon certain diseases; forms of skin diseases which have resisted treatment for years are sometimes cured by the X rays, which are closely allied to the rays from radium.

It is thought that tuberculosis can be modified by breathing air which has passed over radium. It is certain that the qualities which radium possesses can be found in the atmosphere and in the water we drink. Like gold in the ocean, radioactive matter is universally distributed; and it probably exerts an important action upon all living creatures. It does not seem beyond the range of possibility that we may be able to use some radioactive substance as a source of the X rays, and thus dispense with the bulky and expensive apparatus which is now used in surgical inquiries. A plaster of radium would simplify matters: but its cost to-day is many thousands of dollars.

This possible transference of the source of the X rays from electricity to a condition of matter constitutes a momentous epoch in the history of electricity. It may be said that our greatest revelations in the physical world have come through the manifestations of electricity. The first revelation came to Faraday and Henry more than sixty years ago in the discovery that a condition exists in the neighborhood of a magnet such that any change in the position of the magnet results in

an exhibition of electricity in neighboring metals. From the scientific Mount Pisgah one can see cities lighted, mankind transported with the speed of the wind, and communication of intelligence opened between points separated by thousands of miles. It is no wonder that Dr. Holmes with the eye of imagination saw that the future would reveal still greater advances, and desired to catch a glimpse of them before he died. Although so much has been revealed in the subject of electricity, we are as completely ignorant of its inmost character as we are of the source of life. Yet knowledge of its practical applications is very great, and we can measure electricity more accurately than any other force. This fact has been shown in the discovery of the phenomena of radium. The conclusions which we have reached in regard to these manifestations were obtained by the use of an electrical instrument which is more than a thousand times as delicate as the most sensitive chemical balance: and even spectrum analysis, which has stood for forty years as the emblem of marvelous sensitiveness, must now give place to the electrometer. This instrument promises to increase our knowledge of the motion of infinitely small particles of matter; but the only inkling we have of the inmost character of electricity, it seems to me, resides in our positive knowledge of its periodic movement on its way from the sun to the earth. This periodic movement is also the chief part of our knowledge of the phenomena of light; and through it we link together the facts of electricity and those of heat and light. Our mathematical theories of electricity are hardly more than interesting collections of formulæ.

In the light of this new revelation must we modify our views of the origin of the sun's heat, and, therefore, our views of the beginnings of life on this globe? The only theory of the cause of the uniformity of the sun's heat which

is favored to-day by scientific men is the contraction theory of Helmholtz. According to this theory the loss of heat of the sun is compensated by a contraction of its gaseous mass. It is estimated that a diminution of two hundred and fifty feet in the sun's diameter each year would maintain its present output of heat. This change in the size of the sun's disk could not be observed even between periods ten thousand years apart.

The geologists, led by Huxley, require more time for geologic changes than this hypothesis would give; for it is estimated that it has required twenty millions of years for the sun to shrink to its present size; and hundreds of millions of years are apparently needed for the making of the habitable earth. If atoms of matter can give off for millions of years energy without sensible loss: or if atoms can absorb obscure electrical radiations, and having transformed them give them out as light and heat, are we not on the road to a new theory of the sun's heat? It has been discovered that radium gives off the gas helium, which is regarded as one of the chief constituents of the sun's atmosphere. It is a curious thought to regard radium as a bit of the sun imprisoned on the earth.

The new revelation in science is certainly far reaching, and it is comforting in the sense that more is vouchsafed as man becomes ready to receive. The word revelation has hitherto had its chief significance in a religious sense; and in this sense our forefathers were not accustomed to think that revelation is contingent upon our investigations. In the scientific world there are no revelations which do not result from a long-continued hopeful spirit. The intellectual qualities here are indispensable. There are epochs of revelation, however, and the student of the history of science can perceive a gradual uplifting of the state of our knowledge which is symbolized in the material world by the uplifting of continents.

John Trowbridge.

THE GOLDEN FORTUNE.

A LITTLE way up from the trail that goes toward Rex Monte, not far from the limit of deep snows, there is what looks to be a round dark hole in the side of the mountain. It is really the ruined tunnel of an old mine. Formerly a house stood on the ore dump at one side of the tunnel, a little unpainted cabin of pine; but a great avalanche of snow and stones carried them, both the house and the dump, away. The cabin was built and owned by a solitary miner called Jerry, and whether he ever had any other name no one in the town below Kearsarge now remembers.

Jerry was old and lean, and his hair, which had been dark when he was young, was now bleached to the color of the iron-rusted rocks about his mine. For thirty years he had prospected and mined through that country from Kearsarge to the Coso Hills, but always in the pay of other men, and at last he had hit upon this ledge on Rex Monte. To all who looked, it showed a very slender vein between the walls of country rock, and the ore of so poor a quality that with all his labor he could do no more than keep alive; but to all who listened, Jerry could tell a remarkable story of what it had been, and what he expected it to be. Very many years ago he had discovered it at the end of a long prospect, when he was tired and quite discouraged for that time. There was not much passing then on the Rex Monte, and Jerry drew out of the trail here in the middle of the afternoon to rest in the shadow of a great rock. So while he lay there very weary, between sleeping and waking, he gazed out along the ground which was all strewn with rubble between the stiff scant grass. As he looked it seemed that certain bits of broken stone picked themselves out of the heap, and grew larger, in some way more conspicuous, until, Jerry averred,

they winked at him. Then he reached out to draw them in with his hand, and saw that they were all besprinkled with threads and specks of gold. You may guess that Jerry was glad, then, that he sprang up and began to search for more stones, and so found a trail of them, and followed it through the grass stems and the heather until he came to the ledge cropping out by a dike of weathered rocks. And in those days the ledge was ah, so rich! Now it seemed that Jerry was to have a mine of his own. So he named it the Golden Fortune, and told no man what he had found, but went down to the town which lies in a swale at the foot of Kearsarge, and brought back as much as was needful for working the mine in a simple way.

It was nearing the end of the summer, when the hills expect the long thunder and drumming rain and, not many weeks after that, the quiet storms that bring the snow. Jerry had enough to do to make all safe and comfortable at the Golden Fortune before winter set in. It was too steep here on the hill-slope for the deep snows to trouble him much, so he built his cabin against the rock with a covered way from it to the tunnel of the mine, that he might work on all winter at no unease because of storms.

It was perhaps a month later, with Jerry as busy as any of the wild folk thereabout, and the nights turning off bitter cold with frost. Of mornings he could hear the thin tinkle of the streams along fringes of delicate ice. It was the afternoon of a day that fell warm and dry with a promise of snow in the air. Jerry was roofing in his cabin, so intent that a voice hailed him before he was aware that there was a man on the trail. Jerry knew at once by his dress and his speech that he was a stranger in those parts, and he saw that he was not very well

prepared for the mountain passes and the night. He knew this, I say, with the back of his mind, but took no note of it, for he was so occupied with his house and his mine. He suffered a fear to have any man know of his good fortune lest it should somehow slip away from him. So when the stranger asked him some questions of the trail it seemed that what Jerry most wished was to get rid of him as quickly as possible. He was a young man, ruddy and blue-eyed, and a foreigner, what was called in careless miners' talk, "some kind of a Dutchman," and could not make himself well understood. Jerry gathered that he desired to know if he were headed right for the trail that went over to the Bighorn Mine where he had the promise of work. So they nodded and shrugged, and Jerry made assurance with his hands, as much as to say, it is no great way; and when the young man had looked wistfully at the cabin and the boding sky, he moved slowly up the trail. When he came to the turn where it goes toward Rex Monte he lingered on the ridge to wave good-by, so Jerry waved again, and the man dropped out of sight. At that moment the sun failed behind a long gray film that deepened and spread over all that quarter of the sky.

Jerry had cause to remember the stranger in the night and fret for him, for the wind came up and began to seek in the cañon, and the snow fell slanting down. It fell three days and nights. All that while the gray veil hung about Jerry's house; now and then the wind would scoop a great lane in it to show how the drifts lay on the heather, then shut in tight and dim with a soft, weary sound, and Jerry, though he worked on the Golden Fortune, could not get the young stranger out of his mind.

When the sun and the frost had made a crust over the snow able to bear up a man, he went over the Pass to Bighorn to inquire if the stranger had come in, though he did not tell at that time,

nor until long after, how late it was when the man passed his cabin, how wistfully he turned away, nor what promise was in the air. The snow lay all about the Pass, lightly on the pines, deeply in the hollows, so deeply that a man might lie under it and no one be the wiser. And there it seemed the stranger must be, for at the Bighorn they had not heard of him, but if he were under the snow, there he must lie until the spring thaw. Of whatever happened to him, Jerry saw that he must bear the blame, for, by his own account, from that day the luck vanished from the Golden Fortune; not that the ore dwindled or grew less, but there were no more of the golden specks. With all he could do after that Jerry could not maintain himself in the cabin on the slope of Rex Monte. So it came about that the door was often shut, and the picks rusted in the tunnel of the Golden Fortune for months together, while Jerry was off earning wages in more prosperous mines.

All his days Jerry could not quite get his mind away from the earlier promise of the mine, and as often as he thought of that he thought of the stranger whom he had sent over the trail on the evening of the storm. Gradually it came into his mind in a confused way that the two things were mysteriously connected, that he had sent away his luck with the stranger into the deep snow. For certainly Jerry held himself accountable, and in that country between Kearsarge and the Coso Hills to be inhospitable is the worst offense.

Every year or so he came back to the mine to work a little, and sometimes it seemed to promise better and sometimes not. Finally, Jerry argued that the luck would not come back to it until he had made good to some other man the damage he had done to one. This set him looking for an opportunity. Jerry mentioned his belief so often that he came at last, as is the way of miners, to accept it as a thing prophesied of old time.

Afterward when he grew old himself, and came to live out his life at the Golden Fortune, he would be always looking along the trail at evening time for passers-by, and never one was allowed to go on who could by any possibility be persuaded to stay the night in Jerry's cabin. Often when there was a wind, and the snow came slanting down, Jerry fancied he heard one shouting in the drift; then he would light a lantern and sally forth into the storm peering and crying.

About that time when he went down into the town below Kearsarge once in a month or so for supplies, the people smiled and wagged their heads, but Jerry conceived that they whispered together about the unkindness he had done to the stranger so many years gone, and he grew shyer and went less often among men. So he companioned more with the wild things, and burrowed deeper into the hill. His cabin weathered to a semblance of the stones, rabbits ran in and out at the door, and deer drank at his spring.

From the slope where the cabin stood, the trail, which led up from the town, winding with the winding of the cañon, went over the Pass, and so into a region of high meadows and high, keen peaks, the feeding-ground of deer and mountain sheep. The ravine of Rex Monte was the easiest going from the high valleys to the foothills, where all winter the feed kept green. Every year Jerry marked the trooping of the wild kindred to the foothill pastures when the snow lay heavily on all the higher land, and saw their returning when the spring pressed hard upon the borders of the melting drifts. So, as he grew older and stayed closer by his mine, Jerry learned to look to the furred and feathered folk for news of how the seasons fared, and what was doing on the high ridges. When the grouse and quail went down, it was a sign that the snow had covered the grass and small seed-bearing herbs; the passing of deer — shapely bulks in a mist of cloud — was a portent of deep

drifts over the buckthorn and the heather. Lastly, if he saw the light fleeting of the mountain sheep he looked for wild and bitter work on the crest of Kearsarge and Rex Monte. It was mostly at such times that Jerry heard voices in the storm, and he would go stumbling about with his lantern into the swirl of falling snow, until the wind that played up and down the great cañon, like the draughts in a chimney, made his very bones a-cold. Then he would creep back to drowse by the warmth of his fire and dream that the blue-eyed stranger had come back and brought the luck of the Golden Fortune. So he passed the years until the winter of the Big Snow. It was so called many winters after, for no other like it ever fell on the east slope of Kearsarge.

It came early in the season, following a week of warm weather, when the sky was full of a dry mist that showed ghostly gray against the sun and the moon; great bodies of temperate air moved about the pines with a sound of moaning and distress. The deer, warned by their wild sense, went down before ever a flake fell, and Jerry, watching, shivered in sympathy, recalling that so they had run together, and such a spell of warm weather had gone before a certain snow years ago before the luck departed from the Golden Fortune. As the fume of the storm closed in about the cabin, and flakes began to form lightly in the middle air, the old man's wits began to fumble among remembrances of the stranger on the trail, and he would harken for voices. The snow began, then, increased, and fell steadily, wet and blinding.

The third night of its falling Jerry waked out of a doze to hear his name shouted, muffled and feebly, through the drift. So it seemed to him, and he made haste to answer it. There was no wind; on the very steep slope where the cabin stood was a knee-deep level, soft and clogging; in the hollows it piled halfway up

the pines. Jerry's lantern threw a faint and stifled gleam. There was no further cry, but something struggled on the trail below him; dim, unhuman shapes wrestled in the smother of the snow. Jerry sent them a hail of assurance cut off short by the white wall of the storm.

There was a little sag in the hill-front where the trail turned off to the cabin, and here the moist snow fell in a lake, into which the trail ran like a spit, and was lost. Down this trail at the last fierce end of the storm came the great wild sheep, the bighorn, the heaviest-headed, lightest-footed, winter-proof sheep of the mountains that God shepherds on the high battlements of the hills. Down they came when there was no meadow, nor thicket, nor any smallest twig of heather left uncovered on the highlands, and took the lake of soggy snow by Jerry's cabin in the dark. They had come far under the weight of the great curved horns through the clogging drifts. Here where the trail failed in the white smudge they found no footing, floundered at large, sinking belly deep where they stood, and not daring to stand lest they sink deeper. If any cry of theirs, hoarse and broken, had reached old Jerry's dreaming, they spent no further breath on it. By something the same sense that made him aware of their need, Jerry understood rather than saw them strain through the falling veil of snow. It was a sharp struggle without sound as they won out of the wet drift to the firmer ground. They went on like shadows pursued by the ghost of a light that wavered with the old man's wavering feet. It was no night for a man to be abroad in, but Jerry ploughed on in the drift till he found the work that was cut out for him. There where the snow was deepest, yielding like wool, he found the oldest wether of the flock, sunk to the shoulders, too feeble for the struggle, and still too noble for complaining. How many years had Jerry waited to do a good turn on the trail where he had done his worst: and

in all these years he had lost the sense of distinction which should be between man and beast. He put his shoulder under the fore shoulder of the sheep where he could feel the heart pound with certain fear.

Jerry knew the trail, as he knew the floor of his mine, by the feel of the ground under him, so as he heaved and guided with his shoulder, the great ram grew quieter and lent himself to the effort till they came clear of the swale, and the sweat ran down from Jerry's forehead. But the bighorn could do no more. In the soft fleece of the snow he stood cowed and trembling. The snow came on faster, and wiped out the trail of the flock; he made no motion to go after. Such a death comes to the wild sheep of the mountains often enough. To fail from old age in some sudden storm, to sink in the loose snow and await the quest of the wolf, or the colder mercy of the drift. He turned his back to the storm which began to slant a little with the rising wind, and looked not once at Jerry nor at the hills where he had been bred. But Jerry cast his eye upon the sheep, which was full heavier then than he, and then up at the steep where his cabin stood, remembering that he had nothing there that might serve a sheep for food. Then he bent down again, and by dint of pulling and pushing, and by a dim sense that began to filter through the man's brain to the beast, they made some progress on the trail. They went over broken boulders and floundered in the drifts where Jerry half carried the sheep and was half borne up and supported by the spread of the great horns. They crossed Pine Creek, which ran dumbly under the snow, housed over by the stream tangle. The flakes hissed softly on Jerry's lantern and struck blindingly on his eyes, but ever as they went the sheep was eased of his labor, grew assured, and carried himself courageously. Finally they came where the storm thinned out, and whole hill-slopes covered with buckthorn and

cherry warded off the snow by springy arches, and Jerry drew up to rest under a long-leaved pine while the sheep went on alone nodding his great horns under the branches of the scrub. He neither lingered nor looked back, and met the new chance of life with as much quietness as the chance of death. Jerry was worn and weary, and there was a singing in his brain. The pine trees broke the wind and shed off the snow in curling wreaths. It seemed to the old man most good to rest, and he drowsed upon his feet.

"If I sleep I shall freeze," he said; and it seemed on the whole a pleasant thing to do. So it went on for a little space; then there came a shape out of the dark, a hand shook him by the shoulder, and a voice called him by name. Then he started out of dreaming as he had started at that other call an hour ago, and it seemed not strange to him, the night, nor the storm, nor the face of the blue-eyed man that shone out of the dark, but whether by the light of his lantern he could not tell. He shook the snow from his shoulders.

"I have expected you long," he said.

"And now I have come," said the stranger and smiled.

"Have you brought the luck again?"

"Come and see," said the man.

Then Jerry took his hand and leaned upon him, and together they went up the trail between the drifts.

"You bear me no ill will for what I did?" said Jerry.

And the stranger answered, "None."

"I have wished it undone many times," said the old man. "I have tried this night to repay it."

"By what you have done this night I am repaid," said the stranger.

"It was only a sheep."

"It was one of God's creatures," said the man.

So they went on up the trail, and it seemed sometimes to Jerry that he wandered alone in the dark, that he was cold, and his lantern had gone out; and again he would hear the stranger comfort and encourage him. At last they came toward the cabin, and saw the light stream out of the window, and the fire leap in the stove. Then Jerry thought of the mine, and that the stranger had brought back the luck again. It seemed that the young man had promised him this, though he could not be sure of that, nor very clear in his mind on any point except that he had come home again. But as he drew near, it seemed a brightness came out of the tunnel of the mine, a warmth and a great light. As he came into it tremblingly he saw that the light came from the walls, and from the lode at the far end of it, and it was the brightness of pure gold. And Jerry smiled and stretched out his arms to it, making sure that the luck had come again.

After the week of the Big Snow there were people in the town who remembered Jerry, and wondered how he fared. So when the snow had a crust over it, they came up by the windy cañon and sought him in his house, where the door stood open and a charred wick flared feebly in the lamp, and in his mine, where they found him at the far end of the tunnel, and it seemed as if he slept and smiled.

"It is a worthless lode," they said, "but he loved it."

So they took powder and made a blast, and with it a great heap of stones, shutting off the end of the tunnel from the outer air, and so left him with his luck and the Golden Fortune.

Mary Austin.

VANISHING LONDON.

I HAVE been wondering lately if the time has not come for Macaulay's New Zealander to pack up his sketchbook. Not that St. Paul's is in ruins, — though the decorator and cleaner between them have made some people wish that it were. Nor has London Bridge been reduced to one broken arch, — on the contrary, builders are at work this very moment making it wider and more substantial than ever. But London itself is disappearing, and giving place to an entirely new town, at a rate that would be appalling if anybody stopped to bother about it. The astonishing thing is, however, that nobody, or next to nobody, seems very much concerned. We all have a way of seeing the mote in our neighbor's eye before being troubled by the beam in our own, and the Englishman, who is the first to reprove the vandalism of his neighbors, is the last to discover that his own London is vanishing as fast as those in charge of it can manage.

Of course, I know that London has been vanishing for some time past; to be accurate, ever since there was a London on the banks of the Thames. But the knowledge, useful as it may be to the antiquary or historian, does not help me to accept the change I must watch myself. It is extraordinary the sort of affection London inspires in all who have once set up their household gods in her midst. There are few who would not, with Charles Lamb, refuse to exchange her dirtiest, drab-frequented alley for Skiddaw or Helvellyn, who, with him, would not find an Arabian Night's entertainment in her most ordinary sights. "Oh, her lamps of a night, her rich goldsmiths, print-shops, toy-shops, mercers, hardwaremen, pastry cooks, St. Paul's Churchyard, the Strand! Exeter Change! Charing Cross with the man upon a black horse!" One might think

he was describing Samarcand, the ineffable, instead of the dingiest district of dingy London. But London is, and ever has been, a land of enchantment to those who understand, and that is why the slightest suggestion of change is resented. And what change there has been since Charles Lamb's time, — what change in my own! I need only look back to the London I came to, now nineteen years ago, and compare it with the London I live in to-day, to realize the difference. Then, for instance, Oxford Street, on the north, was separated from the Strand, and Piccadilly, on the south, by a hopeless network of alleys, lanes, and courts, as I knew to my cost. For, like all Americans with small incomes — or, as in my case, no income at all — when they first came to London in those days, I had rooms in Bloomsbury, and every short cut southward led into the maze, where I kept losing my way with a persistency amounting to genius. Now, the stupidest stranger could not go astray, if she tried; two broad thoroughfares, Charing Cross Road and Shaftesbury Avenue, connect the two districts, running through what was once the labyrinthine heart of Soho and the squalid outskirts of Seven Dials. When I came, flats were still held in suspicion, the English having a talent for conservatism when it is to their disadvantage, and the mansions that now rise in tawdry red splendor everywhere from Chelsea to St. John's Wood, from Hampstead to Clapham, only existed in the two gloomy gray rows inclosing Victoria Street. When I came, Bloomsbury was still Thackeray's prim, respectable, correct Bloomsbury, — the Bloomsbury of Amelia and Becky Sharp and all their names imply, — though already a little down at the heel socially. Now, it is nothing but a tourists' headquarters, big new hotels

at every turn, the biggest profaning the sanctuary of Russell Square, where foolish brown stone copings deface the spacious plainness of the old house fronts; while 'buses rumble through the once sleepy Places and Rows, and in the "good old Tory brick-built streets" shops are multiplying beyond belief. Street after street has widened out; angular crossings have rounded into circuses; suburbs have stretched for miles and miles; London is as little like the London I came to as that was like Thackeray's!

But these and all the other innumerable changes I have not time to count were brought about gradually with some appearance of moderation. Only now and then, when I paused to think, did I find myself marveling at the new London springing into life all around me. To-day, it is another matter. London is plunged in a hideous debauch of pulling down and building up. If, as Lamb said, — and it is impossible in London not to quote Lamb, — London is a pantomime, then we have reached the great transformation scene. Only as things cannot go up quite as fast as they come down, there is one chaotic interval during which all the machinery is exposed to view, before a still newer London emerges, clean, spick, and span, and about as inspiring as transformation scenes, in their tinsel and gilt, are on the pantomime stage.

I do not exaggerate. For the moment, confusion is the order of the day, and one takes one's walks abroad through a huge builder's yard. Scaffolding is everywhere. Houses fall in rows. Bridges have gone or are going. The sound of the pickaxe fills the air, the dust of demolition is thick as the fog. Hoardings, flaring with posters, line the streets, until Sunny Jim, leaping a fence in praise of a patent food, has become as familiar a figure to the Londoner as Nelson on his monument.¹ Half Chelsea is down, because, I believe, the leases of a big estate have

¹ A sign of the rapidity of changes in London; — Sunny Jim has already given place to

fallen in, and it is a convenient moment to save it from the reputation Carlyle gave it as "a singular heterogeneous kind of spot;" half Kensington, "the old Court Suburb," is going the same way, for reasons no doubt as wise. Nothing is left of Buckingham Palace Road, for a great stretch on its southern side, except a dreary canal and a drearier, dirtier railway with trains steaming in and out of Victoria. Oxford Street, Piccadilly, Parliament, and almost every other street are disfigured by great empty gaps, every here and there between the houses, and as I write a new project is broached for the widening of Piccadilly. The little corner behind the Abbey and the Dean's Yard, like a bit of a sleepy old cathedral town dropped down in the middle of London, is doomed; and when last I passed, half of Milbank Street had gone and half of Great College Street, with the paneled old houses that for two centuries had overlooked the peacefulness of the Abbey inclosure, — and what memories go with them! The Mall, where ghosts in hoops and powder walk, is overrun in its upper end by workmen who will not pack up and depart until trees are laid low and a huge academic memorial to Queen Victoria has banished the ghosts forever. A scheme is on foot for a renovated, incongruous Trafalgar Square laid out with flower beds. The question of money alone, last year, saved Adelphi Terrace, the most complete example in London of Adam's domestic architecture, from the County Council, who wanted the site for their Town Hall and hoped to "square" the artists who objected by a promise to design the new building in the Adam style; it would be about as generous to offer to pull down Westminster Abbey and erect a modern theatre in pure Gothic! As far as I know, nothing can save Covent Garden, which, though it may be "dearer than the gardens of Alcinous"

Dumb-bell Bessie, who advertises I hardly know what.

and a pest to the publishers in the quarter, I always fancied as sacred an institution as the Bank of England. Christ's Hospital, — the great School a part of London Town

"Patent as Paul's and vital as Bow Bell," — in whose courts Lamb and Coleridge once kicked and stretched their little yellow legs, and where, in consequence, the yellow legs of generations of obscure little boys have ever since been held in veneration, is now a thing of the past. The Inns of Court — "with their learned air, and halls, and butteries, just like Cambridge colleges" — share in the general desecration, and every day takes something from the charm of that tour of their quiet quadrangles and gardens, stretching almost uninterruptedly from the river to Gray's Inn Road, upon which I loved to "personally conduct" my sight-seeing friend from home. Already old Middle Temple Lane is modernized, and Penderennis and Warrington, could they come back, would be strangers there, though Ruth Pinch's fountain still splashes with Dickens's sentiment close by. Only yesterday, the wonderful wood carvings, Grinling Gibbons's in all probability, and the glory of Clifford's Inn, were sold, the Inn itself depending for survival on the whims of a new proprietor. To-morrow, the seclusion of Gray's Inn will be violated, and the high wall that for centuries hid from the vulgar crowd the green with Milton's tree — the green where Pepys, in his more gallant mood, went walking "to observe the fashions of the ladies because of my wife making some clothes" — is to be removed that, henceforth, through an open railing Tom, Dick, and Harry may pry in as they pass. And there is scarcely another of all the old Inns of Court or Chancery that does not also wear the marks of iniquitous progress. In that green bit of the Valley of the Thames Turner painted from Richmond Hill, gimerack villas are spreading, and would have spread over it all but for a hard battle with the landlord and the

jerry-builder, who — and I suppose they cannot be blamed for it — value higher rents and promising speculation above a beautiful view, no matter how many more Turners might want it for a picture. The battle still rages fiercely over Hampstead Heath, — *Keats's Heath* and *Constable's*, — and no one can yet say with whom will rest the victory. It was just the other day that Royalty, the King I believe, opened the modern structure that has replaced the old gray stone bridge of Kew, made beautiful in the beginning by the architect, and glorified by Time. But a new edition of Baedeker is needed to chronicle the change.

It is in the Strand, however, that matters have come to a crisis, for the "ancient Strand" has simply passed away, and there is no street in London that could so ill be spared. That it was the most absurd street in the world, I would be the last to deny: the main thoroughfare to the richest, busiest quarter of the richest, busiest city that ever was, — part of the route that Heine in a rare grandiloquent moment called "the world's pyloric artery," and yet as narrow and inconvenient a street as you could find anywhere, — "the long, bare, lanky Strand" of Henley's memorable verse. If millions waited for a man at the Stock Exchange, or an important train at one of the big eastern stations, did he venture to reach either in cab or 'bus through the Strand, it was to fling his millions deliberately away, to make sure of his train going without him. It seemed a street made for no other end than to block the traffic just where the traffic could least afford to be blocked. And it was as shabby, as seedy, as if it ran through the slums; seedy houses and seedy shops lining it, and seedy people walking through it at all except the theatre hours of the day and night. But this very inconsistency gave it its charm. It was not so wonderfully old, really. I am not sure that it could not be called fairly young in a town where Watling Street

begins — or ends. But it was, to use a word dear to the collector, unique. Fine broad avenues and spacious boulevards are common enough from New York to Rome, from Budapest to Paris. But a Strand in any other capital would be an impossibility. Then, even in its shabbiness, it was not without a chance picturesque; it had its points of view from which the irregular houses and capricious sky-line seemed designed for the benefit of the artist; the London smoke and dirt had lent it a magical mellow tone; and there were seasons and hours when the London atmosphere and the London light turned it into the golden Strand of Henley's Voluntary. More than this. Even in its shabbiness, it had an irresistible fascination that I, for my part, would find it hard to define though I have felt it with the rest. Certainly if every one who knows London knows the Strand, every one who loves London loves the Strand. And so it has always been, from the days when Pepys went floundering through its mud, when Dr. Johnson watched the "tide of human existence" ebbing and flowing toward Charing Cross, when Charles Lamb shed tears "in the motley Strand from fulness of joy;" down to the more immediate days when Tennyson could never come to London without visiting the Strand, there to listen to "streaming London's central roar," when Henley discovered in it his *El Dorado*, when Mr. Henry James made it the scene of his first walk to celebrate his return to London.

But of a Strand transformed into a fine wide avenue no more typical of London than of any other big capital or town, where will be the attraction? It is true that in detail, like London itself, it has ever been changing. I live close by in a house where Pepys once lived, and if I look out of my windows, I see, not the palaces that he would remember, stretching in a stately row between Strand and river: —

"There Essex' stately pile adorn'd the shore,
There Cecil's, Bedford's, Villiers' — now no more" —

but the biggest of the big modern hotels built for the tourist. Italian Restaurants and American Quick Lunch Counters are more common than the taverns where Dr. Johnson drank his port and proclaimed in the platitudes that would have bored to death any man less patient than Boswell. I doubt if there survives a single shop or any of the things that "fed" Lamb, without the power of satiating him. But, in its main outlines, its main absurdities, its main characteristics, the Strand throughout the centuries has scarcely varied. Until ten years or so ago, Lamb or Dr. Johnson, or even Pepys, might have recognized it for the Strand, even as they searched in vain for once familiar landmarks. Now, however, the old limits, the old constructive lines have been or are being abandoned, and this makes all the difference. The two churches are not to be touched, though their dead have been carted away: St. Clement Danes — "Clement's angular and cold and staid," one of Wren's fifty triumphs, and St. Mary-le-Strand, — Pope's church, that "collects the saints of Drury Lane," and that proves Gibbs, its architect, a worthy follower of Wren, and not the "mere plodding mechanic" Walpole declared him. But the street itself has been gradually widening on either side. Every excuse to add to its width has been taken advantage of. Already, in front of the Hotel Cecil, the line of frontage has been set back and the space thus gained thrown into the roadway; already in crossing Wellington Street it presents signs of a coming circus or open circular place. And now to the north, between Wellington Street and St. Clement's, it is all down, and the work so far carried toward completion that roadway and pavement have here assumed their new and — for our day at any rate — final proportions.

The worst of it is that this stretch of the Strand, in disappearing, has carried

with it a whole district, — and a district no less interesting than itself. When, from the top of a 'bus, you look over the hoardings where Sunny Jim forever leaps, it is to a very abomination of desolation. A deserted city in the West, you would say, or another Pompeii. To me this waste of broken walls and dirt-heaps and empty spaces in the very centre of London is such an astounding sight that I wonder how the crowd, to whom a fallen horse or a man laying a gas pipe is an object of inexhaustible curiosity, can pass by with apparent unconcern. No one seems to mind if, in the general ruin, streets and corners that never will, that never can, be built up as they were before, have perished. The only emotion the spectacle of destruction has aroused is antiquarian, a cold emotion at the best; the only reason for interest, the scholar's supposition that here was once the Danish Settlement, the village of Ealdwic, or Aldwic. But — it may be my misfortune — possibilities so remote fail to excite me. Alfred, who, the learned treatises say, did great things here, is to me but a lay figure — a very dull one — of my old school history books, while the Danish Kings, whose burial place, it is suggested, gave the name of "Danes" to St. Clement's, fade into pale phantoms by the side of Dr. Johnson, kneeling in ponderous prayer in the church itself. Perhaps it is because I first read my Boswell in an old illustrated edition, in which there was a picture of the great man at St. Clement's, — Boswell at his side, their two cocked hats hanging on two pegs in front of the pew, the occasion, the special Good Friday when Boswell had breakfasted with him on tea and cross buns, — that there seems to me room in the church for no other associations. The pedant, however, has a way of preferring periods and people nothing is known about, that are therefore a convenient peg to hang his theories on. He goes hunting after shadows when the

substance is under his nose, and so it is inevitable that he should welcome the name Aldwych, given to one of the new thoroughfares through the old quarter, as if it had never occurred to him that Wych Street was as appropriate a tribute to the Danes, who I am not sure call for any tribute at all, and was, besides, picturesque with a picturesqueness that Aldwych cannot emulate, at least for us, or in our day. Wych and Holywell were almost the only old, narrow, twisting streets, with gables and overhanging stories, left in London. Both had a doubtful reputation, not entirely accounted for by the safe shelter they supplied to Jack Sheppard and his pals, or the asylum they offered later to the whiskey-drinking, bailiff-hunted journalist, who has now perished as completely as Jack Sheppard himself. But both were also the haunt of the booklover, the headquarters of the second-hand bookseller. Everybody who cared for books paid them periodic visits; everybody who collected books turned over their penny and twopenny boxes, in hopes of finding another treasure like the famous cook book, bought for a song and sold for a fortune; everybody who reviewed books took them there to sell to that infallible authority, Mrs. —, who scorned the title and the author's name, and had only to look at the publisher's mark to make her estimate. Gables and overhanging stories, however, were no arguments with a County Council pledged to progress. Other demure little nooks have inherited the reputation, and the second-hand booksellers are exiles in the full glare of Charing Cross Road and Shaftesbury Avenue, where it was even a question if the penny and twopenny boxes would be left at their doors, where they had been from time immemorial, or be cleared away in the general town-cleaning. New Inn, just beyond Wych and Holywell streets, has ceased to be a place of "pleasant walks and gardens." The near squalid laby-

rinth, consecrated though it was to Dickens, has shared the common fate.

And for what, I ask, for what this wholesale sacrifice of the past, this feverish massacre of the picturesque? Change — “the trick of Time, the old humorist” — is inevitable, I admit, or we should never have moved from our caves, or stopped painting ourselves blue. The authorities were not wholly without reason when they came to the conclusion that the Strand was too narrow, and that it was high time to make a direct line of communication between it and Holborn. That this had not been done long ago was one of the delightful absurdities of London. But easy transit and well-regulated traffic are not everything, even in a busy modern town, and none but the spendthrift would get rid of the old beauty in his possession unless he had some expectation of a new beauty to take its place. When Napoleon and Haussmann, between them, pulled down old Paris, at least they created on the ruins a stately new town of splendid vistas and noble proportions. When the authorities in London set to work to restore and rebuild, they produce masterpieces of mediocrity and meanness like Charing Cross Road and Shaftesbury Avenue, and it needs no power of second sight to foresee what manner of London will rise from the dust-heap. After sentence was passed upon the Strand, the London County Council revealed unexpected signs of a conscience, going so far as to invite ten distinguished — or prominent — architects to take part in a competition for the rebuilding of Central London. The ten architects accepted the invitation, made and submitted their plans, and were exceedingly well paid for their trouble. Then a gallery was rented and the designs were exhibited, so that rate-payers, who were footing the bill, could not complain they had had nothing for their money. To the ordinary mortal, however, the pleasure of looking at architectural elevations and

perspectives must seem a poor return for the squandering of thousands. But this is all the rate-payers have so far got from the investment. No more has been heard of the competition, the architects and their plans, and now, a couple of years later, the County Council knows its own mind in the matter less than ever. Beyond finishing off the new street magnificently, with a “pub” at one end and a superior sort of music hall at the other, it has no definite scheme, but, shifting the responsibility to the shoulders of an irresponsible public, is setting up, at renewed expense, red, green, black, and white signs as so many suggestions for the line of frontage of Aldwych, and is asking Londoners generally what they think. If the American were asked, he might say that this sort of reckless waste of public money would at home be called a job. But the Englishman, who never calls a spade a spade unless it is somebody else’s, writes to the papers instead, and the various signs represent the various views of Academicians, societies of Architects, and County Councilors themselves. What will come of it all is entirely a question of chance.¹

But, after all, as a rule, it is to chance that London owes whatever architectural distinction she can boast. After the Great Fire, Wren would have rebuilt the city in the “grand style,” anticipating Haussmann, but there was no Napoleon to back him. A few of his successors and theirs inherited, in a lesser degree, his ideas, and Regent Quadrant, Waterloo Place, the Adelphi, some of the Terraces about Regent’s Park are the result. But these are the exceptions. Chance, on the whole, has been more successful than the architect, and chance is now showing that the two Strand churches, so shut in of old, stand in a vast open space with a dignity and grace never suspected in them before; it is showing the Law Courts as a fine noble

¹ Since I wrote, the most pictorial scheme has been rejected for the most economical.

array of buildings, not merely a confused façade half seen from Fleet Street; it is showing that the city spires and towers group themselves into marvelously pictorial arrangements, hitherto invisible. But whether this new beauty, the gift of chance, be preserved, depends upon the color of the sign which appeals to a public blessed with probably less feeling for beauty and harmony than any public that ever existed. I do not want to play the prophet, but I am not hopeful.¹

London vanishes from the convenience of the public, I am told, and the excuse is irreproachable. It is not, however, only the old streets, the old stones of London that are vanishing, but the old customs and habits, the old prejudices and preferences, the old ways and means, the old faiths and manners, — in a word, the old life. I begin to doubt whether the convenience of the public would have seemed such a burning problem, were it not for the sudden love of change that has swept over England like a whirlwind, uprooting the cherished traditions of centuries on its way. Tell me what a man wears, says Carlyle, tell me what a man eats, says Brillat-Savarin, and I will tell you what he is. Judged by these standards, the English have developed or deteriorated into a new race, a new people. I am not writing at random. Take the Englishwoman. At one time she had a reputation — and the comfort of having come by it rightfully — as the worst dressed woman in Europe or America, according to the law of fashion, the most practically dressed, according to the law of common sense. And now? She observes the mode more scrupulously than the Parisian, and throws common sense to the winds, as if eager to make amends for the crimes of her ill-dressed past. I do not mean that she can as yet rival the Parisian; it is not in her nature to; but she devotes her energies to the attempt

with such zeal that she rushes to the other extreme. Anticipating the hours and their obligations, she appears at high noon in gowns that, in the previous phase, she would have reserved for dinner. She shops in chiffon and muslin. She faces the winter's cold in lace, and the summer's deluge in slippers and open-work stockings. The most abominable climate in the world cannot check her ambition, nor the dirtiest town put a restraint upon her frivolity. There was a time when it was the American who was supposed to be the foolish one, indulging in a perpetual round of diamonds and silks. Now, if in Bond Street or Piccadilly, you see a useful tailor gown, neat linen skirt, stout, well-made boots, you may know the wearer for an American. The tables are turned, and it is the Englishwoman who must be held up as the model of extravagant inappropriateness. No one living in London can have failed to note the change, but as yet there is no Teufelsdröckh to chronicle it.

In the matter of food, the revolution has been still more radical. To tamper with the "good old roast beef of England" is to strike at the roots of the British Constitution, and it has been tampered with. Throughout the Provinces the joint may still hold its own, and chops and steaks, bacon and eggs be retained as its chief and only allies. No matter where the English cook is found, she may remain faithful to her one sauce, her plain boiled and roast. Indeed, now and then in London itself, I am invited to a dinner designed apparently to prove Darwin's theory — it was Darwin's, was n't it? — of the occasional revival of the superannuated type. But it will not be long before the English cook becomes as extinct a species as the dodo, and in London the joint is fast retreating before the coming of the *casserole* and the chafing-dish. Not in vain has the *Delicatessen* shop waved its sausage and *Kraut* in the face of the British public, not in vain has the *charcutier* spread his *pâtés* and

¹ The previous note explains that I might have played the pessimistic prophet with distinction.

galantines. The American sells his chowders in Piccadilly, the Italian his macaroni in Mayfair. And the foreign restaurant blossoms as the rose. At an end are the days when Kettner's hid in the depths of Soho, fearful of being found out as the sole provider of the "French Dinner." Now it is the "English Dinner" that seems the indiscretion: joint and vegetables languish, Stilton and Cheddar wither and decay. Friday's beef-steak pudding at the Cheshire Cheese has degenerated into a show for the tourist, along with the waxworks at Madame Tussaud's, the crown jewels at the Tower. Even a stronghold of British conservatism like Simpson's, the last temple of salmon, sirloin, and saddle unadorned, the last home of Thackeray's Robert and Keene's, — outstripped, alas, in the struggle for existence by that world-conqueror, the Swiss or Italian waiter, — even Simpson's has fallen with the Strand. It will be set up again, they say, and once more will the salmon, the sirloin, and the saddle be wheeled about from guest to guest, nominally that each may choose his cut, actually that appetite may fail before the grossness of the spectacle. But will there be guests to come, will old clients be won back from the splendors of the Savoy, from the economies of the little eighteen-penny dinner of Soho, which they have been enjoying in the meanwhile? Nor does the choice of splendors and economies end with the Savoy and Soho. I often ask myself in astonishment whether this can really be the London where my husband and I, rebelling against the lodging-house "meat-tea," used to wander in hopeless search for a dinner that people of small means could eat without loss of self-respect, — the dinner served daily in every Continental capital. There was a time when London was pitiless to the man who, though poor, was misguided enough to prefer dining to feeding. But it is another matter now. From the Carlton to the Roche there are restaurants with menus to meet every income; and, great-

est change of all, dinner, once a private family rite with the Englishman, has become a public ceremonial, and, like the French Kings, he dines where all the world may see. No less curious, no less serious it may be, is the sudden multiplication of the bread shop. For the one confectioner, where stewed tea and poor port were the most tempting items on the bill of fare, there are now a dozen "Afternoon Tea" places, patronized by the idle who have nothing to do with the hours between the lunch they have eaten to the sound of music, and the dinner they mean to eat to the sound of music, except to drink tea to the sound of music; — there are now a hundred A. B. C.'s, as they are called for some inexplicable reason, British Tea Tables, Cabins, Lyons's, where the working, clerking youth of England gorge themselves on the cocoa and scones for which they have deserted the old mid-day chop and ale, until the new "national physique" they are developing, in place of the old stately triumph of "British beef and beer," has become a serious subject of study for the scientist, a newspaper sensation for the silly season.

But I would never have done if I endeavored to record all the changes of which I and my generation are the witness. Wherever I turn, it is the same. The British Matron has thrown off her home-staying talents with her cap. The British clerk has shown that when the thermometer is in the eighties, his business ability does not depend upon frock coat and top hat. The British Tommy Atkins swaggers in khaki and a Prussian cap. The British public has survived the scandal of a "Continental Sunday," with galleries and museums, as well as public houses, open, and bands playing in parks and gardens. The London smoke has been challenged, the London fog is under observation. It is enough that anything has always been as it is for some one to want to change it. Really, I am not sure that it was not the Clerk of the Weather who contrived the rains of last June

and July in sheer weariness of the old fashion of occasional sunshine during the London summer.

What will come of it all, no one can say! Some good perhaps, but that is not the question. In the new London, perfect in the eyes of the County Council, cosmopolitan in the dress, the food, and the life of the people, I would still sigh

for the absurd old London of crooked streets and provincial ways. For a new, hygienic, clean, well-ordered London could be built any day, further up or down, on the banks of the Thames. But old London, as it was, can never be built again, and I cannot watch it go without a word, not of protest which would be useless, but of regret which is sincere.

Elizabeth Robins Pennell.

NOTE. I scarcely had finished my lament over Vanishing London, when I felt it was time to be beginning a fresh one. For changes still follow one another so fast, it is impossible to keep pace with them. To-day, all London weeps over the threatened loss of her squares; to-morrow, it will be for something else as serious. Before this paper is in print, its charge of vandalism will seem incomplete. But, after all, nothing would answer, were complete-

ness my aim, but a daily paper for the record. Perhaps, however, I ought to explain that already, in the short time since my article was written, London seems to be waking from her apathy. That picture of her weeping over her green squares points to the difference. If she continues as sensitive, it will be, judging from present appearances, many a long day before her tears can, with reason, cease to flow.

THE PROFESSION OF PUBLICIST.

THE real interest attaching to the Pulitzer School of Journalism, the latest experiment at Columbia University, lies in the purpose it embodies to create the profession of publicist. Incidentally, of course, a necessary step to reaching a professional status, the school will attempt to train and equip more competent reporters and "all-around newspaper men;" that is, to turn out a superior article of newspaper craftsman. The ultimate object is shown in the schedule of courses submitted by President Eliot to the Advisory Board as a suggestion for guidance in organizing the school, a schedule which includes systematic instruction in all departments of the business of publishing a newspaper no less than in those of editorial method and management. But the crux of the experiment is touched in that part of the schedule included under the head Ethics of Journalism, and designed to instruct the student in the proper attitude of the

"editorial department" to the "business office." These courses are arranged to treat of the "relations of publisher, editor, and reporters as regards freedom of opinion," defining and inculcating "a proper sense of responsibility to the public on the part of newspaper writers," and discussing, if not determining, the extent to which "the opinion of an editor or owner of a newspaper should affect its presentation of news." This phrasing, a little vague for one so exact as is President Eliot in saying just what he means, seems to apply directly to reporting rather than to editorial writing, but "presentation" is a broad word, and must assuredly include the latter. In so far as the purpose of these courses is realized, their product will be a class of journalists, recognized as having a professional right to independence based on special attainment and trained judgment.

These courses in what may be called

the right to independence are evidently planned to carry out the avowed purpose of the founder of the school, who wishes through it to raise journalism from an occupation of anomalous status to the dignity of a recognized profession. For reasons obvious to all acquainted with the conditions, the New York World's official announcement of that purpose is silent on the question of the individual journalist's right to independence. The World's announcement deplores the fact that "journalism, which is really the most intricate and exacting of all professions, requiring the widest range of knowledge, and holding a highly responsible relation to the people and to public affairs, ranks in many minds as not even a profession at all." It is pointed out that while by the last census there were in the United States 100 law schools with 1106 professors to provide trained recruits for the ranks of the 114,073 lawyers in it enumerated, there was not a single school of journalism in the United States to provide trained recruits for the ranks of the 30,098 journalists in it enumerated, although, proportionately, there should have been twenty-six schools of journalism with 291 professors. To contribute toward supplying this lack is Mr. Pulitzer's purpose, and thus, as the official announcement in the World states it, "to raise the character and standing of the newspaper profession, and to increase its power and prestige through the better equipment of those who adopt it, and by attracting to it more and more men of the highest character and the loftiest ideals." In these days of widespread belief in the potency of money to accomplish any end to which it is applied with expert business judgment, it is reassuring to know that an undertaking so ambitious is "backed" by no less a sum than \$2,000,000.

Quite apart from the difficulty peculiar to this form of experiment, it is interesting to note that any attempt to create a new profession must, at the outset, en-

counter two obstacles peculiar to the conditions of modern life, outgrowths of the trend of social development, evident obstacles, though often overlooked. One is the decline in prestige of existing professions, the professional man as such by no means holding the place once accorded him in the esteem of the community. The other is popular unwillingness to accept the judgment of the expert as authoritative, except in cases where the necessity is apparent beyond dispute, as, for example, in the case of a great engineering work. The decline in prestige of the professions is an anomaly. The professional standards have been raised far above what they were fifty years ago; that is, the requirements for admission to professional life are more exacting and more strictly enforced. But at the same time there is relatively far smaller distinction, if any at all, in belonging to the professional class. The distinction to-day lies in the success of what one is doing and not in the occupation or profession. Once, when one calling was rated "more respectable" than another, a person might prefer, and often did, following his aptitude, choosing, as sometimes is the case now, moderate success in a respectable calling, or one he liked, to far greater success in a calling not so respectable, or one to which he was not drawn. What calling, business, profession, or trade is not respectable, to-day, if only the returns are sufficiently remunerative? Admitting, as consistent believers in the democratic ideals for which America stands, the gain in substituting efficiency of work, accomplishment, for traditional distinctions of respectability, we must also recognize the loss, since the change implies a standard by which all success is defined in terms of dollars and cents. Interesting evidence that the changed status of the professions gives grave concern to the professional class comes to hand more than occasionally. Proof of this is found in the effort by some of our leading universities to shorten the A. B. courses, and

to supplement them with anticipatory professional courses, in order to entice into "going to college" young men who otherwise would graduate from the high school straight into the professional school. The feeling from which this effort springs finds expression in the engineering profession, popularly thought of as having small relation to an academic training. For it was Mr. Eddy, President of the Society for the Promotion of Engineering Education, who said that "the crying need" of his profession today was "men whose technical knowledge and proficiency rest upon a broad basis of general culture." The crying need for this broad basis of general culture is most widely recognized in the profession of law because of its direct influence in shaping legislation and its close relation to public affairs. The technically trained legal expert, indifferent to broad questions and constitutional principles as such, may be, as has been said, the "most private-spirited citizen" in a community, when a "leading lawyer" ought to be its most public-spirited citizen. The policy of certain university law schools in excluding all but college-trained students emphasizes the attempt to meet this menace by checking or modifying the set toward specialism.

If it be an anomaly that the prestige of the professions has declined as professional standards have been raised, it is a paradox that experts lack popular authority in an age whose characteristic mark is the differentiation and multiplication of new experts. In mechanics, doubtless, their authority is practically unchallenged, a conspicuous exception. But in how many other strictly professional spheres can the same be said of expert authority? Some twelve years ago, President Eliot in a magazine article noted the advantage in respect of public health enjoyed by an autocratically governed community over one democratically governed. Berlin was instanced as an example of a city which had lowered its

death-rate below that of certain American cities, possessed of every sanitary advantage in natural condition, by the vigorous application of scientific principles to water-supply and sewage problems. In the American city the voters had first to be convinced that sanitary science would lower the death-rate, proof that the dictum of the expert is not popularly accepted as authoritative. A like example, which to-day is forced on every one's attention, is the fight of health boards to check the spread of tuberculosis by stopping the practice of public spitting. Did the statements of experts carry authority, the people themselves would take the enforcement of anti-spitting regulations into their own hands. Without wearisome multiplication of examples we find, on turning to problems of economics, the special sphere of the authority of the proposed profession of publicist, the same attitude emphasized, for it has long been almost sufficient to laugh an economic expert out of court to call him "a theorist." An interesting and timely illustration was afforded at the recent hearings before the Massachusetts Commission to investigate the relations of employers and employees, whose chairman is Carroll D. Wright. The labor representatives who appeared before the commission, says R. L. Bridgman in summing up his report in the *Outlook*, were "disposed to flout all offers of help from theories of students of society and economics regarding the best solution of their own problems."

These being the limitations to the development of professionalism in its traditional sense, the professions, as such, declining in prestige, and professional opinion, as such, without general authority, the phrase "professional standing" has naturally come to signify professional recognition as distinguished from popular recognition. The problem, then, of a school of journalism, so far as it attempts to confer status on the profession of publicist, is to create professional standards

within the profession when the value of the publicist's professional work depends, not on the estimate of fellow craftsmen, but on the estimate of the great public; and, still further, when, in addition to the serious drawback of anonymous writing, the conditions of modern journalism afford only occasional opportunity for independent work, such as is afforded in other professions. For these conditions, "yellow journalism" is usually held responsible, but it is so only in part. If we admit everything that is said of "yellow journalism's demoralizing influence," it remains true that journalism itself has been revolutionized in the course of natural evolution. These revolutionary changes, as Whitelaw Reid, one of the Advisory Board of the Pulitzer School, pointed out in a recent address at Yale, "while they were largely physical at the outset, necessarily opened the way to moral changes as striking." The physical changes include the reduction in cost of raw material with an unlimited increase in supply; the reduction in the cost of both composition and printing, with marvelously increased speed in both processes of production. Thus are created the conditions of a constantly expanding business in the opportunity to reach a widening patronage of both readers and advertisers by adding "features" to attract this or that new class, by specializing innovations in news, or stories, or miscellaneous descriptive articles. As a result, what was once distinctive is minimized, the editorial page, for example, being often the least conspicuous page and the most difficult to find in an "up-to-date" newspaper. In short, a complete revolution is wrought in the newspaper type and character. "Obviously," says Mr. Reid in the lecture quoted, "the business results from these revolutionary changes in the methods of the business were inevitable, no matter what were the sentiments, or wishes, or even principles, of the men engaged in it. Nothing could avert either a great reduction in price,

or a great increase in size, or both; and nothing could then wholly avert the moral changes which soon began to accompany an unexampled facility of production."

In graduating from "a small venture" into "a big enterprise," the newspaper ceased to be primarily a vehicle of opinion, a fate which, curiously enough, it has shared with its old rival, the pulpit, — contributive evidence of the decline of professional prestige and of *ex cathedra* authority in ethics. In point of fact, who but an eccentric millionaire can afford to "start a newspaper" in order to control an organ for the purpose of personal comment on current events? Only a small per cent of its possible constituency, "a saving remnant," would be attracted to it through interest in its "views," a totally insufficient patronage to justify its publication even as an organ. The "growth of independent journalism," often another name for negative, if not pusillanimous, journalism, of which so much is made as "a hopeful sign" (as it is, perhaps), means also that strenuous advocacy of a cause can hope to make successful appeal to a minority too small for a constituency, enforcing the old saying that capital is cautious and conservative. The blunt fact, offered not in apology, but in recognition of a condition as opposed to a theory, is, of course, that capital does, and must, control the policy of the newspaper, to maintain which a large investment is necessary. Sometimes this control extends to details, and sometimes, where the representative of capital is far-sighted, it only applies to general directions. Alike in either case, the final decision of policy rests in a newspaper enterprise, as in any other, with the capital that finances it and is responsible not merely for its profit, but for its solvency, — an aspect of the case of which little account is taken in current discussion. It is a fair generalization to say that "degenerate" and "demoralizing" newspaper methods are not so often chargeable to a greed that

seeks to squeeze the last unscrupulous dollar out of a profitable business, as to the attempt to maintain an unequal struggle for a bare business existence. The fact is that while the occasional owner with a peculiar genius for the business has made a fortune out of the modern newspaper, the great majority of modern newspaper plants, despite the apparent opportunity for profit, have proved far from well-paying properties. Indeed, this fact is so generally appreciated, that for some years noticeably few attempts have been made to establish new papers of any size. Per contra, many "well-established" papers have been "reorganized," to the great loss of their owners; or are shabbily maintained as adjuncts, in smaller cities, to a job-printing establishment; or are "kept going" as "organs" by owners, usually politicians or promoters, who look for indirect personal advantage as distinguished from legitimate business profit. That profit, in the case of a newspaper properly equipped in plant and "news-gathering" facilities, must be figured on the basis of an annual expense of from \$50,000 to \$150,000 in leading provincial cities, and of at least \$500,000 in a metropolis. The uncertainty of the returns, even under fairly promising conditions, once led the late Charles A. Dana to say, "I believe a man can make more money as a newspaper broker, 'unloading' newspaper properties on 'lambs,' than as a straight newspaper publisher."

The phrase "newspaper property" of itself suggests a necessary limitation to the possibilities of establishing the profession of publicist in the sphere of journalism. Only by the happy chance of a broad-minded and high-minded ownership of the "property" employing him, or by the rarer chance of being himself admitted to a share in the ownership, can such a publicist, however competent, enjoy that degree of independence which is the distinguishing mark of professional life. A certain latitude of treatment may

be accorded in specially favored places of peculiar responsibility, as to the long-time correspondent; or the valued editorial writer or critic may be permitted to choose his subjects, and thus escape self-stultification in what he writes; but beyond that, liberty of expression can seldom go. The lawyer, the doctor, the minister, the engineer, the artist, the man of science, the actor, the musician, even the teacher, all look forward to a time, which with some of them begins with the beginning of professional life, when individuality shall have free play in work, — the charm of a professional career in that it is an embodiment of individuality. The more competent a man has made himself through study and training, the more he covets and claims this independence. In professions where, as in the higher branches of teaching, such independence has been at times invaded, where "academic freedom" has been violated under pressure of external control suggesting a control to which journalism is constantly subject, the voice of general protest is quick to make itself heard, and, in instances, has found concrete expression in the appointment, by colleagues, of a committee of inquiry. This is the proper response of professional pride to any menace of that *esprit de corps* which differentiates the profession from the occupation. It is true, of course, that there remains to the journalist a wide range of innocuous subjects, the opportunity to spend time on the preparation of articles informing or amusing, work more or less attractive according to individual aptitude. To these subjects no such restraint applies since they contribute only incidentally to determining the character, and still less, the policy, of the paper, and hence are a negligible quantity. But in so far as this class of articles is chosen by a journalist as his specialty, they obviously remove him from the profession of publicist, however broadly inclusive may be the meaning attaching to that loosely used phrase.

If the satisfaction of work for work's sake is to so large an extent denied the journalist, no compensation is offered him in the chance of those large pecuniary returns which in other professions reward the man who has proved himself exceptionally capable. One is almost tempted to say of journalism that there is in it no struggle for the survival of the fittest, since "the fittest" pass unmarked in the crowd. As it was put by a journalist who has himself secured one of the few prizes of the profession, in sounding the kindly note of warning to a group of young men: "There are no great prizes in journalism to-day, — nothing but a modest competence compared with the incomes of men not journalists, of similar education and circumstances." The journalist, it may be said as a generalization, is not paid quite so well as either the teacher or the preacher of like standing. Can any process of special education or distinction of degree create a professional class of journalists whose value will command the recognition in dollars and cents to attract that quality of brains which secures the prizes in other professions, the conditions of journalism being what they are? This is not a mere mercenary question. It is even more a question of opportunity; for by the possibility or lack of opportunity to reach the kind of recognition by which the world measures success must be ranked the character of a calling, its attractiveness, the place in which it is held, however careless the individual concerning his own chance. Science may be named as an exception, for it is one of the glories of science that the passion for it obsesses the devotee regardless of poverty or wealth. Yet had not applied science justified itself to a practical world it is open to doubt whether its recognized status would be the same, or whether it would draw into it the same quality of young men who devote themselves to it without thought of money to be made or to be forgone.

The cruz of the question was touched by a brilliant journalist, the late John Swinton, for many years managing editor of the New York Sun, in a retort on Mr. Dana. "Swinton," said Mr. Dana one day, "I need a first-class editorial writer. Have you one to recommend?" "How much are you willing to pay, Mr. Dana?" asked Mr. Swinton. "For a first-class man \$125 a week," was the reply. "But you cannot get a first-class man for that," protested Mr. Swinton. "Why not?" asked Mr. Dana. "That is what I pay you, and don't you consider yourself a first-class man?" "No, Mr. Dana," rejoined Mr. Swinton. "If I were a 'first-class man' I should be paying you \$125 a week." That \$125 a week practically marked the limit of Mr. Swinton's opportunity, as it may be said to mark the limit of the same quality of brains in journalism to-day; and also the limit of something far more vital, for the difference between a Dana and a Swinton defines status.

What qualities do we naturally associate with the typical editor, the representative publicist of the press? He may be, of course, that rare man who not only possesses certain qualities necessary to journalistic success, such as foresight of what will be interesting and significant, instinctive appreciation of the kind of news and news-treatment which will attract, the administrative and organizing faculty which will get the most out of a staff, the business faculty which will make the most out of a plant; but who, besides all these, possesses through personal gift and training the power to grasp great issues and the art to express great thoughts. But this equipment, and properly under modern conditions, comes last of all, and is the least esteemed. Those who do the pen work of the press are for the most part unknown by name, professionally, beyond the immediate circle of their associates. Only in the smaller provincial cities, and even in these to a surprisingly small degree, is

the understudy of the "publicist," the controlling and directing manager who is responsible for what is printed, known by, or identified with, his work. And the great public cares as little as it knows. Yet the capacities of comprehension of issues and expression of views are those which first of all a school of journalism is founded to develop in so far as it is to realize its purpose of training young men to be publicists, and thus of raising the profession of journalism.

There is a significant passage in James Bryce's tribute to his friend, the late E. L. Godkin, emphasizing the anomalous character of the so-called profession of journalism, but evidently written with no thought beyond that of stating his individual conclusions, those of an interested and competent observer. This passage puts concretely what it has here been attempted to put broadly, as a case of natural evolution, naming in illustration hardly one journalist who conforms to the professional standard. It is thus convincing apart from the authority of its distinguished authorship, because it unconsciously settles moot questions of status and type. Mr. Bryce writes:—

"As with the progress of science new arts emerge and new occupations and trades are created, so with the progress of society professions previously unknown arise, evolve new types of intellectual excellence, and supply a new theatre for the display of peculiar and exceptional gifts. Such a profession, such a type, and the type which is perhaps most specially characteristic of our times, is that of the Editor. It scarcely existed before the French Revolution, and is, as now, fully developed, a product of the last eighty years. Various are its forms. There is the Business Editor, who runs his newspaper as a great commercial undertaking, and may neither care for politics nor attach himself to any political party. America still recollects the familiar example set by James Gordon Bennett, the founder of the New York

Herald. There is the Selective Editor, who may never pen a line, but shows his skill in gathering an able staff round him, and in allotting to each of them the work he can do best. Such an one was John Douglas Cook, a man of slender cultivation and few intellectual interests, but still remembered in England by those who forty years ago knew the staff of the *Saturday Review*, then in its brilliant prime, as possessed of an extraordinary instinct for the topics which caught the public taste, and for the persons capable of handling these topics. John T. Delane, of the *Times*, had the same gift, with talents and knowledge far surpassing Cook's. A third, and usually more interesting form, is found in the Editor who 'is himself a writer,' and who imparts his own individuality to the journal he directs. Such an one was Horace Greeley, who, in the days before the War of Secession, made the *New York Tribune* a power in America. Such another, of finer, natural quality, was Michael Katkoff, who in his short career did much to create and to develop the spirit of nationality and imperialism in Russia thirty years ago."

It would be hard to find stronger enforcement than this by Mr. Bryce of the contention, that though a "great editor" may be incidentally a publicist, he need be, and oftener is, merely a purveyor of news and views. For the journalist with ambitions the obvious pinch of this situation is that as against the editor the publicist has, and can have, no right except the right to resign. This is the same cruel fact accentuated which years ago pointed Thackeray's contemptuous fling, that Pendennis eked out his narrow income from book-reviewing "by occasional contributions of leading articles to the *Journal* when, without hurting the paper, this eminent publicist could conscientiously speak his mind." The conditions then being what they are, and what, for any sign to the contrary, they must long continue to be, it is futile to

attempt through a special school to raise journalism to the rank of a profession. Such a school, whatever the problematical value of its training in technique, cannot give its graduate professional prestige, for that in all the professions has lost the significance of popular recognition. It cannot for the same reason give him professional authority. It cannot give him the chance of large professional reward, for that is determined by the returns of an uncertain, and often unpro-

fitable, business. It cannot give him professional opportunity, for independence of view is controlled by the policy of the editor, who is either the owner of the paper or the representative of the capital invested in it. Under such limitations of career, journalism must increasingly repel the men to whom naturally it would most appeal, the men to whom it owes the largest share of its influence in the past, the men to whom it should look to give it character in the future.

Arthur Reed Kimball.

THE COLONEL'S ACCRETION.

ON one shore of the Missouri River lived Colonel Kingston, a Missourian and a Secessionist,—in his day. On the opposite shore, on a yellow friable farm of the same alluvial fertility, lived Betsy Tucker, who was of Abolitionist extraction. The Colonel was a bachelor and Betsy a maiden lady.

You have no doubt noticed, dear reader,—especially if you be a lady,—that some of the best men are those who for mysterious reasons never marry. They are men of the finest chivalry and of so reliable a character, that those among them whose lot is cast in the city are chosen as officers in various lodges and as directors in companies; they are admired by all men's wives; they are invited out to dinner; the children can do as they like with them. In the presence of ladies they converse with evident quiet pleasure on their own familiar topics, but they like mostly to listen in tireless comfort. They are modestly *en rapport*, and the fragile fair have a surety that they could easily disconcert them at any moment. There is a tinge of temerity about them, and a bashfulness of their boyhood that needs everything but physical protection.

And withal they are solid men of af-

fairs, versed in the world of business, and have such entertaining information that husbands do not bother to impart. They are occasional callers, and they are chivalrous even to first cousins. They have about them that element of decent susceptibility that should have made them early husbands. But this modesty is the very trait which, with a little assistance from circumstances, has carried them over to a point in life where they have become settled contentedly into "ways," and are hopeless and lovable lovers-at-large, and such amusing, chicken-hearted acquaintances. The fact is, they never met the right one at the right time.

To be a bachelor is, to my mind, a subtle accusation. For this reason I have protected the Colonel's character at once. As for Betsy, it is only necessary to explain that she was from New England. It was shortly after she came to live on the few shore acres that had been bequeathed to her, when she and the Colonel realized that despite the river between them they were nearest neighbors. Such is the interdependence of humanity that I presume if a king were to live next door to a beggar they would soon become neighbors. What with borrowings of butter and sugar and the break-

ing of pigs into a flower garden, the king would soon have occasion to lean over the back fence and do business either as friend or enemy, — probably as an enemy. Friendship with only a fence between often leads to bad results; but a next-door neighbor across a wide stream is a peculiarly fortunate circumstance. You are next-door neighbors, and there is the consciousness that you do not *have* to be, — and immediately your soul is lured across the waters. Going up and down every week in the pilot house of the General Meade, the entire lower river was to me a sort of long-drawn-out neighborhood, and I naturally took an interest in the fortunes of Betsy Tucker from the time of her arrival. The Colonel and Betsy finally —

But I must stop gossiping and tell the story in a proper way. It was shortly after Betsy came to take up an independent and self-reliant life on her shore acres that the Colonel went across the river to look for timber he needed. That night when he returned he sat on a saw-buck in deep meditation. He was still looking down into the brown eyes of a little woman who stood scarcely as high as his shoulder. Betsy was beginning to dawn on him, and he was trying to "make her out." One moment he was haunted with an experience of gentle refinement and clever insight, again with a disposition that was entirely girlish in its confident responsiveness, and withal a surprising coolness of judgment and an aptitude for masculine ways of looking at things. Her inexperience of practical farming caused him to be deeply concerned in her affairs. He sat on the saw-buck until he saw the light go out in Betsy's cottage, and again avowed to himself as he arose that she was a "mighty fine sort of a woman."

One evening, as the Colonel was about to shove from shore and head his boat for Betsy's cottonwood tree that loomed like a streak of whitewash in the dusk, he suddenly awoke to the fact that he

needed an excuse. Regularly of late he found that he had business to attend to on the other side of the river, — business that made him honestly surprised at himself for having neglected so long. Incidentally he would pass by Betsy's house and tarry to give her information in regard to her place, or to advise her how to "run" the family to whom she had rented the field on shares. But for a man who is so industrious business does not last forever, — and, without knowing it, Colonel Kingston had been playing double with himself for some time past. He had only been honest with himself on those occasions when he went over entirely on Betsy's business and suggested something that he *thought* might be of importance to her. As it flashed across Colonel Kingston's mind that he needed an "excuse," — something that would deceive Betsy, — he dropped his oars and drifted, — at sea in more ways than one. For the first time he was on the threshold of conscious deceit. Of late his reasons for going across the river had been growing scarcer and of less variety. But as they had always been as he represented them — matters of business — his visits at Betsy's place had been without self-consciousness, and he had deceived no one but himself. Now as he had no practical business across the river this evening it was plainly a problem of deceiving Betsy Tucker. He drifted slowly down the stream thinking deeply. Finally, a new and happy idea occurred to him, — he would row across and say that he "just came over to call." It was an inspiration, an intellectual achievement. Moreover, it was so familiar and so easy to do. He was a man who came over *to call*, — a man who, when he occasionally did such a thing, plainly and frankly said so. He had become a little distrustful of the excuses he had been finding of late; they had barely served to deceive the simple mind of Colonel Kingston. To say that he came over to call would lend credence to

his former statements that he came on business. His new idea had solved a double problem; it not only took him over the river that evening, but it made the truth turn partner to a lover's lies. The dusk seemed to be several shades lighter as he put to the oars, and he half regretted that such an excuse could not be used very often.

"Good-evening, Miss Betsy. Seeing I got everything pretty well done and some time to spare, I thought I would row over and make a call."

"Good - evening, Colonel Kingston. Would you mind having a chair on the porch? I have been sitting out here where I could smell the tobacco flowers."

The conversation was mostly on Betsy's side. However, she was not of the kind that think it a duty to keep up a constant chatter by way of entertainment. If she was individual in her conversation, so also was she individual in her silence. And when she rocked gently for several minutes at a time the Colonel was entirely at his ease in spite of the quiet.

It was in the course of this evening, and during such a spell of quiet, that the General Meade took a hand in the affairs of the Colonel. On the weekly trip up we always passed the tall white cottonwood in the early evening. I remember it well, standing close to the shore. I also remember this evening, for when the Meade had passed, and the waves were slopping against the crumbling bank, the glaring trunk of the cottonwood leaned out into the dusk and fell into the river, followed by a heavy plunge of dirt from the shore.

In sudden surprise Betsy rose from her rocker.

"Don't be frightened; it's just a cave-in," said the Colonel.

When he had reassured her, and spoken of the incident as a common occurrence, they took a walk along the bank to observe the prostrate tree and the loss of land. Then they went back to the porch

again, and the Colonel explained at length how the current sometimes undermines the soluble soil and leaves the bank hanging, so that it lets go of its own weight, or is dislodged by the waves of a steamboat. And he added, "It's a good thing the boat broke it off before it was ready to let go of itself. It might have hung till some time when you were walking along the shore."

"Well, I was just thinking," replied Betsy, "that it is fortunate you came as early as you did. If you had been a little later that tree might have struck you."

The Colonel stayed longer than he had intended that evening. As he started to row homeward he suddenly stopped the boat, and called back in a voice that was strangely authoritative to Betsy, "You keep away from that shore, Miss Betsy; don't you come within ten feet of it from now on."

He had taken careful observation of the water's edge along Betsy's frontage, and he suspected that by one of those slight alterations in the current the river had started to "work" on Betsy's place. Like most Missouri shore the face of the yellow clay bank was straight up and down, as it had broken off in former years, — as clean as the work of a gravedigger. Such, in fact, the Missouri is; and many a man's hopes it has buried in the Gulf.

The next day the Colonel did not worry over an excuse. In the evening he unhesitatingly and cheerfully pulled off toward Betsy Tucker's, to inquire whether there had been another cave-in. He went the next evening and the next. In the course of time the falling away of slices of Betsy's land had been sufficient to entirely shift the load that had been weighing on the Colonel's mind from day to day.

The land fell away with a regularity that justified daily visits. Every evening the Colonel called and made inquiry with a spirit that was exceeding cheer-

ful. And he and Betsy would sit on the porch overlooking the mellow moonlit waters, and talk of old reminiscence or sit in silence, sedately. And the Missouri checked off the Colonel's visits as regularly as the punching of a meal ticket. Thus we see that at the very time when the Colonel was in desperate straits for a pretext, Nature began playing into his hand.

The Colonel's quiet evening spells were interrupted with such remarks as, "Colonel, the gooseberry bush went into the river to-day," or, "Colonel, the peach tree is gone."

Here we will let pass many weeks of hope, happiness, and rosy good fortune for the Colonel. Under the circumstances it will not be necessary to remind the reader that like all things they must some time come to an end.

Finally, the river had encroached until the steps of the porch were overhanging the water. The Colonel spent several days hewing rollers out of the trunk of the cottonwood, which he managed to save from the current, and in a short time he had the house on a movable foundation. He moved it back — just a little.

And now it was more necessary than ever that he should come over regularly. The Colonel sat on the porch with Betsy in comfort of mind and body, and every evening before he went home he winched the house back just enough to keep it from falling into the river. These were blissful hours in the Colonel's life. Sometimes he recovered manly strength and confidence to such a point that he felt almost able to bring to a climax the desperate deed that had vaguely occurred to him.

During all this time it had never occurred to the Colonel's mind to offer to Betsy any words of sympathy for the loss of her land; he did not even waken to the fact that it was in any way a misfortune.

A misfortune is not a certain particu-

lar kind of happening. It is all a matter of bearing on other conditions, so that what is a casualty from one standpoint may be a godsend from another. It was hardly selfishness or lack of feeling on the Colonel's part. Seeing that the falling away of the land was necessary to his visits, the Colonel would not have begrudged the slices of real estate even though they had come from his own good farm. He was oblivious to matters of loss and gain; he was perfectly content. He would have foolishly remained a procrastinating old bachelor, spending his evenings in Betsy's company, and he would willingly have winched that house clear around the earth had such a thing been possible.

But, as I wisely remarked, all bliss must come to an end. To the Colonel's sudden enlightenment it happened before the orchard was gone.

Betsy did not exactly say it, and he could not really prove to himself that she felt or thought as he suspected. And the more he worried, the more he wished that he had reasoning powers strong enough to infallibly formulate, and deduct, and get at what might be the true state of affairs in her mind. But the human mind is subject to no such rules. And the more the Colonel tried to solve that of a woman, the more he saw that it was a kaleidoscopic and sensitive affair that shifted with every viewpoint in a way that no mere thought can prophesy or encompass.

One evening Betsy made certain circuitous remarks. She said, "Colonel, does n't this river remain about the same width all the time?"

"Well, yes; just about — generally."

"Even when one of the banks is caving in?"

"Well — yes. Of course. If the other bank stayed the same as it was, the Missouri would spread out into a marsh and would n't be a river at all."

In other words, for every foot that was subtracted from Betsy's place there was

necessarily an addition to the Colonel's estate, either then and there, or in the final outcome. The Colonel, being now brought back suddenly to things of this earth, began to think seriously about this matter. Strangely, he thought, it had never been a matter of concern to him. He recalled all those quiet evening hours, and he asked himself whether Betsy had sat there all that time and thought that *he* considered it a profitable piece of good fortune to him, and whether she supposed that was why he had been so cheerful? Most likely. No doubt.

But still it was necessary for him to go over every evening whatever Betsy thought. He noticed that there was a bar forming on his own water front, and it was gradually exposing itself in the shape of new land. He wished fervently that he could sink that land, alter the flow of the river, and put all those cave-ins back where they belonged. Thereafter, whenever a cave-in came as they sat together, it gave him an inward start; he acted very oblivious, or quickly obtruded some trivial topic, hoping to draw Betsy's mind from the *other* one, and keep her from mentioning it to him. And when she remarked, "That was some more of the potato patch," he could see that section of land go bodily across the waters and fit itself neatly into his farm. He felt guilty.

Those quiet spells now became of different texture to the Colonel. He did not have the spirit to make so many observations on trivial topics, and he was conscious that he did not act so much at ease as he had done heretofore. Now there were quiet spells of longer duration, during which he would sit and brood and speculate on the only matter between them which he felt sure must be the subject of Betsy's cogitations. Betsy was, in truth, thinking of her own affairs very seriously, and at times she showed a mood of deep concern.

The Colonel followed her thoughts in imagination, and tried to arrive at her

opinion of him; he put himself in her place, and he immediately felt a resentment toward Colonel Kingston, sole beneficiary of this rank injustice of affairs. He knew that women are not good gamblers, and in the matter of mere worldly fortune he was winning from her. All this time he had sat there and offered not a word of sympathy; he had actually been cheerful and self-satisfied. He now put himself in her place, and saw that she must have formed a very low opinion of him; that if something were not done in time she would grow to hate him. Possibly she would order him off her porch at once were it not that she was the victim of his ability to roll the house back. But that night he did not winch it back any farther than usual, just enough to keep it from falling in for another day.

He decided that he would speak to her upon the subject that was troubling him. What would he say, — that he was sorry? Pshaw! Sorry that he was taking all her land? Maybe she would think it arrant hypocrisy. Anyway she might think that; so it was not a satisfactory thing to venture. He would put his hand in his pocket and pay her for it, but he knew she would not take it. He was sure she would be very courteous toward whatever he said or did, and therefore he could not possibly *know* what she thought of him.

In all reason it should have become a plain fact to the Colonel that he was in love. But it never becomes evident to a practical man that he is exactly in love. He awakes to the fact that he has come across a rare creature of good sense and charming virtues; he has discovered something that was entirely superfluous before, but which by a strange process has created its own demand, and which behooves him as a selfish creature to fasten upon before the chance is gone.

If he has any rational periods at all, they take shape in a speculation upon marriage in general, which is open to doubt except in his special case.

Had some one come along and offered to cart Betsy away at this juncture it is a certainty that he would have got on his knees in a hurry. This is what brings a man to the test, and is responsible for most of the flirtations in the world. The Colonel imagined her opinions of him to a point where he saw her slipping away; not into the arms of another man, but still out of the range of any possible affection for him. It was high time to do something. He saw that the only alternative and solution of the affair would be to "propose."

He fully decided that he would do so at once — could he only be assured that she would say yes. But he felt there was more than half a chance that she would not say it, and in that event it would be the end of his sitting on the porch. He imagined this state of affairs, and shrank from the calamity. From which it can be seen that the Colonel had got himself into an awful pickle. If he could only know that she did not care for him he would content himself to sit on the porch as long as the place lasted, so he told himself. But as asking her was such a risk he decided that possibly it would be better to wait until the house was backed up against the fence of old man Burns, and Betsy would then decide what she intended to do. If it came to the point of her going away, then would be the time, — a chance of gain with no risk of loss.

In the meantime he worried during the day and sat spellbound in the evening on the lady's porch. In spite of his logical conclusions, he spent much of the time trying to figure a way out of his dilemma without waiting for the porch to fall into the river. Suppose he asked her — if she misunderstood and was hopelessly lost to his love, he might present practical arguments. If she said "No," he would remind her that a time was coming when she would be standing in Burns's field, landless and homeless. What was the use of waiting? Betsy had sense.

And if she doubted and mistook his love for mere pity, he would sign over to her an equal amount of his own land, and declare it was hers by *rights*. On the other hand, if it was hers by right, then it belonged to her whether she said yes or no. He would stand committed, and then being independent again she would not *have* to marry him. Somehow the Colonel could bring no plan to a satisfactory outcome. And giving up his practical theories he immediately became aware, from what he knew of Betsy's fineness of feeling, that she certainly would say "No" to any such inducement. He knew that a man would have to marry her for love, and for nothing else. And so he worried and badgered himself into a state where he resolved to wait until the time when she would be backed into the fence.

Sometimes he thought it strange that Betsy did not offer anything as to her intentions for the near future. In fact, she did not seem to be at all worried as the time drew near; the more disconcerted and self-conscious the Colonel became, the more she settled into contented repose and quiet self-sufficiency. At times she rocked and hummed to herself as though she were quite happy.

It was early in the fall when the river had completed its work. Betsy's house had been backed up to the fence. When the steps were hanging over the water old man Burns consented to have it occupy space on his land, but only for a time. The Colonel made a breach in the fence, and shifted the building for the last time.

That evening, when the Colonel got out of his skiff, Betsy arose from her chair and stood looking at him in surprise. The Colonel was clad in a new pepper-and-salt suit; his boots were highly polished, and he wore a silk hat that lent awesome height to his six feet of stature.

She went down to the shore to meet him, and as she took his big wide hand she looked straight up at him in undis-

guised wonder. She carefully bestowed his hat in the parlor, and then came out to where he had seated himself as usual in the armchair on the porch. It was a clear moonlit evening, with a green sky above the yellow waters. They talked on and on. The Colonel thought that Miss Betsy had never chatted so entertainingly. Once when she responded appreciatively to his observations he stole a glance at himself in his imposing attire, and he felt almost raised to a respectable opinion of himself. The moon rose higher and higher, and the time passed swiftly. There were pauses in the conversation, silences that he felt to be pointing directly at him, times when it was plain that if he had any important statement to make, now was the time to make it. Each time the Colonel looked into Betsy's eyes and quailed.

The moon passed the zenith, and threw the shadow of the porch toward the river. The Colonel was becoming much disappointed in himself.

Finally he tried to lay the blame on his new clothes, but his common sense would not have it that way. When the silences were longer than usual, and becoming more and more embarrassing because it was so ominously late, he slowly arose and said, "Well, if you'll get my hat, Miss Betsy, I guess I'll be going." As she brought it, the Colonel looked down upon her small delicate form, and never did he feel so "cheap" in his life.

Betsy stood with the hat in her hand — hesitating. She said, "Colonel, there was something I wanted to tell you." He immediately sat down.

"Colonel, I have made arrangements to sell the house to Mr. Burns."

"Sell the house — the house — How much did he offer you for it?"

"He said he would give me a hundred dollars — which is about all it is worth."

"I'll give you two hundred." The Colonel was on the point of blurting out higher bids, — five hundred, — a thousand. But no, not a thousand. That

would be enough for her to buy another farm. With this flash of discreet policy he halted and repeated, "Two hundred."

"Why, what would *you* do with the house — over here across the river?"

"Well — I'd — I'd — take it to pieces and use the lumber for something or other, — and especially the porch. I think I could get *that* across the river as it is. I always *did* like this here porch pretty well."

Betsy stood with her eyes cast down.

"Well, Colonel, of course you can have it — if you — of course" —

She came to a stop with a tremor in her words. She was standing in the light that came through the window from the parlor lamp. The Colonel was waiting in the shadow. A tear was glistening in the corner of her eye, — a tear that grew big and rolled suddenly down her cheek. The Colonel was nonplussed, dumfounded, and entirely at sea.

"Don't cry, Betsy; why, I would n't cry, Betsy." He spoke with a tenderness that was more than sympathy. Whereat Betsy immediately "cried." She sat down in the rocker, holding her apron to her face, and became quiet.

The Colonel stooped over her and said softly, "Don't cry, Betsy."

She had suppressed herself bravely, but now she sobbed audibly.

Right there the Colonel threw his worthless self to the winds, — new clothes and all. He picked her up bodily and sat down with her in his lap, her face hidden on his breast. He rocked back and forth, patting her gently, and trying to console her with such remarks as instinct gives a man when he quiets his first child.

"Hush, now; be quiet, Betsy; don't cry. There, now, I want to tell you something." His head was bowed and his cheek pressed against her hair.

"Betsy, I love you. Now don't cry, Betsy. Do you hear me, Betsy?"

A muffled and hardly audible "Yes" came from the folds of his coat.

"Betsy, I ain't much good some ways, and I never did have any sense with women. But, Betsy, do you think that if I took good care of you, and treated you like my own little girl, that you could come over and live on my place? Do you believe that I love you, Betsy?"

The Colonel felt three distinct nods

against his heart. And that was all he wanted to know.

Betsy's porch still faces the Missouri, — on the front of the Colonel's house. The lumber was used to build a new house for the "niggers," and the shingles went for kindling wood the following winter.

Charles D. Stewart.

ROAD BUILDING AMONG THE MOROS.

[The author of this paper, Major R. L. Bullard, of the Twenty-eighth United States Infantry, is now stationed at Iligan, Mindanao, P. I. During the war with Spain he was Colonel of the Third Alabama Volunteers, a negro regiment. His opinions were quoted in Mr. Oswald G. Villard's article on The Negro in the Regular Army, in the ATLANTIC for June, 1903. — THE EDITORS.]

AN ignorant and savage but spirited people are passing the eddies, and are being drawn into the outer lines of the current of the world's civilization and progress. Their hour of fate is of interest.

In the interior of Mindanao, two thousand feet above sea level, in one of the most inviting regions of the tropics, lies a lake, Lanao. Its waters, shores, and framing of difficult mountains have fostered and protected a numerous race of savages who call themselves the Malanaos, the People of the Lake. When the Spaniards came to the shores of the Philippines, they found tall watch-towers looking out over the sea at the coast towns, and the coast people of all the Philippines, from the south to as far north as Manila, told fearful tales of a savage people who often came suddenly upon them from the south by the sea in their long sail and row boats, robbed and burned their towns, killed their men, and carried away their women and girls. These people were already in possession of some of the southernmost islands, and were spreading northward by sea and land. The Christian Spaniards found them Mohammedans, and straightway gave them

the name of the people they best knew as Mohammedans, Moros, or Moors. Of this aggressive race of pirates and robbers are the Malanaos, whose highest shame was not to bear arms, and whose highest misfortune was to fall without them.

From the days of the discoverer, Magellan, down to the very day when the last Spanish soldier disappeared from the Philippines before the Americans, the Malanaos, whose advance posts and villages had gradually crept to the north shores of Mindanao, were a standing threat to Spanish authority in the South Philippines and a terror to all neighboring tribes and peoples. How great was that terror may be judged by the fact that Spain's sending Filipino soldiers to try to hold in check the savage Malanaos was declared by Filipino leaders one of the causes of the great insurrection. During the centuries of her occupation of the Philippines, Spain made three efforts to penetrate and subdue the country of the Malanaos, but they resisted. Their jungles and mountains aided them, and on the coming of the Americans, the Malanaos were, and are to-day, an unconquered, wild people. The resources of

their country are unappreciated, neglected, and serve little purpose to man. Its products spring up, mature, and go to waste under the all-devouring decay of tropical heat and dampness. Nature and savagery have prevailed against civilization. Christianity has failed before the motto of the steadfast Mohammedan Malanaos, "*Never change your religion.*"

The Moros, on account of their religion, marked characteristics, savagery, and political conditions, compel attention and interest. Their political system is the town or groups of towns, which, however, hang together in nothing but a common tribal name. Their little governments are primitively Oriental. Power lies in the personality and force of character of thousands of petty chiefs, sultans, and dattos of different grades. They have little law but the Koran, and government is inseparable from religion. Though they have a written language, it is of little general value to the people because it is taught to but few. They have no literature. They work in metals, iron, brass, silver, and gold, but the main use to which they apply their art is the fabrication of arms for local petty aggression and strife. Every freeman, even the priest, goes armed. Polygamy, slavery, and tribal incoherency prevail. Robbery, piracy, and a general reciprocity of suspicion, distrust, and jealousy mark their relations. To find out what another has, and to devise means to take it away from him, — robbery, — is the very first Moro characteristic. The security of personal property lies only in the ability of the possessor to save his own. A couple of changes of hand of stolen property is generally accepted as extinguishing the title of the true owner. As death is practically the only punishment in use among them, all crimes that do not merit death go unpunished.

Withal, it is manifest that the Malanaos are savages. To reach our civilization they must pass a great gulf. In its crossing they may, like the Indian, be

lost. Why, then, try to make them cross it? Why open their country and try to civilize them? "Because civilization has better things for them." Because many of them are not only ready to receive it themselves, but are helping to fetch it to their whole country. Because they are part of us, we must fetch them forward with us; we cannot leave them behind. Because savagery and civilization cannot exist side by side; either all Mindanao must be turned over to the savagery of the aggressive Moros, or all be taken over to civilization. Because, finally, as savages the Moros stand in the way of our destiny, and we cannot permit that. They are too poor to tempt cupidity.

In two of their efforts to open the Malanao country the Spaniards failed from lack of vigor. In the third, which was very elaborate and consumed six years, they were overtaken by Aguinaldo's insurrection and the Spanish-American war. Spain's failures strengthened the Moros' military spirit, and when the Americans appeared the Moros at once began to harass them, and quickly showed the impossibility of civilization and savagery existing side by side. It was necessary to open the Malanao country. Two military roads, passing, one from the south and one from the north coast of Mindanao into the very heart of the Moro country, and meeting there on the waters of Lake Lanao, were conceived and located by the soldier-engineer, General George W. Davis, at that time commanding in Mindanao. The making of these means the civilization of the Malanaos.

In the spring of 1902, General Baldwin began to open the southern half of this trans-Mindanao road. A few Moros near him on the south coast at first eagerly joined in the expedition against their brothers of the interior, but finding that the Americans were not willing to employ savages as soldiers even against savage enemies, and soon tiring, no matter how well paid, of the labor of felling

trees and rolling logs to break through the forest, they struck and left the whole work to the stalwart American soldier. The soldier opened his way laboriously through the jungle to the battle and victory of Bayan. By his labor, also, what he had at first made but a bridle-path grew in a few months to a great high-road to the south shores of Lanao. The work was done in the face of the hostility, and in spite of the savage stealth and craft, of the Moros. Naked and noiseless, they crawled into the very camps and snatched the soldiers' arms and ammunition, and escaped; or, perfectly concealed in the vegetation along the narrow trails, they pounced upon sentinels and small parties with savage fury; or, under the guise of friendship, approached treacherously to sudden hand-to-hand encounter with their famous *cris* or more deadly *campilan*.¹ Two soldiers met a Moro. He made friendly signs, but, in passing, whirled, and with one swing of his campilan lopped off at the shoulder a soldier's arm with its rifle, seized the rifle, and disappeared like a rabbit in the forest. Treacherous encounters like this came often.

On this side the opening of the Moro country found no friends among the Moros, but bitter resistance. The road was, however, completed. A camp was established on the south shore of Lanao. From there three expeditions were subsequently made to punish various Moro aggressions, and many of the Malanaos of the south shores of the lake have settled down to peace, and are building houses and transporting supplies for the American troops. Some have, however, continued resentful, and the troops must forever be on guard, though conditions are steadily improving.

One half of the work was done. The

more difficult part, that which should reach and open up the far more populous and important tribes and towns of the northern shores of Lanao, remained. It was the writer's fortune to be selected first to begin it with the labor of troops, afterward to take charge of relations with the Moros, and at last to end the work with the labor of Moros on the north shores of Lanao.

The general said, "Open the country and subdue the Moros; do it without fighting." No harder injunction could have been laid upon soldiers. Sickness and disease can be borne. Labor under the most withering heat that Americans have known, labor with only the inadequate makeshift appliances of a far backward and distant country, scratching a way with tooth and nail through the rocks and mountains, — all were accepted with equanimity. But troops whose very reason for existence is fighting saw themselves in the midst of aggressive, savage enemies, who constantly lay in wait to rob and kill, and were required to hold their hand. That they obeyed is the wonder of discipline, — I may not say the honor of soldiers, for there is no honor for soldiers but in fighting, and these knew it. It was the hard sacrifice of opportunity to duty.

After crawling for a few miles along the north coast of Mindanao, the road plunges into a deep mountain forest southward and climbs along the course of the picturesque and noisy Agus, which, so rapid is its fall, literally spouts the waters of Lanao into the Sulu Sea. Moros love the water. Their villages lie upon lakes, coasts, and streams. They struggle thus along the Agus from Lanao to the sea, and the new Moro road thus touches almost from the start the purpose for which it was conceived, the opening

¹ The campilan is a long, two-handed sword weighted toward the point. With this the Moros aim to, and do often, cleave the body of an enemy from the shoulder downward to the opposite side. Carelessly carried in the hand in its

longitudinally split sheath of light soft wood, loosely tied perhaps with a sprig of grass, it looks innocent, but is thus ever ready without drawing for a sudden blow.

and enlightenment of the Moro country. Just in advance of the Americans went the mighty Asiatic cholera, mowing down the Moros in swift fearful deaths, yet leaving the Americans almost unscathed. To the superstitious Moros this meant that the Americans had at least brought the dread disease, perhaps even were in league with it. The thought embittered them. Many disappeared into the forests of the interior, until a valiant Moro, some said, met and slew the Cholera Man, a tall dark stranger, and the disease was stayed. As it waned, the Moros returned and found the American soldiers busy at work on the road. At first they came from curiosity, afterwards to seek opportunity by stealthy attacks on sentinels and small parties to secure firearms, which they prize above all things, and for which to risk their lives is nothing. They saw the big white man felling trees and hurling great boulders into the air with a mighty roar by the mere touch of a button. They saw his beautiful arms and abundant ammunition. They saw horses and wagons whose great size and loads struck them with wonder. They saw the soldier eat in one meal more than a Moro eats in three, and do in a day more work than a Moro can do in three. They saw him going about almost alone without fear, and living in the open without thought of the shelter of earthwork or fort. They attacked him alone, unarmed, in the dark, and were driven off like children. They found him, notwithstanding his great strength and power of destruction, kind, considerate, ready to joke and be friends. When they gave him fearful warning of stealthy attack, he smiled and said, "Good." They saw him come without the missionary spirit of the Spaniards, and unaccompanied by their traditional enemies, the Filipinos. They saw the cholera almost pass him by; saw him live where Moros died. They almost saw the seasons change to favor him and the rains fail that would have stopped him.

There is no doubt that these things powerfully affected the minds of the Moros.

They could not understand the man who prefers to fight in the open and cares nothing for forts and earthworks; whom the dread cholera itself seemed to respect; who knew how to do so many strange and wonderful things; who could kill so swiftly, and yet did not; who could drive many to work in slavery, yet offered them pay for their labor. Above all, as Moros, they could not understand the man who could, if he pleased, rob with impunity, yet did not; who could, if he pleased, almost with impunity kill men and carry off women to his harems and boys into slavery, yet did not. Without a better understanding they could not decide to fight at once. Besides, the invader did not march forward; he worked forward. This gave them time to observe and consider. Some prowled around camp day and night, watching us from the woods and jungles, occasionally shooting into camp and attacking small parties and sentinels. A few came in a friendly manner, and by them I invited others to come and talk with me. They did not rush to friendship and welcome in Filipino style. They were deliberate. They began to visit me only after about three months, coming always in parties, and armed to the teeth. I assured them one by one, man and datto, hour after hour, all day, week after week, a thousand times: "We wish to be your friends, not to fight you, nor rob you, nor disturb your religion. You are brown men and we white. For so little should we be enemies? Why should we wish to rob you? You have nothing we would rob you of. We already have more and better things than you. See our few hundred soldiers and these at work upon the road. Had we come to fight or enslave you, we would have brought thousands, as did the Spaniards. Ask the Moros whose homes have been near our camps and road. Have we killed or robbed any, or mo-

lestled or frightened their women and children? Now speak freely what is in your heart, any doubt or suspicion, that we may understand one another and be friends." The general, almost invariably, answer to this invitation showed the Moros' keen appreciation of the prime characteristic of their people, love of robbery and consuming desire for fire-arms: "My people are all good, but if one day some bad Moros should lie in wait near my town and kill or wound some of your soldiers and take their arms, will you come and kill my people and burn my town?" I answered: "We will try to care for these bad men on the spot. It is not our custom to involve the good in the punishment of the bad." The weight lifted from their minds, they talked on for from one to five hours, jumping from one trifle to another, listening attentively, observing narrowly, recurring ever to our coming, trying to fathom our motives, and reach a basis of judgment of us and an estimate of our intentions with regard to themselves. Cutting short such a parley only sent them away unsatisfied and suspicious. It could not be done if we wished to make them our friends. As no *datto* was ever represented by another, each had to be satisfied for himself. There were days, weeks, months of talk, involving the consumption of bushels of betel nuts and thousands of bad cigarettes. This was repeated at each new advance into the interior. Satisfied upon all points, the *datto* declared himself a friend, perhaps took an oath of friendship with me by cutting a split of the *bejuca* vine over the Koran, and then demanded an American flag as large as the largest any *datto* had ever received; or, under the impression that I would pay for his peace and friendship, asked the "loan" of money. The flag he received after satisfactory observation; the money, never. Thereafter on the market days of nearby towns he was likely to come to call and present me with such rotten eggs and

sick chickens as he may have been unable to sell in the market.

It was thought that if a few Moros could be induced to work, the flock would follow. They have no traditions of work. Among them labor is generally the part of slaves, women, and children. It is accordingly looked upon with contempt by the Moro freemen. They heard my offer, demanded about two prices, and waited and talked days to secure their demands. At last a few accepted the prices offered, and began to work under the supervision of officers and soldiers selected for their intelligence, patience, and judgment, who might be relied upon to recognize the difference between a Moro and an American, and who would not expect, as most men do, of the wildest savage all the qualities of honor and faith and manhood of the man whose inheritance and traditions have for hundreds of years been those of civilization.

The first comers were a scabby lot of boys and slaves. Agreeing to work for three days, some wanted pay at the end of a couple of hours; all at the end of a day. Some were prevailed upon to work until the end of the time agreed upon, when they were paid. The briefest hour of labor was sufficient basis to demand a day's pay. At first no direction except the most considerate and respectful was tolerated by them. One *datto*, who went to sleep during work hours and was waked by the soldier overseer, was offended beyond all power of apology to mend. He took his little pack of slaves and boys and went off in a huff. When the hour for the first payment arrived, a much larger number of Moros than had worked came to witness it. It was plain that many never believed that payment would be made. They were surprised. Some had also feared that the Americans would herd them together at some good opportunity while at work and shoot them to death. This had not happened, and the news went forth. It had some effect; the numbers grew, but not suffi-

ciently. To many who, while professing great good will and friendship, were still standing off, I thought it a good time to say, "Talk means nothing. My friends work with me on the road." It was effective. In a short time I had more Moro laborers than I could conveniently supply with tools.

The forward movement of the work quickly developed the fact that it was in derogation of the authority of the datto of the locality for another's people to dare touch his soil with pick and shovel. There was bad blood and surliness for a long time, and the matter gave me much trouble until I made plain to them another sovereignty, that of the United States, over the road wherever it fell. Absurd jealousies like this constitute the most striking and difficult features of Moro politics. A town cannot grow to respectable size before jealousy between its dattos splits it into half-a-dozen miserable villages, whose head men are ever afterward either at war or maintaining an armed and suspicious peace verging on war. Like result follows the death of a datto. His late realm, no matter how mean, is torn up and divided among the rivals for his honors. Thereafter all trifles become standing enmities. The net result, among a numerous people of the same blood and other common bonds, is as bad an example of political disorganization and incoherence as can be found in the world. Few villages are so small as not to be torn by such jealousies. Our meanest Indian tribes hold together better.

These jealousies and the datto's absurd pride of rank and love of prestige complicated and made difficult all my attempts to deal with them. One of the first things to which I became accustomed was to see each datto, as he came to talk for the first time, strike a level between the tips of his two forefingers held side by side and declare: "So it is with dattos. If another claim that he is higher than I, he lies, and I will fight

him." If I gave one a contract, the next day half-a-dozen appeared and insisted on having an exact duplicate in all respects without any regard to whether they were at all able to execute it. To make a start on a certain work, I allowed to one datto a day's pay for his people for half a day's work. All others demanded the same, not for the profit, because many of them actually offered two or three days' work to the road, gratis, but because they thought they saw in my act a recognition in the first datto of some higher grade which jealousy could never permit them to pass without challenge. Another who had not, like some of his neighbors, received a contract to cut poles, went out, and for mere show and effect upon the Moro mind made his people cut and prepare the same number of poles as others whether I desired to use them or not. Another still, who, in the division of the road work was somehow left out, in order to preserve his public prestige laid out a piece of road according to his own ideas, and had his people execute the work. It made no difference to these that they were not to receive pay for their work. They were guarding their datto's prestige in the public eye, — a sort of Moro form of the most favored nation clause in our treaties. Yet there was a favoring side to this jealousy. Upon occasion I have got his last man and his utmost effort out of a datto by touching him at this point, talking admiringly in his hearing of the great service being rendered by some neighbor of his of whom I knew him to be jealous. He was generally unable to stand it, and proceeded to do his best in rivalry.

As the road advanced deeper and deeper into the Moro country, the number of Moro laborers grew steadily. With wider experience I saw that he who has only talked to Moros of friendship and our benevolent intentions, who has not worked, paid, and fed them, has not even scratched the surface of Moro

character. Work, money, food, — these stand for something. We employed, worked, and paid them always through the datto. Paid by the day and at work under the datto alone, the slight regard in which they held this gentleman quickly became manifest. Acknowledging always some datto, no freeman ever obeyed any. He worked if he pleased, he trifled if he pleased, and the datto might whistle. Only children who stood in fear of superior strength could be made to work. As a consequence among our laborers there were many children. I would not have had it otherwise, for the hope of the Moros is not in the present but in the rising generation. Promptness? Hours? Time? What were they? In the Moro tongue *now* and *to-day* are the same word. I found it out after weeks of impatience, observing that an order to go to work *now* was taken in apparent good faith to mean *any time to-day*.

Paid by the job, the Moro sat down by his work, camped, ate, slept by it. Thus I saw him work when he pleased, early and late and by moonlight, with his own tools, in his own way, loosening the earth with a sharp stick and throwing it with his hands; or, sitting, push it with his feet before him to its place on the road. I have seen him during the hours of his rest from his labor, ill done by the day, cut and split cordwood by contract and carry it in bundles on his head a mile to the Quartermaster. It detracts nothing from his industry to add that he generally took advantage of these unusual hours and freedom from observation to attempt some easily discovered but provoking trick, like padding the "fills" in his road with straw, brush, or rotten wood, or changing the grade or course of his road to make his work lighter, or crisscrossing his wood in the cord until it contained more air than wood.

But patience and contact with the Americans were all the time telling with them, and after three months they were

organized into large gangs under soldiers and worked as regularly by bugle call as soldiers, and during longer hours because they stood the heat. All this time the consequence of the datto was waning. Some who were slow in coming to the Americans lost their following with their people who came with other dattos. In all, probably three thousand from far and near worked side by side with the Americans. From being a mere adjunct to the soldier labor they came to do the great bulk of the work. Impatience at first had not driven them away, desire to earn had brought them to work, and work had kept them from war. The civilizing, educational effect was marked. Contact with one another was wiping out animosities of long standing. Contact with the Americans was wiping out prejudices and opposition to American ways. Altogether it was a great stride for savages. They had become peaceful workers. They finished the road and opened the way to their own civilization.

With so favorable a start, and with the lessons of their severe defeats by punitive expeditions fresh in their minds, are we hereafter to expect trouble with Moros? After our Revolutionary war an expedition was organized to settle the Indian question. A hundred years later that question was still a very live one. The American public learns of the severe punishment given lawless Moros yesterday in Mindanao. The papers and the public declare, "That will teach them a lesson." But, for a lesson to be a lesson, it must be learned, and other wild Moros just over the hill have neither seen nor read the lesson of that slaughter; and had they seen or read, they would not have been so sensibly affected as the public thinks. Among the Moros human life is cheap, — ten or twelve dollars, — and scenes of blood and tales of carnage are not so rare as to be very affecting. Almost every manly Moro bears the scars of combat, and in defeat all Orientals expect far more slaughter

than Westerners have ever been willing to make or even think of. Punitive expeditions are necessary and valuable, but let us not overestimate them. As for peaceful methods alone, the Filipino insurgent general, Rufino Deloso, well provided with funds, visited the Lanao country in 1901 to try to make allies of the Moros. There is a suggestion in Rufino's report that as long as his funds held out, the Moros were friendly; no longer. Still Rufino's method was largesses, ours the profit and discipline of work. It can hardly be expected that we shall be able to bring the Moros under full control without further serious difficulties, perhaps wars. The differences between them and us are too great. Occidental and Oriental have met, and the witness feels a new strange meaning in the words, "As far as the East is from the West."

To many who know much of the Moros these differences seem so great that they cry out against any early movement to bring the Moros to our views or under our system. Let alone, they say, the bearing of arms, slavery, polygamy, citizenship, and any attempt at government based on citizenship or on anything else than the one man's rule of the datto or sultan. With this, except as to polygamy, I strongly disagree.

The Moro custom of going always armed to the teeth is deep-rooted, traditional, national, and not to bear arms is a sign of slavery or tribal disgrace; but, despite all this, I have induced hundreds of freemen, Moros, to come without arms to work on the road with the Americans. Results cannot be denied nor theorized against. Further, the very ineffectiveness of these arms, knives, and spears, as compared with new firearms now coming into sight, yet but little into Moro hands, will help to their abandonment.

Slavery is generally declared mild among the Moros and without slavery's usual concomitants. I have known the traditions and effects of slavery in our

own country, — broken families, mother and child separated, concubinage, immorality, degradation, contempt of human rights. They are the same among the Moros without the compensating civilizing effect passing from master to slave as in America. Slavery, I believe, is not so much a Moro as a Mohammedan institution. That the Moros care but little for it is shown by the fact that when runaway slaves have claimed the protection of the United States and been declared free, as they frequently have been, their late masters have accepted the decision with equanimity, and by the further fact that slaves are valued so little, — twenty dollars per head. Among a total population of perhaps 300,000, they cannot be very numerous. For probably a million dollars I believe it would be practicable to buy and liberate them all, — an opportunity for a philanthropist. Nor is it probable that with the little attachment which the Moros display for slavery there would thereafter be any difficulty in preventing a serious return to the institution.

With slavery would go concubinage, open and serious concubinage, I mean; for concubinage, as a general evil, does not exist without slavery. This brings us to polygamy, a related but more serious question.

Polygamy appeals to the Moros. It has appealed to mankind in all ages. To know it we have only to call to mind the strength and popularity of every religion that has approved or allowed it, and especially in our own time and country to note the ready reception by both men and women, and the marvelous growth of that religion which has made polygamy a cardinal doctrine and practice. Of course polygamy is doomed under American rule, and it will have to go from among the Moros. When and how are the only questions. I cannot answer them, yet it would seem that we ought not to expect better or prompter results with the Moros in far Mindanao than

we have had with our Indians and Moros at home.

As for the possibility of a citizenship and civil government for the Moros, there already exists a tendency among them, of which I have spoken, to individualize, an undoubted tendency to personal freedom and independence. Here is something to lay hold of, something on which to begin. The datto system of one man's rule is moribund. Contact with Americans is already pushing it into its grave and putting the freedom of the individual in its place. Such has been the plain results before my own eyes. When the datto failed to lead his people to the Americans, they acted independently and he lost his influence and following. Further, the Moros already exercise some of the functions of citizens. They depose and elect their own sultans and dattos. Among them, also, there is a general recognition of the white man's superiority which makes them more ready to accept the white man's dictum in their affairs. The word of white military authority extinguishing the right of a datto to his slave has been accepted many times without murmur. Two dattos fought in my presence over a question of ownership of an old Spanish blockhouse. I declared it United States property. Said a deputation of neighbors who next day brought the aggressor before me, "If you say he is at fault, we will kill him." Many re-

quests, with some of which I have complied, have been made upon me by Moros to settle controversies between them about arms, debts, thefts, runaway and stolen slaves, and what not. As my camps have advanced into their territory, chief after chief has said: "I ruled here; now you have come, what is your will?" Again, there are among them many men of common rank, many dattos too, who will gladly accept under the white man's powerful government the opportunity to gain distinction among their people. Some have already been doing this. The young Sultan of Marahui risked his life at Bacolod to prevent his people from fighting the Americans; later he risked and lost his life by the horrible disease cholera at Teyaca with the same high purpose. He was our friend. In the world he would have been a hero.

From such conditions — their inclination to throw off the datto system, their tendency to personal freedom or citizenship, their readiness to accept our dictum in their affairs, their existing custom of electing their own dattos — it ought to be no difficult passage to civil government. These things are necessary: the skill to take hold of and turn to account favoring conditions and characteristics, the patience and consideration to allow for Moro ideas and customs, yet the tact and firmness not to allow them to defeat our ends.

R. L. Bullard.

WHISTLER.

WHO was Charles Gleyre? To ask and to answer that question in approaching the art of the late James McNeill Whistler is to draw much nearer, I think, to what is interesting in the genesis of that art, than if we seek to learn where and when the American painter and etcher was born, who his parents

were, and all the other things that are supposed to count, and usually do count, in the development of a man's genius. In Whistler's case they do not count at all, and only the compilers of reference books need trouble themselves about the vexed question as to whether he was born in 1834 or 1835, in Baltimore or

St. Petersburg. He was, himself, always rather mysterious on these points. Perhaps he realized their unimportance, and, in his quizzical way, amused himself by evading the importunities of the intrusive biographer. The well-known story of his youthful indiscretion at West Point tells us nothing essential. After the death of his father, Major George Washington Whistler, who had been summoned to Russia by the Czar Nicholas, to supervise the construction of a railway there, he returned to this country with Mrs. Whistler, and entered the Academy on the Hudson. The famous Coast Survey plate on which he etched half-a-dozen irrelevant heads, thereby inviting a rebuke from his superior, and bringing about the abrupt termination of his military career, is a souvenir of his wayward temper, — nothing more. No, the first salient fact by which we are confronted in his record is his entrance into Gleyre's studio in 1856, and so I return to my question.

Gleyre was a born classicist, a devoted conservator of those principles upon which Ingres had placed his imprimatur, — the only principles, as they thought, which it was rational for French art to follow. Obviously they were, in a measure, wrong. Géricault proved it, Delacroix proved it, the works of all the Romantic and Naturalistic painters, both figure compositions and landscapes, remain an irrefragable proof that Ingres and Gleyre went too far in their academic fury against all things not academic. Less obviously, perhaps, but conclusively enough, they were, in a measure, right. At least they were in harmony with the French genius; at least they preached, in their gospel of "the rectitude of art," the truth that is at the bottom of the most characteristic things in the Salon to-day. But Gleyre, as Whistler's master, ceases for the moment to represent the continuity of French practice — he becomes a protagonist in the great artistic quarrel of the

nineteenth century, that between tradition and temperament. Looking back at the pair in those early days, both men are perceived in a peculiarly interesting light. Gleyre stands for everything that has been formulated and accepted. Whistler, a mere youth, is already bent upon revolution, and the odd thing is that all his resources for the struggle were accumulated in his own nature; he drew nothing from the comrades who, like himself, sought an outlet from the stifling atmosphere of the Academy. That is why his period of pupilage is so important to remember. Even then he was a kind of solitary, the influence of Gleyre only serving to accentuate his detachment from the reigning school. Never in later life did he more vividly demonstrate his title to a place apart in modern art than when he defied the very representative of officialdom to whom he had come to be taught.

I have said that he drew nothing from his more independent comrades. Degas was among them; he knew other Frenchmen since become celebrated, like that painter, for successful rebellion against routine, and he shared in their high erected talk. He did not share in any of their new movements to the extent of trying to do what they were trying to do. If he suffered rejection with Manet, for example, from the Salon, and thereupon sought recompense, with that artist, in the Salon des Refusés, it was by virtue of qualities entirely his own, and bearing the stamp of no school, impressionistic or what not, that he was scorned in the one place and welcomed in the other. I name Manet at this point because the contrast between his work and Whistler's in their time of trial is especially suggestive. The Frenchman's great sensation in the Salon des Refusés of 1863 was made with his now famous — then merely notorious — *Le Déjeuner sur l'Herbe*. The American sent *La Femme Blanche*, the first of his three early Symphonies in White. The

position taken by both painters amounted in effect to this: that they cared nothing for subject as subject, but were solicitous solely for the charm to be got out of the sheer manipulation of paint. The difference between them, beginning in temperament, ended in something like a total separation of their ideals. To Manet the incongruity of his nude bather, grouped beneath the trees near a stream, with two men in the coats and trousers of modern life, was of no earthly consequence. He was not painting an anecdote, he was painting an effect of light and air. But he really gives us more than this, he puts life into his figures and his scene, the life of the world we live in, something that moves and breathes and has a very human interest. Brilliant as a technician, Manet was most brilliant in putting his technique at the service of truth. What Velasquez and Hals taught him he used in a large, robust spirit. The scales had fallen from his eyes. The world was intensely real to him. His eyes devoured the substance of life, and his hands thrilled with a sense of power as he seized it and transferred it to canvas, its vitality heightened rather than diminished, and its appeal directed to the layman, caring for mankind hardly less, than to the dilettanti of "pure painting."

Whistler had felt the magic of Velasquez, and he was weary, as Manet was, of the cold, sapless fruits of the Academy. But it was no more in his nature to face the truth as Manet faced it than it was in his nature to emulate his contemporary's prodigious vigor. *La Femme Blanche* is not, like any one of Manet's figures, a being whose humanity cannot be denied, — one sees in this canvas simply the graceful wearer of a white dress which the artist has wanted to paint against a white curtain, and the same atmosphere as of technical experimentation hangs about *The Little White Girl* of 1864, and the third of the "symphonic" studies, painted in 1867. These canvases are all

interiors. Not for him the luminosity, which, for Manet, Monet, and all the rest of the Impressionists, meant a new and indispensable factor in art. He sought cooler tones, in a still, sequestered world of his own; untroubled by the nervous tension of familiar life; unlit by anything so garish as the sun, — detached, in a word, from ordinary reality. Long afterwards, alluding to his great portrait of his mother, which he called an *Arrangement* in Grey and Black, he protested that while its personal associations were interesting to him, the public could have no legitimate concern with that side of the work. "It must stand or fall," he asserted, "on its merits as an arrangement." This was his attitude in the sixties, when he was feeling his way toward the expression of his ideal, and he never abandoned it. He was furious with Mr. Hamerton for complaining, in *The Saturday Review*, that there were more varieties of tint in the *Symphony in White*, No. III. than could be squared with a literal interpretation of the title. "Bon Dieu!" he exclaims, "did this wise person expect white hair and chalked faces? And does he then, in his astounding consequence, believe that a symphony in F contains no other note, but shall be a continued repetition of F, F, F? . . . Fool!"

The critic had certainly committed a *bêtise*, but this is not to say that Whistler deserved no criticism at all in those earlier days. On the contrary, it is very easy to exaggerate the value of the three paintings I have named. They are immensely interesting as illustrations of a kind of art unlike anything that had previously been done, and in the middle member of the trio particularly, the note struck is not simply so new, but so charming that it is, at first blush, a little difficult to understand why Paris was so slow in applauding the painter. The truth is that the absence in Whistler of that power which we have seen in Manet was destined, not altogether unjustly, to keep him for a long time out of his own. Pre-

occupied with the *nuance* of tone, trying to achieve in painting an effect which finds its parallel in, say, the music of Chopin, or the poetry of Verlaine, he neglected to so perfect himself in the handling of his brushes that one would see his effects and nothing else. As a matter of fact one sees a great deal else, a point which Whistler's thick and thin admirers are absurdly unwilling to concede. "The work of the master," he somewhere says, "reeks not of the sweat of the brow, — suggests no effort, — and is finished from its beginning." Consider the want of limpidity in the surfaces, the want of elasticity in the lines, of the three Symphonies in White, and judge if there is no sign of effort in those works. Of masterful ease there is assuredly no suggestion. Some charm of tone is there, and the savor of genius is unmistakably present, but it is tone that needs to take on a purer transparency; it is genius that is not yet in full possession of itself. What Whistler himself thought of his first essays in paint is shown by an episode taken from a much later period in his career. He found, in an English collection, a picture he had painted, and painted so badly that he longed to destroy it. So anxious was he to do this that he offered to paint a full-length portrait of the owner, and another of his wife, in exchange for this ghost from his past!

If from the start he had been only a painter, the explanation of his deficiencies could be the more speedily found, but it is one of the interesting things about Whistler that, just as he makes his *début* in painting, and starts the critic on an analytic pursuit, the latter is brought athwart the etchings, and, for the moment, must see his subject in a very different light. Again the name of Gleyre presents itself. Looking simply to the three Symphonies in White one would say that he, to whom draughtsmanship was as the soul of art, had not taught his pupil to draw. Not down to the end of his career was Whistler to draw with

the brush as most other masters have drawn, — masters as unlike one another as Velasquez, Titian, Raphael, Mantegna, and Ingres. But with the etching needle in his hand he drew as only Rembrandt had drawn before him, with a precision, a delicacy, a power, which, perhaps, after all, not Ingres and Gleyre together could have taught him. These qualities appeared in his first etchings, the French Set of 1858; and when the Thames Set was finished a year or so later, he had developed his art to a remarkable point of self-possession and force. Altogether he produced nearly four hundred plates, and, while they vary in excellence, there is not one in the collection which is without some touch disclosing the great artist.

For convenience these etchings may be roughly divided into four groups. The first two have just been named. In them, and in the etchings of the sixties, brilliance both of line and tone is the predominating characteristic. Then, around the early seventies, Whistler modified his manner, sketched the figure with a freer point, and often substituted for the rich tones, the velvety blacks and deep browns of his earlier plates, a grayer and more impalpable veil of color, approximating more to the key of certain of his paintings. Several years passed, and in Venice he entered upon a new phase, exchanging the full firm line of his first plates for a looser, more stenographic form of expression. Thereafter, in plates done in France, Belgium, and Holland, and in some delightful notes of a British naval review, he adhered to much the same method. The point of view from which he made all his etchings is well exhibited in a passage from one of his letters to a friend who happened to be staying in Stuttgart at the time, and had written him of the picturesque of that place. "It sounds delightful," he says. "I have never been to Stuttgart, but should fancy it a most fascinating old town. Is it full of quaint little daintinesses for me to carry off?

— and is the town a dear Old-World spot — withdrawn quite from the circulating tourist? ” This was ever his mood, one of immediate sympathy for dainty picturesqueness, and what makes the fragment I have quoted doubly characteristic is its indication of his tendency to look for that quality in what I may call the immobile aspects of a city. If he seeks movement at all, it is in the lines of shipping on the Thames, or it is in the men and women who enliven a street or square, — and over these idlers or passers-by he pauses only long enough deftly to summarize them, and to furnish his composition with some sign of life.

Why did he not make more of the human figure in his etchings? He was not altogether without resource in this direction. In fact, some of his portraits, like the Drouet, for example, or several others of men, women, and children, show a fine sense of form. I think the reason why we find among his plates none of the dramatic figure subjects that we find in the etched work of Rembrandt, whom he equals otherwise, is that he was not interested in human nature for its own sake; indeed, I sometimes wonder if he was interested in it at all, if the passion and poetry of life were not, to him, a sealed book. In his Ten O’Clock lecture Whistler speaks of Art being selfishly occupied with her own perfection only, having no desire to teach; and in illustration of her disposition to seek the beautiful in all conditions and in all times, he cites “her high priest” Rembrandt, who, he goes on, “saw picturesque grandeur and noble dignity in the Jews’ Quarter of Amsterdam, and lamented not that its inhabitants were not Greeks.” The point is well taken, yet we can imagine Rembrandt protesting to Whistler, — if they are now somewhere talking together of their earthly experiences, — protesting that his position in the matter had been understated; that he saw a good deal more than picturesque grandeur and

noble dignity in the Jews’ Quarter at Amsterdam and wherever else he sought his models; that he saw, and felt, the emotions by which the faces of those models were marked, by which their frames had been made significant of the soul’s travail. We cannot imagine Whistler illustrating the Scriptures as Rembrandt illustrated them. To have done so he would have had to suffer a transformation of his whole nature, to have learned that there is more in mankind than the materials for an “arrangement” in line or color. Furthermore, even if he had had an impulse toward Rembrandt’s way of looking at things, it is probable that he would have failed through his lack of anatomical knowledge. His portraits, I repeat, are often masterly, but he needed an even greater command over the secrets of the figure than they reveal to put forth elaborate compositions. I note the fact with little or no regret, however, for in his chosen field Whistler made such beautiful etchings that it would be foolish to wish that he had done something else.

Architecture, seemingly so fixed a phenomenon, nevertheless presents itself to different eyes with the most drastic differences. To Méryon it is again and again a symbol of mystery and of eerie, even tragic beauty. To a man of the light temperament of Lalanne it is an affair of grace and elegance. To Whistler it meant a picturesqueness from which now and then a certain romantic glamour might seem inseparable, but which he sought to express quite unemotionally. We know what he could see in the Thames: “The evening mist clothes the riverside with poetry as with a veil, and the poor buildings lose themselves in the dim sky, and the tall chimneys become campanili, and the warehouses are palaces in the night, and the whole city hangs in the heavens and fairyland is before us.” But it was as the colorist, as the painter, that he wrote these words. As an etcher it was not fairyland that he saw, whether on the

Thames or in Venice, it was simply a world of picturesque buildings and boats, dim arches that held subtle beauties of light and shade, delicate traceries of stone or metal that made in his plates an effective "pattern." There is poetry in it, the sensuous poetry that appeals solely to the eye. It has none of the deeper implications of the art produced by a man looking, involuntarily, beneath the surface. But let us have done with qualifications. In his own sphere of etching Whistler is incomparable.

Edmond de Goncourt, in that amazing journal which preserves so much of the gossip he and his brother loved, quotes Legros as saying to him, in 1882, "Whistler, oui, c'est pas mal . . . c'est de la jolie eau-forte d'amateur!" How, I wonder, could an artist as accomplished as Legros is himself utter a remark like this! If there is one thing more than another which is demonstrated by Whistler's etchings it is that in them he enjoys absolute control of his needle; that here he is a master from whom no secrets of technique are hid. It is not simply that he is letter-perfect, so to say, that he abides by every canon of the art. It is that from beginning to end his style seems to have been so sinewy, so strong, so wonderfully buoyant. At the outset his line is forcible and clear. It is often deeply bitten, and while he knows well what to omit, he gives one an impression — notably in the Thames set — of objects patiently observed and very carefully noted. In his later Venetian studies he skims the copper with a lighter hand, leaves out a great deal more detail, secures the tenderest atmospheric effects, and, in brief, refines his art without losing any strength. All through the long succession of plates he enchants us with his faculty for extorting from his material the loveliest webs of line, the loveliest passages of tone. He is superb in composition, whether he be etching the old tenements that line the Thames, with rocking masts and the delicate lines of

rigging to break the monotony of their homely façades, or is commemorating some infinitely more romantic theme in France or Venice. He is always sufficiently pictorial, no matter what his subject may be, and always conscious of the special quality of the etcher's art, knowing how to adjust his material to it, seeking the lines that will best form an interesting arabesque. His style is unique. No etcher in the past, not Rembrandt or Claude; no one in his own time, not Méryon or Haden, ever saw his subject quite as he saw it, or handled it quite as he handled it. All those masters have qualities which he lacked. We have observed how Rembrandt outsoars him in intellectual and spiritual grasp. Whistler could never interpret landscape as Haden has interpreted it. But in strength and beauty of line, in brilliance of style, Whistler's etchings form a body of work with which the masterpieces of Rembrandt and Haden are alone worthy to be grouped. I have seen, written by him on a proof of one of Rembrandt's noblest portraits, these words: "Without flaw. Beautiful as a Greek marble or a canvas by Tintoret. A masterpiece in all its elements, beyond which there is nothing." The familiar butterfly affixed to this tribute carried a discomfiting suggestion with it. Could any of the works of art bearing that dainty emblem deserve such heroic praise? Perhaps not. Whistler never rose, like Rembrandt, to the heroic plane. Nevertheless, so far as they go, his etchings are "without flaw."

In all the years from which they date he was steadily painting portraits and pictures. Finding no encouragement in Paris he soon went to live in London, where he made his home for many years. He could hardly expect to find in Chelsea a more sympathetic environment than he had found in Paris, but too much has been made of what his surroundings may have signified to him in either place. For a painter of his predilections the only things needful were a

studio and an occasional patron. He did not paint French life when he was in France. He never thought of painting English life when he came to England, but went on along the lines laid down in those Symphonies in White to which I have already referred. Some commentators have been astonished at his intimacy with Rossetti. It was entirely natural. The fact that they did not paint in the same fashion is beside the question. Where they were absolutely united was in preferring, as artists, a kind of curtained existence, in which they could ignore the claims of the schools and the world in general, and make pictures as far removed from the joys and troubles of mere humanity as so many pieces of Oriental porcelain. Rossetti, embracing with enthusiasm the pre-Raphaelite ideal of fidelity to nature, never took the trouble to learn how to paint, so that he might put the truth on canvas with some degree of accuracy. He cared not for the scenes outside his house and garden, but for the scenes in the poets. He dreamed iridescent dreams, and, reflecting them in his work after his own self-willed esoteric fashion, was content. He and Whistler must have been vastly pleased with themselves as they stood aloof from everything that was making the history of their time, and, with scornful chuckles, cultivated each his hidden plot of ground. Whistler was the surer of remaining comparatively undisturbed in his seclusion because of his rare gift for quarreling. He was a difficult man to get on with, and the wrecks of friendships were scattered through his career in appalling profusion. It is said that there still survives somewhere a portrait he painted of the late Mr. Naylor Leyland, after he had decorated the famous Peacock Room in that gentleman's London house, and had parted from him in a rage. In this portrait the mild-mannered collector is given horns and hoofs, and is transformed into a ramping devil. True or not, the tale does no injustice to

Whistler, who loved the fray, and, when offended, was capable of taking a stinging revenge. He made himself feared, in short, and, even in the midst of society, that must have helped to create a spiritual loneliness for him. If he suffered any loss thereby he never knew it. Supremely self-centred, — "You cannot serve the Republic, . . . and Whistler," he once wrote to a friend, — he threw himself into his work and exploited his own ideas with an absorption and a conviction of right which we cannot but admire.

The results of his labors, portraits, marines, and pictures like the *Fireworks at Cremorne*, which proved such a memorable stumbling-block to Mr. Ruskin, were, in general, slow in forthcoming. Was it his early distaste for rudimentary instruction that left him handicapped, as it were, and caused him to proceed upon a canvas, as a rule, with the greatest deliberation? Or was it that the subtlety of tone he was always seeking could not be attained at a stroke? There are stories of the miraculous facility with which he could paint a picture, of the consummate skill with which he could brush in a detail, without a moment's hesitation, leaving it perfect. It will be remembered that at the Ruskin trial he testified that he had painted the *Fireworks at Cremorne* in "about a day." The point, he thought, was immaterial, for in asking two hundred guineas for the picture he argued that he was asking to be paid, not for the work of a day, but for "the knowledge of a lifetime." The question, however, of whether he was a rapid or a slow painter, a sure or a hesitating one, is interesting, for it really bears upon the essential character of his art.

It is not, in respect to technique, with the grand masters that he is to be grouped. One of the traits of those masters is a certain momentum, as of a creative force passing through the world, boldly, majestically, and leaving land-

marks in its wake. It is not Rubens alone who suggests this idea of propulsive energy and great weight, or Michael Angelo, or Hals. Even the serene Velasquez suggests it. We have all heard a great deal about Whistler's resemblance to the Spaniard, and it is there, but not where the central springs of action, the very divine spark of genius and its free fruitful movements, are concerned. The greatest art, no matter how complex in design it may be, is unmistakably spontaneous. Whistler's art was not of that highest order; it is more apt to suggest the slow and painstaking building up of an effect. Where you find the resemblance between him and Velasquez is in the gradations that he gets out of blacks and grays and whites; in the simplicity with which he poses a figure against a neutral background; in the texture of his color throughout. We may go further and say that he had a sense of values akin to that of Velasquez himself. But if we keep in mind what Whistler was driving at, and what he actually accomplished, we must admit that a meaning he never intended can easily be read into his much quoted retort, "Why drag in Velasquez?" For one thing, Velasquez, as Whistler himself pointed out, "made his people live within their frames, and *stand upon their legs*." That was not precisely Whistler's own aim, except in a few rare instances. His figures are not so much human beings, living within their frames and standing upon their legs, as they are lovely apparitions, alluring visions of charming women gliding through some place of dim lights and hovering shadows. The portrait of Lady Meux, known as the *Harmony in Pink and Gray*, may or may not be a good portrait. There is no mistaking its beauty as a piece of color, a harmony really musical in its purity and sweetness. Again, in lower keys, the portrait of Miss Rosa Corder, *Arrangement in Black and Brown*, and the study in the same colors

known as *The Fur Jacket*, a similar impression of something faint, elusive, and most delicately sensuous is conveyed. There are other portraits which recur to me, particularly *La Dame au Brodequin Jaune*, and the dainty portrait of Miss Alexander, *Harmony in Gray and Green*, a picture of childhood, which has no parallel in modern art save Mr. Sargent's *Little Miss Beatrice Goelet*. But I pass over all these studies of blooming femininity; I pass over such delightfully decorative schemes as *The Balcony*, *The Music Room*, *The Gold Screen*, and *The Lange Leizen of the Six Marks*, to reach the two most renowned canvases that Whistler painted — his portrait of his mother, which now hangs in the Luxembourg, and the portrait of Carlyle in old age, which, in recent years, has been acquired by the Corporation of Glasgow.

I cannot better indicate the character of these two masterpieces than by saying that when one has seen them one instinctively revises his impression of all the painter's other canvases. The bulk of his work is charming. The *Portrait of the Artist's Mother* and the *Thomas Carlyle* are much more than that. To realize the difference is to see the unwisdom of being stampeded by a man's fame into accepting everything he does as necessarily a triumph of genius. It is well to acclaim the genius of Whistler. We only darken counsel when we grow hysterical over it. For my own part I believe that his numerous portraits of women, while sure to survive as paintings of great individuality, and of a very delicate beauty, would not carry Whistler's name unquestioned down to posterity if he had not also painted his portrait of his mother, and the Carlyle. Those rank him with the old masters. The others, if they formed his sole legacy to the galleries of the world, would keep him among the men just below the best. The reason is obvious the moment one puts prejudice aside and looks at things as they are. The mark of the great

picture in every epoch has been a mark of organic balance. The painter has realized his conception with absolute felicity. Nothing could be added. Nothing could be taken away. Everything in the picture, composition, drawing, modeling, color, the personality of the sitter, when the picture is a portrait, contributes to one end, and that is a unit of beauty. Can it be said of any of Whistler's portraits of young women that they fulfill these conditions as the portrait of his mother fulfills them? He may have denied a thousand times our right to interest ourselves in his mother's personality. Long after her name and his, perhaps, have vanished from the frame, men would look on this canvas and prize it as the portrait of an individual. It would be the same with the Carlyle; characterization is of immense importance in both works. But it is the rounded perfection of them that I would chiefly emphasize, the noble simplicity with which, in each case, Whistler has given form to his idea.

The curtain and framed picture which figure in the background of the portrait of his mother, the two pictures and the butterfly introduced for the same decorative purpose in the Carlyle, give us no sense of artificiality, of painfully sought effect, that we feel in looking at so many of what I may designate as his minor achievements. In his two unqualifiedly great paintings he rises to a seriousness which he was only too seldom disposed to cultivate. In them he shows the "noble dignity" which he attributed to Rembrandt. Survey his work as a figure painter from beginning to end and it seems as if all his life he were trying for something wholly fine, came near it again and again, but only twice, when he painted the portraits I have chosen, saw his heart's desire satisfied. I say "his heart's desire" because at bottom he is just as faithful to himself in his pair of masterpieces as in his other paintings. He attempted nothing new.

He did violence to none of his cherished theories. The two portraits are as much "arrangements" as anything he ever painted,—only they are more completely successful as such. He is the butterfly here as elsewhere. This, indeed, ought never to be forgotten, for even when he holds his own amongst the old masters, it is through his possession of a quality quite different from that to which they, in the main, owe their preëminence. He is not strong as they are strong, he has not their conquering might. Some one has defined taste as the feminine of genius, and Whistler is the incarnation of taste. Once, talking with a companion about the energy and skill shown by certain painters conspicuous in modern art, he remarked, with a gentle deprecating humor that robbed his words of all complacency, that while he admired the men in question, he could not but feel that he had put something into his own work which theirs lacked. He called it distinction, and the epithet is a happy one. Whistler's figure pieces may not carry us off our feet, but with a quietude and a persuasiveness that, in these days especially, are above rubies, they exert the spell of high distinction. There have been more masculine painters; but none has surpassed him in expressing on canvas the quintessence of refinement.

The dangers to which an exemplar of this kind of art is exposed I have emphasized in glancing at Whistler's minor portraits, those curiously "precious" productions that so narrowly escape unreality, because in portraiture an excessively decorative and too exquisite method is the more seriously to be questioned. In his Nocturnes, on the other hand, and in his other daring variations on themes provided by scenes out of doors, Whistler has far less to fear. In them he is untroubled by any question of form, he is not handicapped by the necessity of giving even an approximately clear statement of facts. Returning again to his testimony in the suit

he brought against Ruskin, we find him admitting, as to the famous Fireworks picture, that "if it were called a view of Cremorne, it would certainly bring about nothing but disappointment on the part of the beholders." On the same occasion, when his *Nocturne in Blue and Silver* was produced in court, he said, "It represents Battersea Bridge by moonlight," but when Baron Huddleston asked him if he would describe the picture as a correct representation of the subject, he replied, "I did not intend it to be a 'correct' portrait of the bridge. It is only a moonlight scene, and the pier in the centre of the picture may not be like the piers at Battersea Bridge as you know them in broad daylight. As to what the picture represents that depends upon who looks at it. To some persons it may represent all that is intended; to others it may represent nothing. . . . My whole scheme was only to bring about a certain harmony of color." With such an ambition it is clearly unnecessary for a painter to give any such place to the truths of nature as was given to them by, for example, the members of the Barbizon school. Nature, in fact, merely provides him with an excuse for the exercise of his virtuosity.

Whistler is not the only modern painter representing this principle. Monticelli, in his studies of sylvan glades obscurely peopled with shapes that might be those of fair women or fairer wraiths, invented chromatic splendors which, at their best, are as distinguished in their way as Whistler's elegiac harmonies. Other men of lesser ability have worked in the same vein. The special value of Whistler's *Nocturnes* resides in the ravishing beauty of their color, the poetry of their sentiment, and the piquancy of their style. He could, when he chose, paint a sparkling little water color of the sea, not only beautiful but true; he could paint a picture like his *Thames in Ice*, as realistic as a work of Courbet's. But he was happiest in those paintings, like the

Crepuscle in Flesh Color and Green, *Valparaiso*; or the *Nocturne, Gray and Gold*, — *Chelsea, Snow*, in which our appreciation of the scene is altogether subsidiary to our enjoyment of the color in which he has enveloped it. The two pyrotechnical nocturnes, *The Fire Wheel* and *The Falling Rocket*, though not perhaps his finest works in this field, are certainly the most instructive, for in them he carried his theories to their ultimate conclusion, eschewing all tangible facts, and aiming at his effect almost as though he had no pictorial intention at all, but were covering a panel with color as an Oriental craftsman powders a box with gold. Painting these *Nocturnes* and *Symphonies* and *Harmonies*, he gave to art a new sensation, one in which the more esoteric charm of his genius is extraordinarily beguiling.

Incidentally he showed to the world his rare versatility. But still he was not satisfied, and having given his measure in painting and etching, he insisted upon being recognized as a writer. He was a witty man, and he wrote like one. Two books stand to his credit. *The Gentle Art of Making Enemies*, which he published in 1890, contains his account of the Ruskin trial, his *Ten O'Clock* lecture, and a quantity of squibs and letters indited in scorn of his critics and other persons who had annoyed him. In *The Baronet and the Butterfly: a Valentine with a Verdict*, which dates from 1899, he set forth at considerable length the details of the litigation in which he was involved with Sir William Eden over a portrait he had painted of the baronet's wife. This second book has no serious claim upon the reader. It records an episode in which the artist shone with a good deal less than his accustomed brilliance, and it shows him, to tell the truth, in no very engaging mood. *The Gentle Art of Making Enemies*, however, is sure to be preserved, for it contains many of Whistler's ideas on art, and is, to boot, abundantly amusing. The ideas signify,

first and last, that the artist is an isolated phenomenon, seeking beauty for its own sake, and quite beyond the understanding of the Philistine, who should merely bow before his work and be thankful for the privilege. The critic, by the way, is always a Philistine. "There never was an artistic period. There never was an Art-loving nation." In all ages the artist has been an unexplainable gift of God to mankind, — though from the way in which Whistler leaves mankind out of the question it might perhaps be more accurate to interpret him as arguing that the artist simply "happens," and is his own sole reason for existing. Art, he says, "is a goddess of dainty thought, — reticent of habit, abjuring all obtrusiveness, purposing in no way to better others." Her leading principle in the pursuit of beauty is one of selection. "Nature contains the elements, in color and form, of all pictures, as the keyboard contains the notes of all music. . . . To say to the painter that Nature is to be taken as she is, is to say to the player, that he may sit on the piano." In aphorisms like these Whistler threw light on his own work, and restated elements in the broad philosophy of art which any one might learn from intelligent study of the masters, but which it was well to have expressed as deftly and pungently as he expressed them. The Bible of Art, he once called his book, in half-mocking, half-proud humor. It is not that, but it is unquestionably a stimulating volume.

The epigrams it contains, the steel points on which he impaled his enemies, are glittering and sometimes venomous, but though Whistler had a malice all his own, his humor is so delightful that even his victims must have enjoyed many of his thrusts. He had a rare gift for repartee. When he talked of the "shock of surprise that was Balaam's when the first great critic proffered his opinion," and a commentator in *Vanity Fair*, turning to the Scriptures, gleefully pointed out that "*the Ass was right*, although,

because he was an Ass," it took him but a moment to send this retort: "I find, on searching again, that historically you are right. The fact, doubtless, explains the conviction of the race in their mission, but I fancy you will admit that this is the *only Ass on record* who ever *did* 'see the Angel of the Lord!' and that we are past the age of Miracles." In the catalogue for the exhibition of etchings which he held in London in 1883, he created much mirth by placing under the titles quotations from his critics, and very comical was the result. One of the gentlemen cited, Mr. Frederick Wedmore, complained that he had been misrepresented, that he had been quoted as using the word "understand" when he had really written "understate." Whistler promptly apologized. "My carelessness is culpable," he said, "and the misprint without excuse; for naturally I have all along known, and the typographer should have been duly warned, that with Mr. Wedmore, as with his brethren, it is always a matter of understating, and not at all one of understanding." How many more instances of his readiness and ruthlessness might be given! The list is endless, for not only is *The Gentle Art of Making Enemies* packed with sharp sayings, but all his life Whistler barbed his words, and hundreds of his witticisms have been widely circulated, either in print or in the talk of those who have known him. Naturally his diabolical instinct for the biting phrase has reacted upon the public estimate of his character as a man, and in many quarters the accepted view is that which Degas is said to have once expressed to his face, that one would hardly suspect from his talk and demeanor that he was a great artist.

That, I confess, was my own first impression of him, for as he minced about his drawing-room in the Rue de Bac one summer morning a dozen years ago, flourishing a bird cage before my eyes like a dancer flirting a fan, he seemed as un-

like an eminent painter as any one I have ever seen. But this was mere surface froth, which disappeared as one came to know him better. He was, even in his gravest moments, a distinctly picturesque figure, slight, erect, and with gestures of the most birdlike vivacity. Yet he had withal admirable dignity, and to the picturesqueness of his personality there was added the charm of his talk. At one moment most suavely courteous, at another vehement to the point of rudeness, he captivated you often by what he had to say, and entertained you always by the way in which he said it. Of course he made enemies, but, equally of course, he made many friends, and kept more of them than, with his pose of defiance toward everybody, he was perhaps willing to admit. "A friend, my dear X!" he once wrote to one who had rendered him a service, "a tried friend! I doubt if I shall know how to deal with him! I have no habit, — and you might alter the whole plan of my life." Not long before his death he wrote, "I learn that I have, lurking in London, still a friend, though for the life of me I cannot remember his name." That was only pretty Fanny's way. The making of enemies indubitably afforded him a kind of fearful joy, but there were lovable traits in his nature, kindness, and generosity, and affection for children, and to lay stress upon his quarrels is to do a deep injustice to his memory. When Du Maurier sneered at Whistler, under the name of Joe Sibley, in *Trilby*, he did more than commit a breach of good breeding; he showed how thoroughly he had misunderstood the comrade of his Bohemian days in Paris. It would be absurd to deny Whistler's cruelty, or his occasional lapses from good taste. He pursued some of the objects of his wrath with more temper than manners. The Baronet and the Butterfly especially contains some striking evidence in this direction, and *The Gentle Art of Making Enemies* is not without illustrations of his less edify-

ing aspect. It is certain, however, that, as time goes on, Whistler's character, being more clearly understood, will be more sympathetically regarded.

His fame as an artist is already fixed, and has, indeed, been fixed for a long time, though he liked to keep up the fiction that the world was unworthy of him, — it was part of his plan of aloofness, — and there are quaint admirers of his who persist in talking, and writing, as if, after all his efforts, he had made no impression upon his time. He was never popular as Leighton or Bouguereau was popular. It was not until late in his career that he received high prices for his pictures. But Whistler is the last artist in the world for us to consider with reference to what ordinarily constitutes popularity. He did not paint for the many; he painted, if ever a man did, for the few; and he never lacked the appreciation which must have been dearer to a man of his stripe than any material benefit. As far back as 1872, when he sent his portrait of his mother to the Royal Academy, and it was threatened with rejection, Sir William Boxall declared that he would withdraw from the council if it were not accepted. There is an anecdote of his going down to Hughenden, without waiting for the formality of an invitation, to paint Lord Beaconsfield's portrait. The great man did not rise to the situation, but he gave Whistler his friendship. (I cannot omit the episode of the Prime Minister's walking arm in arm with the painter down Whitehall, and Whistler's *mot*, "If only my creditors could see!") He knew hundreds of the celebrities of his day, and many of them understood and valued him. Why, therefore, should we bewail his sad fate, talking of him as a man who had suffered much? If he had times of privation, so have other great men had them. Others have known what it has meant to have the bailiff at the door.

On the whole, Whistler's career was a singularly rich and happy one. He

did the work he wanted to do, and did it in his own way. He had hosts of friends, — when he lost them it was usually through his own fault; and he did not have long to wait for the approval of his fellow painters. For a generation his influence has been acknowledged in the studios, and probably no artist of his time has received more frequently the sincerest form of flattery. His etchings have long been prized by connoisseurs and assiduously collected; the moment it was announced that he had taken up lithography, some eight or ten years ago, his sketches in this medium were at once eagerly sought. His paintings all found owners, and when the sale of what he left in his studio takes place, we may be sure that it will be well attended, and that competition for his works will be fierce. His two best portraits hang, as I have noted, in the Luxembourg and in the Public Gallery at Glasgow respectively. The *Sarasate* is at Pittsburg; the Boston Museum of Fine Arts has his Blacksmith and one or two other things, and elsewhere in America numbers of his pictures may be found in private galleries. The critics he contemned may in some cases, at the outset, have undervalued him. But there has never

been anything visible in the public prints even remotely resembling the general ignorance of his art, and the foolish distaste for it, which he liked to attribute to the critics, pretending that they were arrayed in a conspiracy of dullness and fatuity against him. He was eulogized everywhere when he died. He had been eulogized for years before the end came.

He passed from the scene full of years and honors, secure of the applause of his peers and of that of a much larger section of the multitude than, with his strange temperament, it would have suited him to admit. He leaves no school, but that is natural enough. His art is inimitable. He could help greatly to purify the taste of his time, he could give to painters, and to laymen too, some valuable hints on color, and he made the "arrangement" in portraiture popular. But his influence, though wide, as I have said, has been more a corrective than a constructive force. Imitation of him has led to nothing more than — imitation. His is not the kind of art that, imposing itself upon men, starts an evolutionary movement. He meant it to exist in and for itself alone, and so it does, like some rare orchid that has no prototype and can have no successor.

Royal Cortissoz.

"GO NOT TOO FAR."

Go not too far — too far beyond my gaze,
 Thou who canst never pass beyond the yearning
 Which, even as the dark for dawning stays,
 Awaits thy loved returning!

Go not too far! Howe'er thy fancies roam,
 Let them come back, wide-circling, like the swallow,
 Lest I, for very need, should try to come —
 Yet find I could not follow!

Florence Earle Coates.

STÉPHANE MALLARMÉ.

My first visit to Stéphane Mallarmé was made one day just after leaving the house of M. Paul Bourget; and I seldom think of the poet without also thinking of the novelist.

To go from the residence of M. Bourget to that of Mallarmé was like going from one city to another. From the Faubourg Saint-Germain to the Rue de Rome one passes from a world of conventional refinement to a quarter of Paris with no historic or social interest. Independent, both in the intellectual and the material sense of the word, M. Bourget chose that part of the city which suited his tastes. Mallarmé had to live not where he pleased, but where he could. The street inhabited by the novelist was flanked by old walls, behind which lay the mansions of the old nobility. And the interior of his residence was in keeping with the customs and the modes of the neighborhood. Subdued in tone, yet richly furnished, the place had the air of refinement which one is accustomed to see in the houses of the conservative aristocracy.

It always gives one pleasure to see artists and writers living in comfort, removed from the noise and distractions of the world; but I found Mallarmé living in a house that resembled thousands of other houses. There was no distinctive character in anything, except in the man himself. M. Bourget is a personal power in his writings. Mallarmé showed his power in manner, disposition, and personal charm. Without his personality his literature alone would hardly have attracted so many writers of different schools.

Mallarmé's reception room was so small that a company of fifteen persons filled it. Yet, to this little room, containing nothing but a centre-table and chairs, came the intellectual youth of France, representing every school and social grade, — future academicians, deputies, diplo-

mats, novelists, editors, historians, and composers, the visitors being of all ages, but principally under thirty.

The yoke of officialdom lies heavy on the neck of genius. Mallarmé was one of the few who remained independent. But even in this he did not try, — it was the nature of the man. To see him stand by the fireplace rolling a cigarette, talking in a low voice, half to himself, half to his visitors, was to see a man free from conventional bondage. And it was like arriving at a cool mountain-spring after a long tramp through a burning desert. The visitor came here without fear, hindrance, or hypocrisy. The body rested while the spirit was being refreshed. There was neither loud talk, discussion, attempt at wit, nor striving after effect. This little room was the one place in Paris where the soul could manifest itself in freedom. Everywhere else pose and persiflage were in order. Any one coming here with the airs of a patron would, in a few moments, settle down in his seat, subdued, transformed by the serenity of the place.

Once I witnessed the arrival of an obstreperous visitor; but Mallarmé, with his usual easy manner, let silence bring about the miracle of subjugation. The visitor, once seated, was soon overcome by the collective calm. When he tried to lead the conversation the host allowed him to talk for a time, then, turning to M. Henri de Régnier, sitting in the corner by the fireside, he addressed him in an undertone, thus adroitly shifting the loud talker to one side. This was the only salon where a company dared to sit for any time without a clatter of words. In the other salons animated conversation was considered the correct thing; without it people would feel troubled or bored; at other houses it was the custom for visitors to seek the acquaintance of other

visitors, the host, in many cases, being, like Leconte de Lisle, incapable of holding the attention of a company.

Whistler and Manet have pictured the poet at two periods of his life. Whistler's subtle and striking portrait suggests the apparition of an extraordinary personality between two epochs, — the old and the new. Time, like a dream, has settled over his features as the mists of twilight over an enchanted landscape; there is a suggestion of a poetic veil separating him from the world like the smoke from his cigarette which, he said, he used as a screen between himself and the crowd.

In Manet's canvas the poet is younger and reminds one of Deroy's portrait of Baudelaire. The expression is anxious, the figure restless; the conflict between the poetic and the material is at its height; he has not yet learned how to discard the perplexing, dismiss the puerile, enter the sanctuary of his own gods and abide contented there. For the truth is that, although Mallarmé was born in Paris, and had experienced the innovations of the Second Empire and the Third Republic, the bourgeois realism of M. Zola, the pretensions of unoriginal minds like the Goncourts, and the provincial irony of critics like M. Jules Lemaitre, he belonged to the *ancien régime*. Mallarmé was an intellectual aristocrat. His tranquil dignity, spiritual poise, politeness without hypocrisy or affectation, his freedom from the usual vulgarities of a society skilled in the art of sensation and puffery, made him conspicuous. But there was method in the obscurity of his literary manner. He was obscure with a purpose, and that purpose was to keep the crowd beyond his door. He would also make it an impossibility for the critic *à la mode*, be he a Brunetière or a Lemaitre, to scale the barriers of his poetic domain.

When I first knew Mallarmé, in 1889, the official professors were in a strange state of ignorance respecting his influence. Here was a man, living very near the borders of actual want, exercising a

power which no millionaire could claim. Here was an intellectual magnet that attracted other intellects, causing young poets, artists, and journalists to mount four flights of stairs once a week to sit and listen to what words might fall from the lips of the master. He drew them toward him, not by his will, but by his influence. He never made an effort to induce a visitor to return, never flattered, never tried to be more amiable to one than to another. Bourget was independent, but Mallarmé was even more so. Let us not be blinded by appearances, — the gifted novelist, living in aristocratic seclusion in the Faubourg Saint-Germain, could not attain such privacy without much care and effort. He was in Paris, but not of it. Mallarmé, the poet and dreamer, was not only in Paris, but a vital part of its intellectual life. A Socrates in the world of symbols, he might as well have lived in a tent or sat in the market-place; for, with him, art and life were in no way connected with the fashionable world.

He was one of the original members of the Parnassian group, formed during the winter of 1865 by Catulle Mendès and Louis Xavier de Ricard; and it was Catulle Mendès who undertook the delicate task of putting some of Mallarmé's verses into lucid prose for the benefit of certain members of the group who could not catch the meaning of the new symbolism. Here is a typical example of Mallarmé's manner: —

"Des avalanches d'or du vieil azur du jour
Premier, et de la neige éternelle des astres,
Mon Dieu, tu détachas les grands calices, pour
La terre jeune encore et vierge de désastres."

In a prose poem entitled *Frisson d'Hiver* the poet is seen in a far simpler mood; I give an excellent translation by Mr. Arthur Symonds: —

FRISSON D'HIVER.

The old Saxony clock which is slow,
and which strikes thirteen amid its flowers
and gods, to whom did it belong?

Thinkest that it came from Saxony by the mail-coaches of old time?

(Singular shadows hang about the worn-out panes.)

And the Venetian mirror, deep as a cold fountain in its banks of gilt work; what is reflected there? Ah! I am sure that more than one woman bathed there in her beauty's sin; and perhaps if I looked long enough, I should see a naked phantom.

Wicked one, thou often sayest wicked things.

(I see the spiders' webs above the lofty windows.)

Our wardrobe is very old; see how the fire reddens its sad panels! The weary curtains are as old, and the tapestry on the armchairs stripped of paint, and the old engravings, and all these old things. Does it not seem to thee that even these two birds are discolored by time?

(Dream not of the spiders' webs that tremble above the lofty windows.)

Thou lovest all that, and that is why I live by thee. When one of my poems appeared didst thou not desire, my sister, whose books are full of yesterdays, the words, the grace of faded things? New things displease thee; thee also do they frighten with their loud boldness, and thou feelest as if thou shouldst use them — a difficult thing indeed to do, for thou hast no taste for action. Come, close thy old German almanack that thou readest with attention, though it appeared more than a hundred years ago, and the kings it announces are all dead, and, lying on their antique carpet, my head leaned upon thy charitable knees, on thy pale robe, oh! calm child, I will speak with thee for hours; there are no fields, and the streets are empty, I will speak to thee of our furniture. Thou art abstracted.

(The spiders' webs are shivering above the lofty windows.)

There was a notion prevalent that Mallarmé's salon was frequented exclusively by poets and artists of the symbolical

school. But I soon realized the folly of believing in hearsay evidence. His visitors represented all the schools of the day; and it is easy to understand the jealousy of some of the Sorbonne professors who saw young authors of talent doing homage to a man who paid no heed to the examples of the academicians. It was but natural that "official" professors should pretend that Stéphane Mallarmé was without serious influence. Their attitude was, in part, the result of ignorance. Who has ever met with an official professor who gave himself the trouble to learn the truth by seeing the outside world with his own eyes, and hearing its voices with his own ears? It was by visiting this salon many times, during a period of several years, that I arrived at the truth. I learned, after repeated visits, what a far-reaching influence went forth from this obscure room. Little did the professors at the Sorbonne know of this ascendancy, revolving, as they were, in their own limited circle which they mistook for the universe. Louis XVI. imagined that the taking of the Bastille was an insignificant street brawl. How could he know what was going on in Paris when he spent his time at Versailles? The people were taking power out of his hands; he was not among them; he could not see the truth. At a time when academicians were ridiculing Mallarmé, he, without trying, was undermining the old edifice with hundreds of disciples, many of whom had been the cleverest students in the *lycées* of the Latin Quarter. Some of these young men were already acknowledged journalists of talent, others would become critics, playwrights, politicians. So great was the outcry in 1889 and the following years that the question of abolishing the Académie Française was freely discussed, many deputies taking sides with the young writers of the advanced schools. It needed only a few visits to Mallarmé's salon to convince me that here was the one vital force operating in the literary

world of Paris. Renan was lecturing at the Sorbonne; Mallarmé was rolling cigarettes and talking nonchalantly to visitors at his own fireside. Renan, the giant, spoke from an official platform, but the poet of the Rue de Rome was now the man of power.

What illusions float about the academical chair! It is surprising that writers of independent means put themselves to so much humiliation to enter the Académie. When Renan became a candidate he began the course of official visits and found himself one evening at the dinner-table of Victor Hugo. The guests talked freely, but Renan sat like a timid school-boy, with his eyes cast down, giving the *réplique* to Hugo in four words: "Oui, maître; non, maître;" not daring to go farther for fear of offending the host, and so losing his vote.

The sphere of a writer's influence is fixed. Every soul has its own world. But sometimes one writer brings to mind another. In his personality Mallarmé made me think of Whitman and his artless simplicity and unaffected sincerity. But the features of the French poet were unlike any other poet or writer, living or dead. There was nothing eccentric about his face or his person, and he never put on evening dress to receive his visitors. His receptions were for men, and the poet appeared in the clothes he had worn during the day. In this he also reminded one of Walt Whitman, whom I saw in Washington many years ago. Mallarmé opened the door himself for his guests when they arrived, and went to the door with them when they left. I never saw him sit in the presence of his company. This might have led to some clatter among the guests. People came to see and hear Mallarmé, not to talk among themselves. But at first I was not aware of the real nature of these evenings. Once I noticed that when one guest addressed another no reply was given; conversation between the guests was, therefore, impossible. M. Henri

de Régner, who on each occasion occupied the same seat in the corner at the host's right, was always silent. He seemed to be the guest of honor. Mallarmé frequently addressed his conversation to him, but M. de Régner was not there to talk, but to listen; instead of replying he simply took a few extra whiffs at his cigarette. Every one understood. To a philosophical mind these evenings were so many lessons in the virtue of silence. No one tried to make the poet speak; he himself never tried to make others speak. And yet these evenings were full of instruction and charm. Thought came as in a Quaker meeting, with this difference: Mallarmé was the presiding Quaker who never sat down. He occupied the floor by the will of the guests. Here one learned the true value of silence in affairs of the intellect. Everything that is made up for the occasion belongs to the puerile and the trivial. The talk imposed by self-interest and vanity is never edifying. If you wish to influence others be natural; let Nature have a hand in your talk and your receptions.

Mallarmé owed much to his sojourn in England in his earlier years. Here he entered into the spirit and substance of English poetry, and attained that extra something which he needed to embellish the exclusiveness and delicacy in his nature which later made him such an ardent admirer of Poe.

I saw Mallarmé alone on several occasions. "Poe," he remarked, on one of these visits, "I regard as an Irish genius transplanted to America." "Hugo," I said, at another time, "advises writers never to dream." "He is wrong," answered Mallarmé; "dreams have as much influence as actions." And truth to say, this dreamer of dreams exercised a power seldom attained by any Frenchman before or during his day. Everything comes to him who seeks for nothing. The dreamer contents himself in a world of meditation and contempla-

tion ; his ideas are many but his words are few. He dislikes action, yet he attracts the active. He seeks no *réclames*, yet he is acclaimed. In a study of Mallarmé and his salon which appeared in 1892, I said : "In this poet we find a philosopher free from superstition and prejudice, a thinker who embraces all that is vital in art, music, and literature."

But the best minds are often led into foolish acts, even against their better judgment. The poet was inveigled into accepting a banquet in his honor, offered by a number of his admirers, at which conventional toasts, speeches, and responses, prearranged and machine-made, were the order of the evening. He was proclaimed "prince" of the young poets ; but Mallarmé sat immovable, fatigued, and bored. It was no place for him. When a wise man is placed in a ridiculous position, the fools, as Goethe says, have their innings. We blunder the moment we cease to reason and permit others to reason for us. Mallarmé, who was king in his own sphere, cut a poor figure at

this banquet. In this attitude the poet descended to the arena of strife, on a level with others of not half his merit who had dinners given in their honor. How difficult it is to refuse at the right moment ! The art of saying "no" is the supreme art in the life of every thinker. Of all things connected with the daily routine of a man of talent, this thing of knowing when and how to refuse is the simplest and the rarest. It is so easy to know and so hard to do. But until we learn to do it we can expect nothing but misunderstanding and failure.

It was remarked by a journalist that Mallarmé, at this banquet, looked as if he had come to bury his last friend. And no wonder ; for he had descended from his sanctuary in the Rue de Rome to a place where his star gave no light. He was attracted beyond his orbit by the comets and meteors of the phenomenal world, and he could say with Joseph Roux : "When I return from the country of men I take nothing with me but illusions and disillusion."

Francis Grierson.

MR. KIPLING'S FIVE NATIONS.

A NEW volume of poetry from the hand of a man of recognized power is like a message brought from a battlefield. One's chief interest is in learning how the battle is going. Whether the messenger arrives on foot or on horseback, whether he gasps his tidings in quick, breathless sentences, or weaves them into elaborate parable and allegory, are merely matters of detail. The main question is, Are we winning or losing ? No doubt, whenever a poet makes a fresh report upon human life, the manner in which he phrases his verdict demands close scrutiny, because without that mastery of musical phrase he might almost as well be inarticulate. But, granting

him the gift of magical utterance, what, after all, is the verdict which he brings in ? Better equipped than the rest of us as to eye and mind and tongue, what has he to tell us of the world, and the soul, and the life of man in organized society ?

This very old query asserts itself with quiet persistence as one turns the pages of *The Five Nations*.¹ Here is verse written by one of the most widely known authors of the English-speaking world. Many of these poems have been cabled

¹ *The Five Nations*. By RUDYARD KIPLING. New York : Doubleday, Page & Co. 1903.

Also in the Outward Bound Edition of Mr. Kipling's writings, Vol. XXI. New York : Charles Scribner's Sons. 1903.

across the seas and discussed as events of international significance. They have been produced by an exceptionally interesting man. Winning his first successes as a journalist, and carrying something of the journalistic knack into almost all his subsequent work, Mr. Kipling gained fame at twenty-three, and has held it deservedly. His artistic resources are unquestionable: in keenness of observation, in technical knowledge of his chosen fields, and in sheer myth-making imagination, he leads the writers of his day. He has traveled greatly, and has written about men and animals and things, up and down the globe, with an eagerness, a vividness, and a sincerity of conviction that have carried him very far. He has made easy conquest of the hearts of children, first with his wonderful *Jungle Books*, where his best powers have had their freest play, and latterly with the delightful *Just So Stories*,¹ which have now taken their place in the long row of volumes of the *Outward Bound Edition*. It is needless to say that Mr. Kipling belongs in the very front rank of living story-writers, and he has proved his capacity to write poems which instantly irritate or uplift a whole nation.

His earliest verse, indeed, was uncommonly barren, both in ideas and form. It showed imitative dexterity in practicing upon the styles of many masters, and little more. Among the works of even third-rate English poets it would be hard to find more consistently uninteresting metrical experiments than those which Mr. Kipling has chosen to preserve.² But before long came the *Barrack-Room Ballads* of 1889-91, and *The Seven Seas*, revealing a maturer hand and the stamp of a virile personality. Verse so challenging in its front, so novel in its rhythmical patterns, so irresistible in its humor and pathos, could not fail to make its way. In view of such incontestable positive

force, its occasional defects of taste and its frequent lapses into mere rhymed boisterousness were easily forgiven. It is true that these poems were curiously deficient, as a whole, in new felicities in the interpretation of Nature. They spoke but little to the mind. Back of the eye that caught so avidly at many varieties of the human species, there was evident, in almost all of his many poems dealing with alien races, a hard racial pride. Yet *The Seven Seas* touched the unquiet heart of youth. Its glorification of brute force was synchronous with a recrudescence of theories of "white man's" government, the world over. Its vigorous character-drawing, as in *Tomlinson* and in *McAndrew's Hymn*, pleased not only the secretly feeble literary folk who love the praise of action, but also the non-literary persons who would have been deterred by such consummate character-studies as *The Northern Farmer*, or *Fra Lippo Lippi*. Finally, in depicting certain moods and temperaments, as in the *Wanderlust* or the homesickness of *Mandalay*, the *L'Envoi to Life's Handicap*, the *Anchor Song* and *For to Admire*, Mr. Kipling showed extraordinary psychological insight and produced genuine poetry of the human heart.

All this rich achievement lingers in the memory as one reads *The Five Nations*. Here is the same personality, coloring every page. But has the author grown, either in wisdom or in stature? The title of the volume indicates its political drift. The *London Spectator* says: "The name is in itself an act of imperial interpretation, and signifies that within our free empire stand the five free nations of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and 'the islands of the sea.'" Is the book mainly a clever example of pamphleteering in verse, — a passionate defense of the Imperial England that now is, — or does it betray

¹ *Just So Stories*. By RUDYARD KIPLING. The *Outward Bound Edition*, Vol. XX. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1903.

² See his *Early Verse*. Vol. XVII. of the *Outward Bound Edition*.

a prophetic soul dreaming of things to come when there shall be better watch-words for humanity than are to be found in militant Anglo-Saxonism?

The new volume opens with one of those dedicatory poems which have often proved the fundamental seriousness with which Mr. Kipling confronts his poetic task; and it closes with the well-known Recessional of 1897. Between these limits there are examples of most of the types of verse with which the author has caught the ear of his generation. There is little that exhibits new aspects of his genius, and those readers who have followed his recent verse as printed in the periodicals will scarcely find in the score or more of unpublished pieces anything to modify substantially their estimate of Mr. Kipling as a poet. Of advance in the technique of his art there is nothing to record. His command of verse has lain hitherto either in cunning modulations of rhythm or in the sheer swing and crash of full-flung lines, rather than in purity of melody or richness of harmony. But some of the verses in *The Five Nations* are perversely unrhythmical, and even unmetrical. Nor is this perversity or carelessness confined to poems like *The Islanders*, where the author was obviously composing with angry haste. The measures borrowed from Swinburne and Morris and Browning are handled neither better nor worse than in Mr. Kipling's other volumes. Old ballad metres he can work his will with, as always, and the technical skill of some of his choruses intended for music-hall rendering is masterly. In poems like *The Bell Buoy* and *The Destroyers* there is scarcely a muffled line, and the grave and noble movement of the Recessional is mated to the nobility of his theme. Yet not to advance in such a subtle art as that of the poet is probably to decline, and it must be confessed that Mr. Kipling's average performance in *The Five Nations* is disappointing.

This is not saying that the new volume

contains no poems of exceptional power. For impassioned imagination, there are *The Bell Buoy*, and *White Horses*, and *The Destroyers*. A subtle and haunting nostalgia lurks in *The Song of Diego Valdez*, *Chant-Pagan*, *The Feet of the Young Men*, and *Lichtenberg*. Such praise of the virtue of discipline as *The White Man's Burden*, such a savage political fable as *The Truce of the Bear*, such merry and picturesque sketching of national types as *Piet and Pharaoh* and the Sergeant would make *The Five Nations* a notable collection, even if it did not close with the Recessional. Yet upon a second and third reading some of the old limitations of Mr. Kipling's verse disclose themselves. Despite the personal ardor of the author, and the fact that he draws upon so many quarters of the globe for his subjects, his poems are singularly restricted in range of interest. They portray, after all, but a comparatively narrow segment of human experience. They are for the young, the restless, the physically aggressive.

"He must go — go — go away from here!

On the other side the world he's overdue."

Those lines are typical of their mood. Surely no young fellow is worth much unless that luring song has at some time sung itself into his heart and set his feet to wandering; but nevertheless he is worth little to the community until he has outgrown it. The dare-devils, adventurers, rough riders, free-footed pioneers, have played a useful part in civilization, but their rôle is daily growing less significant. The people who stay at home and earn their bread by commonplace occupations, who put a little money in the savings bank, and perhaps go to church on Sunday, are the ones who really sway the fortunes of the world. Mr. Kipling has very little to say either to these people or of them. Men and women whose lives are far spent, who love to brood over the past or to dream of a better future for the world, find comparatively little enjoyment in reading verse that is

silent upon so many of the permanent themes of great poetry. Save for a few noteworthy exceptions, Mr. Kipling keeps resolutely and pertinaciously

"slog — slog — slogging"

along in step with

"The war-drum of the white man round the world."

That tune is enlivening enough, no doubt, but it is far from touching any wide compass of human emotions.

The *Five Nations* must be viewed, in short, as a brilliant apologia for the British Empire, or at most for the "white man." If one approaches it with prepossessions in favor of its tenets, one naturally rejoices in the force and cleverness of Mr. Kipling's argument. It is true that, as an English critic pointed out not long ago, the Laureate of Greater Britain contents himself for the most part with the mere fact of Imperialism without considering the deeper effects of Imperialism upon life and character. Mr. Kipling would doubtless retort that this criticism is a sentimental one, that it deals with unknown future quantities, and that in the meantime such thorough drilling of the weaker races as he celebrates in Pharaoh and the Sergeant and recommends in *The White Man's Burden* deserves the honors of verse. In such a debate much depends upon the national point of view. It is instructive to note that some of the best minds upon the Continent and among the Latin races — to say nothing of educated Orientals — see in Mr. Kipling's Jingoism a menace to true civilization rather than a bulwark of it.¹

¹ Notice, for example, the curiously suggestive parallel drawn by the Vicomte de Vogüé in the *Revue de deux Mondes*, May 1, 1901: "Vingt fois, en lisant cette fiction [*The Man who Would be King*] j'ai pensé au *Robinson Crusôé*, au vieux livre anglais dont je disais un jour ici qu'il expliquait toute l'expansion britannique. L'affirmation de la volonté anglaise et la plénitude du sens allégorique ne sont pas

Be that as it may, it is undeniable that a poetical exposition of the complicated part which Anglo-Saxondom is playing in the modern world calls for some qualities which Mr. Kipling does not possess. He understands the Neolithic man and paints him with frank enjoyment of his primal starkness. But one suspects that he has neither the patience nor the insight to illuminate the ways of men in the infinitely complex paths of organized society. Aside from his interest in the one subject of Imperial Federation, his political and social theories have not advanced very far beyond the "beneficent whip" doctrine of his master Carlyle. There is material for literature, even here, and Mr. Kipling has demonstrated his skill by making the most of it. But the "dog eat dog" theory of conduct, while well adapted for such literary excursions into the field of animal psychology as Mr. Jack London has lately made in his *Call of the Wild*, breaks down in the presence of the actual history of human society. It is too easy to be true. It leaves out of the reckoning too many facts, to say nothing of that beatitude which promises that the meek shall inherit the earth.

When Whitman attempted to state the criteria by which great national poetry is to be tested, he asked, among other queries, "Is the good old cause in it?" To that question, however phrased, one is bound to return after reading Mr. Kipling's hymns of action. For

"Sidney's good old cause"

meant to Whitman, as it has to so many poets greater than either Whitman or

moindres, dans *l'Homme qui voulut être roi*. Mais cette fois Robinson n'a plus sa Bible, l'inséparable amie retrouvée après le naufrage dans la caisse du capitaine. Il ne la consulte plus sur les problèmes de conscience qui absorbaient les meilleures facultés de ces âmes réfléchies. L'homme habillé de peaux de chèvres a revêtu l'uniforme khaki; sa religion, c'est l'impérialisme."

Mr. Kipling, nothing less than the progress and freedom of the whole human race. "My theme is justice," exclaimed Wordsworth in proud defense of the warmth of his pamphlet on the Convention of Cintra, "and my voice is raised for mankind." But Mr. Kipling's theme is never justice, except such justice as the conquering Anglo-Saxon chooses to bestow. His voice has never been raised for mankind. He has no word for the oppressed. His answer to the proposal for European disarmament was *The Truce of the Bear*. He celebrates war, not as the last argument of kings, but as the only argument of republics; not as the necessary and therefore honorable police work of the order-loving nations, but out of the naked lust of battle, or the boyish glee of

"Landin' 'isself with a Gatlin' gun to talk to them 'eathen kings."

To read him, after reading the political poetry of Milton or Shelley, of Lowell or Whittier, is to be conscious of a startling and radical difference, not merely on the specific issue of human liberty, but also in the general conception of life and destiny. Mr. Kipling's gospel is very simple. It is the Neolithic one of carrying a big stick, and the finest poem he has ever written was inspired by a mood of meditation — all too rare in him — upon the vast responsibilities entailed upon the possessors of superior physical force.

If one expects to hear in *The Five Nations*, therefore, any new message from that immemorial spiritual conflict where men are struggling for knowledge and happiness and the right to self-government, he will listen in vain. The half-

dozen eventful years that have elapsed since the publication of his previous volume of verse have not modified, very essentially, Mr. Kipling's "gentleman-adventurer" attitude toward life. Nevertheless, there is at least evidence in the new volume of a more kindly personal feeling toward England's political foes. And there is a humorous detached vision of some flaws in the Englishman's scheme of things, which is more like the easy raillery of Byron's Beppo than anything in recent poetry, and which hints of future growth. Mr. Kipling was once of the opinion that the American's sense of humor would save him at the last. It would be ungenerous not to give Mr. Kipling himself the benefit of the same hope. His natural humor may be further enriched by more humane and thoughtful experience. He will doubtless have opportunity for wiser comprehension of those who differ from him politically. Above all, he is dowered with an extraordinary genius for the depiction of individual men, — brothers, though they be at the ends of the earth, — and for enforcing the lesson learned by his troopers in South Africa: —

"Why, Dawson, Galle, an' Montreal — Port Darwin — Timaru,
They're only just across the road! Good-bye
— good luck to you!

Good-bye, you bloomin' Atlases! You've
taught us somethin' new:
The world's no bigger than a kraal. Good-bye
— good luck to you!"

It is through such gifts as these that Mr. Kipling's poetry may yet — actually, though perhaps quite unconsciously — aid the good old cause, and further that better civilization in which his theories allow him to have such little faith.

B. P.

BOOKS NEW AND OLD.

PERSONAL ADVENTURES.

It is a matter of common belief just now, especially among those who do not often read essays, that the essay is pretty much a thing of the past. There was, of course, a day of glory for it: there was even a day when it held the top of the market, or nearly that. But this was a good vague while ago. Very few people, we are assured, try to write essays nowadays, and when they do the results are not worth much. Critical essays commonly deal with books and authors that everybody knows about, or else with books and authors that nobody wants to know about. What do we care for John Doe's opinion of Shakespeare, or Richard Roe's remarks on Lodovico Castelvetro? As for the discursive essay, it is folly, at this day of the world, to adopt such a medium for creative writing. What's the matter with the novel? There is your true modern vehicle for eloquence, or sentiment, or philosophy; and "something doing" besides.

I.

In a commercial sense, the essay does, just now, lie between the devil and the deep sea, the special article and the novel. Few American periodicals have room for it. In the publisher's catalogue it holds a place of dignified obscurity next door to the equally sequestered item of verse. It is not advertised in the newspapers or displayed in book-shop windows: a back-handed compliment, if one chooses, to the incorruptible quality of the audience it is destined to reach. To the quality and constancy of that audience, in fact, the essay owes its continued and healthy existence. Not yet has it been absorbed in the novel or displaced by the special article, though its quiet merits have been somewhat obscured to the ordinary eye

by the numbers and showiness of its neighbors. Surely people ought not, without fair investigation, to be persuaded that there is nothing of account now being done in this field.

Here, for instance, are three volumes of essays, all quite unlike as to theme and treatment, all genuine contributions to literature, all ordained in the nature of things for a success of appreciation by comparatively few readers. The newspapers and "critical" organs will have something brief and affable to say of them; but they will not be much talked about either there or elsewhere. Nevertheless, they will make their place and hold it.

The three chapters of Mr. Walkley's book¹ were originally delivered as lectures before the Royal Institution, but they bear few marks of the platform. The writer's theme is primarily the criticism of current plays, but his conclusions are of broad application to all criticism. The first paper, on *The Ideal Spectator*, has to do, somewhat strictly, with the conditions of the theatre. The drama, says Mr. Walkley, differs from other forms of literary art in addressing itself directly to a crowd. Further, "a crowd forms a new entity, with a mind and character of its own. . . . The qualities in which the members of a crowd differ from one another disappear, are mutually cancelled, while the qualities which they have in common are intensified by contact. The qualities in which men differ are principally, of course, the conscious elements of character, the fruit of education, of varying hereditary conditions, and the intelligence. The qualities, on

¹ *Dramatic Criticism*. By A. B. WALKLEY. London: John Murray; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

the other hand, in which they resemble one another are principally the unconscious or sub-conscious qualities, the primary instincts, feelings, and passions of the race. . . . The crowd has the credulity, the absence of judicial faculty, the uncontrolled violence of feeling, of a child."

To be brief, Mr. Walkley does not find his ideal spectator in the crowd, or in the average spectator, or in the "amateur of culture," but in the spectator who achieves a mood compact of intellectual detachment and sympathetic surrender. To compass this feat "requires not only an effort of the will, a special motive, but training and special aptitude." These are obviously among the essential qualities, though, as we are presently shown, not the only essential qualities, of the professional dramatic critic. He must be also an artist. "Accepting the word 'creation,' we must apply it to all producers of literary art, whether they be poets or novelists or playwrights or critics. They are all creators, and what they all create is æsthetic feeling. And the raw material out of which they all create this is the same, namely, themselves. Criticism, like any other art — whatever else it may be — is a mode of self-expression. M. Anatole France has given a famous description of criticism as 'The adventures of a soul among masterpieces,' and he has added: 'In order to be frank, the critic ought to say, Gentlemen, I am about to speak of myself *à propos* of Shakespeare, or Racine, or Pascal, or Goethe — by no means a bad opportunity.'" Apropos of dramatic criticism, Mr. Walkley speaks of himself to excellent purpose in the present volume, of which the final chapter, on Old and New Criticism, is by no means less valuable, though slightly more technical, than the others.

The Adventures of a Personality among Masterpieces would be an admirable title for Mr. Sedgwick's book of critical Essays.¹ These papers contain

much excellent criticism, even in the narrower sense. They are the outcome, that is, of an intellectual detachment which is a sufficient safeguard against the expression of mere whim. But this is not all. The fact of itself might win them a sort of recognition; what gives them carrying power is their quality of personal sympathy, their character as "a mode of self-expression," their literary excellence, in short. As an essay in prose criticism the paper on Macaulay seems altogether the best of them; indeed, altogether the best appraisal, outside of Bagehot, which has yet been offered. What Mr. Sedgwick says of Macaulay in public and private life is equally good, but we can quote only a few sentences from his estimate of Macaulay as a writer: —

"The essays are the work of a rhetorician, the greatest, perhaps, in English literature. One defect in that literature, as compared with Latin literature, has been a lack of rhetoric. The great masters of English prose, Milton and Burke, appeal to the imagination. Their language is sensuous and adorned, but they address themselves to the intellect; they charge their speech with thought; they are careless that they lay burdens upon their readers; they are indifferent that they outstride the crowd. The rhetorician — a Cicero, a Bossuet — tries to spare his readers; he wishes to be always thronged by the multitude. So it is with Macaulay. He says nothing that everybody cannot comprehend at once. He exerts all his powers to give his readers as little to do as possible; he drains his memory to find decorations to catch their eye and fix their attention. He presents everything in brilliant images. He writes to the eye and the ear. He has in mind the ordinary Briton; he does not write for a sect nor for a band of disciples. He is always the orator

¹ *Essays on Great Writers*. By HENRY DWIGHT SEDGWICK, Jr. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1903.

talking to men who are going to vote at the close of his speech."

The tone of most of the other papers is more clearly determined by personal sympathy; one or two of them, indeed, belong to the discursive rather than the purely critical order. Now and then, as in the essay on English and French Literature, there is a little touch of petulance which reminds us pleasantly that we are not observing the adventures of a mere intellect. What makes for an effective personality in literature? — not learning nor logical faculty, nor cleverness of hand or fancy. These are qualities which, joined with perseverance, can do almost anything outside of art, and nothing at all in it. Nor is cultivated queerness of great account. Mr. Sedgwick, in an interesting essay on D'Annunzio, has this to say of the *Symbolistes*:

"These writers are not wholly purged from all desire for self-assertion; they wish room wherein openly to display themselves, and to this end they have drawn apart out of the shadow of famous names. . . . They hold individuality sacred, and define it to be that which man has in himself unshared by any other, and deny the name to all that he has in common with other men." Such is the creed upon which, consciously or unconsciously, most of the little coteries found their work. It is so much easier to be queer than to be original, let us assert that queerness is the only originality. Let us tune the lyre as it pleases us, whence, if we are also bold enough to hold it upside down, and render some familiar air backwards, we may startle the world into admitting that this must be, indeed, the music of the future. "In truth," says Mr. Sedgwick, still speaking of the symbolist movement, "these Frenchmen do not reveal their personality. It may indeed be doubted if they have any such encumbrance. In its place they have a bunch of theories tied up with the ribbon of their literary experience; and the exhalations of it, as if it were a bunch of

flowers, they suffer to transpire through their pages."

The essayist does not fail to state plainly his belief in the overwhelming importance of true personality in art. So, almost at the end of the paper on Thackeray, we come upon this passage: "A novelist, however, in the end, must be judged according to a common human measure. . . . It is the character of the novelist that provides tissue for his novels; there is no way by which the novelist can sit like an absentee god and project into the world a work that tells no tales of him. Every man casts his work in his own image. Only a great man writes a great novel; only a mean man writes a mean novel. A novel is as purely personal a thing as a handshake, and is to be judged by a simple standard which everybody can understand."

If it is true that a novelist cannot hide behind his narrative, it is more obviously true that an essayist is at the mercy of his discourse. The process of self-betrayal is even more summary; a dozen sentences are enough, perhaps, to lay him before us, mind and soul, or at least the true outline of him; and it is at our own risk that we go farther. A writer of treatises may remain an unknown quantity; for his business is only to pile one stone upon another, and there is no trace of human emotion in the shaft which is finally reared. But an essay, next to a poem, is the most directly human of all literary products.

II.

Not long ago this department had occasion to remark somewhat plaintively, "It is a pity that no important volume of discursive essays has been published in America since the day of the Autocrat." Happily, with the advent of *The Gentle Reader*,¹ this has ceased to be the truth, if it was the truth. We had

¹ *The Gentle Reader*. By SAMUEL MCHORD CROTHERS. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1903.

been, at the time, expressing our pleasure in Mr. Chesterton's *The Defendant*. Mr. Crothers's book is quite as good. It is not, to be sure, so sharply brilliant, so compact, so startling, so well designed to win over readers of fiction. Its aggressiveness is ironical, it is gently and affectionately whimsical, its divagations manage to lead one just where (if he had thought of it) he would have wished to go. Its leisurely speculations are never, as not uncommonly happens with Mr. Chesterton's, merely extravagant offshoots of an exuberant fancy. With all their quiet whimsicality, the essays are never merely whimsical. They are seasoned with a kindly urbanity; and they give one the sense of companionship with a personality of singular humanness and sweetness. Mr. Crothers, in his capacity of Gentle Reader, has no high opinion of formal criticism. "Appreciation of literature," he says, "is the getting at an author, so that we like what he is, while all that he is not is irrelevant." This is, after all, much like Arnold's definition of criticism as "the art of seeing the object as in itself it really is." The natural boundaries of an object are a part of one's view of it. What he is not will go as far as what he is toward endearing the Gentle Reader to his audience.

The discursive essay has always been among the important by-products of the art of the English novelist. One may cull *Roundabout Papers* almost at will from the pages of Thackeray; and, later, the novel has pressed into its service talents primarily suited to the essay form. How many persons would have continued for a series of years to peruse Mr. Meredith's essays on *The Whimsies of Human Character and Fate*, or Mr. James's discourses on *The Subtleties of Sophistication*, if these writers had not vouchsafed the grateful accommodation of the active episode and the concrete figure?

III.

And, much as it has been discredited by criticism, the novel of purpose is still hardly less common than the novel of analysis. Readers of No. 5 John Street will not be surprised to find that *The Yellow Van*¹ is founded upon a thesis. Consequently, one is not satisfied that the characters are really alive, though they appear to lack none of the signs of life; they fit somewhat too neatly into their several niches, they are too obviously parts of a well-ordered machinery. The incidents also carefully contribute to the establishment of the author's proposition as to the total depravity of the English land law. Yet the story is not at all dull. It deserves whatever praise can be given to a spirited tract, and may very likely do more for the cause which it represents than a score of parliamentary speeches or a hundred leading articles could hope to do. The late Frank Norris said a novel must do one of three things: tell something, show something, or prove something; and that the greatest novels do all of these things. As to the propriety of this third function the world remains in two minds. It is inclined to think, perhaps, that Mr. Norris's own work suffered not a little from his desire to prove something.

From its title one might suspect *The Mills of Man*² to be either didactic or morbid; it is neither. It tells things and shows things, but attempts to prove nothing; this, at least, is the old-fashioned way of holding the mirror up to Nature. It tells the story of a political campaign in Illinois, but I am not able to think of it as a political novel. The phase of politics seems to have been taken almost by chance as background for the author's picture of life in our great inland centre. The thing he shows is more important than the thing he tells, and his freedom from political partisanship, from petty

¹ *The Yellow Van*. By RICHARD WHITEING. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903.

² *The Mills of Man*. By PHILIP PAYNE. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co. 1903.

local pride, from the rigid attitude of the moralist, gives one a sense of unusual freedom in the enjoyment of the picture. A conscious detachment from the conventional point of view is the only sign of bias which we note; and it is never carried to the point of irresponsibility. One of the leading figures is a political boss, who prides himself upon being "the Croker of Chicago;" an illiterate, unscrupulous, and lovable man. Another is a great financier, also unscrupulous so far as the world can see, but really a man of fine compunctions, observing in his manipulations a law which to him seems right. Still more striking is the figure of Hildegard Brown, promoter, Bohemian, and "new woman;" a type which, one would think, could not be made at once true and attractive; yet this is accomplished. We have said that the author displays no petty local pride; Chicago has significance for him less as a place than as a symbol:—"Thus Chicago beckoned ahead of him, looming monstrous, ugly and almighty. It was the archetypical industrial city, the complete representative of the modern age, as Rome had been of the ancient world, and Venice of the Renaissance. There was no past about it, even near, no towers, traditions, temples. It was built upon the naked prairie, built of steel. Possessed of colossal barbarities, its glories were meats and grains and metals. It had invented the bridge style of architecture, the stockyards, and the whaleback. It reeked of industrialism; it was a gross compound of money and of muscle. Its achievements, brutalities, energies, candors, democracies, opulences, lusts, like its products, its foods and its steel, were characteristics, unalloyed, of the age of to-day." There are no other passages like this in the course of the narrative, and there are only a few brief touches of description

here and there. The style is simple and straightforward, and the action proceeds without interruption. In no spirit of apology, therefore, is the fact to be recorded that *The Mills of Man* is a first novel.

IV.

The charm of a mere tale is somewhat less certainly a charm of personality; it is when the author begins to "show" things that he is quite sure to show himself. But a mere tale is a rare thing. It is next to impossible for a story-teller to avoid suggesting, if only by a glance or a shrug of the shoulder, his own interpretation of the facts which he has to record; and, that point once yielded, we are free to observe that even his selection of facts is a criticism of himself. *Sixty Jane*,¹ for instance, is patently the work of a sentimentalist who lacks the escape-valve of humor. The title story is really affecting, and the little uneasiness with which one reads it is only explained by the perusal of the later tales. One's sympathy for *Sixty Jane* is not pushed beyond the point of propriety, but in *Lucky Jim* and *The Little House in the Little Street Where the Sun Never Came*, the pathos is of the Little Nell order, the product of a method which makes a point of "crowding the mourners." Those who have tears and are prepared to shed them can ask for no better opportunity than Mr. Long's book affords.

His one or two experiments at humorous narrative are not successful. Their artificiality is especially unpleasing to one who has just been chuckling over the adventures of Messrs. Sudd Lannigan and Clarence O'Shay.² The cosmopolitan Irishman has had other worthy spokesmen, notably Mr. Mulvaney and Mr. Dooley; Mr. Lannigan is their equal in his own way. His creator has chosen not to represent the brogue by any elaborate

¹ *Sixty Jane*. By JOHN LUTHER LONG. New York: The Century Co. 1903.

² *Under the Jackstaff*. By CHESTER BAILLEY FERNALD. New York: The Century Co. 1903.

system of misspelling: the public ought indeed by this day to be able to roll its own r's and transpose its own vowels with sufficient ease. Mr. Fernald contents himself with suggesting, by a skillful adherence to the Hibernian syntax and diction, the swing and the intonation of Mr. Lannigan's speech. These stories are the best of material for reading aloud. A Hard Road to Andy Coggin's is the funniest of them, and The Lights of Sitka is the most serious; and underneath them all runs a vein of sentiment so quiet and restrained that admirers of Sixty Jane will be likely to overlook it altogether.

The series of stories by Seumus MacManus¹ is of less bulk and narrower range than either of the foregoing collections. Once more the story-teller is an Irishman, not this time a young, rollicking adventurer from the south of Ireland, but a reticent, ironical old game-keeper of Donegal. The grim and half-reluctant humor, the dramatic gusto, with which he records the exploits of an ancient foe, give his narrative more power than the slight character of its theme would appear to warrant. Facts and fancies, after all, have in themselves very little value for literature or for any other art. They may catch our attention and applause for the moment, but the personality behind them is what we really care for in the end.

H. W. Boynton.

THE irresistible, perennial charm of looking in Nature's mirror and the peculiar appeal which inheres in all that pertains to the mimic world of the stage lend an interest to writings about the drama which scholars in other departments of learning have envied. This interest is

Three Books
about the
Drama.

¹ *The Red Poocher*. By SEUMUS MACMANUS. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. 1903.

² *The Mediæval Stage*. By E. K. CHAMBERS. 2 vols. Oxford: The Clarendon Press. 1903.

The Development of the Drama. By BRANDER

more than ordinarily marked in three recently published books² which differ radically in the avenues of their approach to the theatre, but which are at one in sincere concern about things dramatic. Mr. Chambers's, Mr. Matthews's, and Mr. Chase's essays represent significantly the scholarly, the theatrical, and the belletristic methods by which a subject so opulent as the drama may be profitably studied.

The two stately volumes which contain the rich results of Mr. Chambers's study of the Mediæval Stage are, to speak categorically, the most thoroughly satisfactory piece of dramatic scholarship in English which we have had since Dr. Ward published his monumental history. Any one caring, some half century hence, to know the scholarly ideals of the present decade will find Mr. Chambers's work an important document. For while it is packed as full of erudition and the results of difficult research as even a Porson could wish, it is punctually of the hour in its exhibition of the evolutionary trend of scholarship at the present time. That Nature does nothing *per saltum* is an ancient dictum not continuously admitted. The search for origins, which but lately was the prime business of scholars the world over, is even now giving place to the tracing of a continuous evolution. Mr. Chambers's real affair is to show the persistence of an unbroken dramatic tradition, however vague, between the fall of the Roman theatre and the emergence of the modern stage in the liturgical plays which have been so often named as its origin. This he does by a study of mediæval minstrelsy and the little known Folk Drama which is as learned as it is fresh and MATTHEWS. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1903.

The English Heroic Play: A Critical Description of the Rhymed Tragedy of the Restoration. By LEWIS N. CHASE. New York: The Columbia University Press. (The Macmillan Co.) 1903.

readable. It is a fair criticism that much of this study deals with the social forces behind the drama rather than with the drama itself. But the relation is vital and essential; and we derive a notion of the ramifications of the dramatic instinct, — of the part that it has played in “the march of mind,” — that is extraordinarily vivid and stimulating. Mr. Chambers has much to say which is as important for the Folk-Lorist and for the historian of culture as for the student of the drama. Particularly good, for example, is his account of the mediæval cult of fertilization, which was little less important as a dramatic origin than the Dionysiac religion of Greece. It was a striking manifestation of that “universal pagan sentiment” of which Walter Pater wrote so sympathetically and well; “a paganism which existed before the Greek religion, and has lingered far onward into the Christian world, ineradicable, like some persistent vegetable growth, because its seed is an element of the very soil out of which it springs.”

In his clever and lucid sketch of *The Development of the Drama*, Mr. Matthews's concern is not about any such subterranean tradition; he busies himself, rather, in tracing the larger evolution of what he chooses to call “dramaturgic technic.” The result is a brief and eminently readable historical account of the acted drama. It must be confessed that Mr. Matthews's arbitrary divorce of the “stage” from “dramatic literature,” sound and suggestive as it often is, has certain accompanying disadvantages. In dealing with such “great fellows” — to adopt FitzGerald's phrase — as Sophocles and Calderon, it leads to a baffling inadequacy and partiality of criticism, for it excludes any just discussion of the noble and moving poetry which, after all, is what such names mean to most of us. But in treating of the French theatre the advantage is naturally on the other side, and Mr. Matthews's chapter on the

Drama in France is a valuable piece of summary criticism. Perhaps Mr. Matthews is most interesting when, after his extensive observation of the theatre from Athens to New York, he rises to vaticination in a final chapter upon *The Future of the Drama*. It is encouraging that so devoted a student of the stage, so keen an observer of theatrical conditions to-day, is hopeful for the future; and it is of moment that while he believes there may be less poetry found in the drama of the future, “what there is will belong absolutely to the theme. It will be internal and integral; it will not be external or merely affixed.” That is to say, Mr. Matthews foresees for the drama a second Renaissance of enlightened classicism. We cannot, however, so readily agree with the implication of Mr. Matthews's remark that “the desire to know sympathetically other classes than our own” will “exert an obvious influence upon the drama of the immediate future.” Rather it would seem from such informing studies as Miss McCracken's *The Play and the Gallery*, published in the *Atlantic* last year, that the numerous presence in the spectators' seats of “other classes than our own” is the most hopeful symptom, — an indication that the good plays of the future, instead of betraying the sensibility of a college settlement, will exhibit as always the important and fundamental passions of humanity.

Mr. Chase's account of the English Heroic Play is, more than either of the foregoing, a study of dramatic literature; his critical description of the rhymed tragedy of the Restoration is wholly occupied with that tragedy as it is found in books. His examination of these fine old bombastic plays is carried on with excellent insight, and with a vein of covert humor which makes engaging reading. Mr. Chase in his preface promises two complementary studies, an inquiry into foreign origins and parallels, and a history of the type in England. It

is to be hoped that these studies may be carried to completion and publication, and that the author may embody in them some of the curious biographic details which are involved in the history of the Heroic Play on the English stage, so to make the completed study as humane as it is comprehensive. It must be said that Mr. Chase's close analysis of the plots, characters, and sentiments of heroic drama presents it in no favorable light. His reprobation of its artificiality and highfalutin is surely just, and his survey of its few virtues is, so far as it goes, convincing. "It insisted," says Mr. Chase, "upon decency and decorum of language, it encouraged many of the virtues, such as generosity and bravery, and consistently kept aloof from the sordid cares of every-day life. To a public tainted with meanness and sensuality it presented a shadow, at least, of true heroic character." This is true and well put, but with all respect to Mr. Chase's wider and more exact information, there is, we think, for a few scattered readers a little more attraction in the Heroic Drama than he is disposed to allow. This is something more than the mere curious interest of the queer and out-of-date. It is the appeal of romantic story plus the perennial charm of the top-lofty manner. In the main, of course, our interest in the top-lofty is ironic, but there is an expatiation of the mind caused by rhetorical extravagance, and by the "heightened way of putting things," which brings actual delight to many readers. Surely this contributes to our pleasure in Marlowe, or in Byron; and in the Heroic Drama, at least in Dryden's and D'Avenant's contributions to it, there are not a few passages to afford such a gust. How enduring the mood of the heroics has been is seen in our own melodrama; and even in the closet drama the tradition persists. Thus in a remarkable play recently published¹ we

find some striking lines which we herewith present to Mr. Chase for his consideration in writing of the persistence of the type:—

"Strike while his blood is going out at breath!
Rip him up proximally, rip him up;
Lop off his distal members, lop them off;
Sanguinolency carnify that trunk,
And make of him deformity's foul ape,
Till Dagon at the whining torso spit."

Surely the author of such sentiments—though they be broken into blank rather than forged into couplets—is of the heroic school. Nor do we discover in his lines much of that external and merely affixed poetry which Mr. Matthews is glad to think passing from our boards.

F. G.

"OF making many books there is no end," said the Hebrew Preacher. If he had lived in our day, he might have simplified his riddle by saying, "Of the making of one book there is no end," and we should have known that he meant a dictionary. When "J. K.," just two centuries ago, issued the first edition of his New English Dictionary, he found only about ten thousand words to include in his Compleat Collection of the Most Proper and Significant Words commonly used in the Language. But the language was growing, and to the second edition he had to make "many important additions." Bailey had a similar experience, and so had Johnson. And when Noah Webster brought out the first edition of his American Dictionary of the English Language, in 1828, it contained twelve thousand words never collected in any dictionary before. In 1841 Webster published his second edition, enlarged by several thousand words, and the last considerable labor of his life was the addition of "some hundreds" more in 1843. Every edition that has appeared since his death has repeated the same tale, and it is almost incredible that only ten years after Webster's International

¹ *Vittorio Emanuele, Prince of Piedmont. A Romantic Play.* By JAMES MURMELL. Philadelphia: Franklin Printing Company. 1903.

Dictionary was first given to the public, it should be necessary to add a Supplement of twenty-five thousand new words.¹

An examination of this Supplement is most instructive. One cannot even turn the pages and look at the illustrations without being impressed with the evidences of rapid growth in our knowledge of fishes and insects, birds and plants. Another class of illustrations suggests the extent to which we have become citizens of the whole world, familiar with dress and customs in every land and every climate. Recent wars, too, have yielded a harvest of words. A decade ago who knew anything about dum-dum bullets and retreating gun carriages? about Morro or Moros, yamen or Boxer, kopje or trek? We did not ride in automobiles then, or hope to ride soon in aerodromes. Golf had not given us its bogey and its hazard. The Marconi system and the Bertillon system were alike caviare to the general. All these things, and their multitudinous kindred, are gathered into this fascinating Supplement.

There may be two opinions about the wisdom of giving countenance to some of the slang words that we find here, — mosey, or jamboree, for instance; but the reader of popular fiction certainly has his rights, and must not be ignored by the modern lexicographer. Whatever we may think about new words that must be called slang, pure and simple, it is a pleasure to get an authoritative account of certain dialect words that recent literature is making familiar, and to recover now and then an ancient word, full of a Chaucerian virtue, that had fallen into obsolescence before the revival of interest in the early makers of English.

A word should be said, too, in praise of the newly revised Pronouncing Gazetteer and Pronouncing Biographical

Dictionary, the latter of which now contains ten thousand names. Altogether, this edition of the International Dictionary is so full in its vocabulary; so clear, accurate, and condensed in its definitions; so admirably arranged for rapid use; and so largely equipped with auxiliary aids, that the more one uses it, the more satisfying he finds it.

The new edition of the Standard Dictionary² marks as strongly the constant growth of the language. The original edition of the Standard, issued only in 1893, contained a much larger number of words than any other dictionary; but the publishers now find it necessary to add nearly a hundred pages to the twenty-one hundred that constituted their general vocabulary. The Addenda include over seventeen thousand new words, new applications of old words, and phrases that have come into such use as to be fairly entitled to inclusion in a word-book. Exploration, commerce, and war; religion, science, the arts, literature, and common life, — all make their contributions. In the Appendix the list of Proper Names has been greatly increased, and is now a combined biographical dictionary, gazetteer, and list of pseudonyms, sobriquets, names prominent in fiction, etc., in one alphabetical arrangement, filling a hundred and fifty pages. Other changes and improvements, both in the body of the book and in the Appendix, unite to emphasize the judgment pronounced in the pages of this magazine when the original edition was reviewed at length, — that the Standard is a "soundly constructed, *progressive*, popular dictionary of encyclopædic nature." *H.R.G.*

"WITH the world thus young, beauty
Translated eternal, fancy free," writes
Poetry. Colonel Higginson in the fragrant and picturesque Introduction to his

¹ Webster's International Dictionary of the English Language. New Edition with Supplement of New Words. Springfield, Mass.: G. & C. Merriam Company. 1902.

² A Standard Dictionary of the English Language. New Edition, revised and enlarged. New York and London: Funk & Wagnalls Co. 1903.

versions of Petrarch,¹ "why should these delicious Italian pages exist but to be tortured into grammatical examples? Is there no reward to be imagined for a delightful book that can match Browning's fantastic burial of a tedious one? When it has sufficiently basked in sunshine, and been cooled in pure salt air, when it has bathed in heaped clover, and been scented, page by page, with melilot, cannot its beauty once more blossom, and its buried loves revive?" Thanks to an unusually successful collaboration of writer and printer, this little volume is itself the best answer to these questionings. It is fulfilled of sunshine and sea air, melilot and clover; and the buried loves of Francis Petrarch and Laura de Sale do indeed revive in it with a strange impressiveness.

Though Petrarch was the fountain and original of that sad school of Platonizing, sonneteering, literary Love, which through two centuries corrupted the healthy springs of European letters, he was himself, beyond all question, a sincere and constant lover. It is in his keen perception of this, and in the sympathetic, imaginative power by which he has achieved reality of tone, that Colonel Higginson's fifteen sonnets from Petrarch are distinguished from other attempts.

On the purely formal side he has been but little less successful. The cadenced flow of the soft Italian vocables, melting "like kisses from a female mouth," has always been the despair of Northern translators. Most recent writers who have endeavored to render Petrarch in English have adopted, like Mr. Garnett, a sensuous, full-toned, Rossetti-like type of sonnet, which makes musical reading, but which — at least in the judgment of the present writer — is better adapted to convey a just impression of the sonnet-

singing of Camoëns, the great but Euripidean successor to the laurel and purple of Petrarch, than to present in English the finer beauty of his original. Colonel Higginson's chief care, on the other hand, has been for refinement and reality of diction. He has been for the most part singularly fortunate in discovering the pure and glowing phrase. The result is that his work suggests the Sidneian showers of eloquence of the best Elizabethans more than the voluble moonlight passion of Rossetti, — flute and violin more than the bassoon, — and so is nearer in temper to the delicately modulated yet unaffected poetry of Laura's lover. How fine and expressive Colonel Higginson's workmanship may be will appear from his version of the sonnet to Laura singing, which will be quoted to convey a touch of his quality: —

*"When Love doth those sweet eyes to earth incline,
And weaves those wandering notes into a sigh
With his own touch, and leads a minstrelsy
Clear-voiced and pure, angelic and divine, —
He makes sweet havoc in this heart of mine,
And to my thoughts brings transformation high,
So that I say, 'My time has come to die,
If fate so blest a death for me design.'
But to my soul, thus steeped in joy, the sound
Brings such a wish to keep that present heaven,
It holds my spirit back to earth as well.
And thus I live: and thus is loosed and wound
The thread of life which unto me was given
By this sole Siren who with us doth dwell."*

From Petrarch, the first great humanist of the Renaissance, to Pierre de Ronsard, its poetic herald in France, is not a far cry, and in many other respects Mr. Page's attractive volume² is a fit shelf-companion for Colonel Higginson's. The introductory critical essay is so amiable and intelligent a characterization of the poet of flame and roses that one is tempted to fall into Jeffreyan phrase and say, We like Mr. Page better as commentator on poetry than as a poet. The

¹ *Fifteen Sonnets of Petrarch*. Selected and translated by THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1903.

² *Songs and Sonnets of Pierre de Ronsard*. Selected and translated by CURTIS HIDDEN PAGE. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1903.

truth is that Mr. Page's adventure was one of the extremest difficulty. The charm of Ronsard's most characteristic lyrics, which has been so perfectly phrased as *une fadeur exquise*, an exquisite silvery faintness, is a far more incommunicable essence, even, than the charm of Petrarch's noble numbers. Mr. Page's versions of the daintier and seemingly more unpremeditated lyrics of the type of *Mignonne, allons voir si la rose* and *Versons ces roses en ce vin* are faithful and spirited, yet the reader who has known and cared for them in Ronsard's newly minted French, so delicately clear, is likely to feel that their beauty has been cheapened. On the other hand, Ronsard's sonnets, and more particularly those in a major key, are excellently done. Take, for example, that hearty sonnet *To His Valet*, wherein Ronsard has epitomized unwittingly the two motive passions of the Renaissance, — the love of learning and of ladies: —

"*I want three days to read the Iliad through !
So Corydon, close fast my chamber door.
If anything should bother me before
I've done, I swear you'll have somewhat to rue !*

"*No ! not the servant, nor your mate, nor you
Shall come to make the bed or clean the floor ;
I must have three good quiet days — or four ;
Then I'll make merry for a week or two.*

"*Ah ! but — if any one should come from Her,
Admit him quickly ! Be no loiterer,
But come and make me brave for his receiving.*

"*But no one else ! — not friends or nearest kin.
Though an Olympian God should seek me,
leaving
His Heaven, shut fast the door ! Don't let
him in !*"

Here we have Mr. Page composing in a key of plain and manly vigor, clearly attuned to the chord of Donne and Drayton, yet curiously faithful to the chime of the French original. From this it would appear, as well as from the exceptional success of Colonel Higginson's very Sidneian versions of Petrarch, that he who would give us an acceptable

translation of a Continental poet of the Renaissance should give his days and nights to the study of the Elizabethans.

F. G.

IN *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*,¹ Mrs. Rebecca. Riggs introduces to us an engaging little person instinct with that genial life which has commended Penelope and the vociferous Ruggleses to so many readers. If one may venture to define by an airy distinction the cleavage of the multitude as well as the alternation of moods in the mind of the elect reader, Rebecca is likely to have the suffrages both of readers of sensibility and of readers of perception. The person of sensibility — and who of us would rebut so soft an impeachment — will find the story provocative of the most pleasurable emotions, while the person of perception will discover in its workmanship ground for interesting and instructive comment.

Rebecca Rowena Randall is one of the seven children of Aurelia Randall and Lorenzo de Medici Randall, deceased. After some years of vicarious motherhood, such as befalls a child with many younger brothers and sisters, she is sent to live with two maiden aunts in their "brick house," and it is with the story of the vicissitudes of her life here that the book has to do.

This narrative of the making of Rebecca is made to engage the reader's sympathy by the faithful portrayal of the April weather of which that young lady's life consisted. One is given to understand early in the story that from Lorenzo de Medici Randall, Rebecca inherited an artistic temperament of the intensest sort, while in the course of her "making" in the brick house, we see how its attendant irresponsibilities are one by one put by. The portrait is other than that of the typical imaginative child, for from her tenderest years Re-

¹ *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*. By KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1903.

becca is something of a poet, and she is visited by fantasy and dream. Yet there is nothing of the prig about her, and her personality is compact of wholesome affections. We know her perfectly when we discover that she seems but a plain child when scolded in brown calico, yet quite beautiful when praised in pink gingham. A person troubled with hypertrophy of the perception might urge that when a little girl of this temperament is made to tell the story of a shrewd unhappiness with no tinge of exaggeration, the character is out of drawing. But the idealization is pleasing, nevertheless, and the person of sensibility will like it better so. In other respects the character is as convincing as it is vivid.

There are many points in Mrs. Riggs's handling of the story which lure one to comparison of her method with that of the masters in fiction. No point, perhaps, is more striking than the excellent comic treatment of the names of the characters. Lorenzo de Medici Randall as the name of the inglorious Milton of a Maine village may savor of the broader effect of farce, but when we come to consider it in relation to his forbears and his descendants, it comes to have a harmonious appropriateness in which the farcical element is perfectly fused in the comedy. There are many similar touches of curious propriety which recall the art in that kind of Dickens and, yet more precisely and oddly, of Smollett. Indeed, memories of Smollett and the quality of his art will occur more than once to the attentive reader of Mrs. Riggs's book. There is one notable passage where the honors are little short of even. Smollett's death of Commodore Trunnion is undeniably one of the great death-bed scenes of literature. Yet when Rebecca comes to the bedside of her aunt Miranda lying *in extremis* there ensues a scene which is as grimly and tragically humorous:—

"There came a morning when she asked for Rebecca. The door was opened

into the dim sickroom, and Rebecca stood there with the sunlight behind her, her hands full of sweet peas. Miranda's pale, sharp face, framed in its nightcap, looked haggard on the pillow, and her body was pitifully still under the counterpane.

"'Come in,' she said; 'I ain't dead yet. Don't mess up the bed with them flowers, will ye?'"

"'Oh, no! They're going in a glass pitcher,' said Rebecca, turning to the washstand as she tried to control her voice and stop the tears that sprang to her eyes.

"'Let me look at ye; come closer. What dress are ye wearin'?' said the old aunt in her cracked weak voice.

"'My blue calico.'

"'Is your cashmere holdin' its color?'"

"'Yes, aunt Miranda.'

"'Do you keep it in a dark closet hung on the wrong side, as I told ye?'"

"'Always.'

"'Has your mother made her jelly?'"

"'She has n't said.'

"'She always had the knack o' writin' letters with nothin' in 'em. What's Mark broke sence I've been sick?'"

"'Nothing at all, aunt Miranda.'

"'Why, what's the matter with him? Gittin' lazy, ain't he? How's John turnin' out?'"

"'He's going to be the best of us all.'

"'I hope you don't slight things in the kitchen because I ain't there. Do you scald the coffee-pot and turn it upside down on the winder-sill?'"

"'Yes, aunt Miranda.'

"'It's always "yes" with you, and "yes" with Jane,' groaned Miranda, trying to move her stiffened body; 'but all the time I lay here knowin' there's things done the way I don't like 'em.'"

If this has not quite the reassuring amplitude of movement which in the greatest death-bed scenes in literature makes us see life steadily and whole, it is, none the less, true and fine art, and it is notably free from the overwrought

pathos and uneasy sentimentalism by which such scenes may so easily be spoiled. The impressive realism of this passage is of a piece with the texture of the book. It is obviously not the realism of the critical, and, as it were, scientific observer, which is now so much with us. It is, rather, the realism of Dickens, of the creative sentimentalist; — be it said without dispraise! Yet how real it is! Rebecca's remarks to Mr. Cobb, the stage-driver, when she returns to the inside of the stage, — to take the most casual of examples, — have the genuine accent of life.

"I forgot — mother put me inside, and maybe she'd want me to be there when I got to aunt Mirandy's. Maybe I'd be more genteel inside, and then I wouldn't have to be jumped down and my clothes fly up, but could open the door and step down like a lady passenger. Would you please stop a minute, Mr. Cobb, and let me change?"

The informed in such matters will recognize that this is the way little girls do talk; and any one who has lived in a house with a child addicted to lisping in numbers will know that this is the way they versify: —

"This house is dark and dull and dreer
No light doth shine from far or near
It's like the tomb.

"And those of us who live herein
Are most as dead as serra-fim
Though not as good.

"My guardian angel is asleep
At least he doth no vigil keep
Ah! woe is me!

"Then give me back my lonely farm
Where none alive did wish me harm
Dear home of youth!"

Still endeavoring to see the book through the eyes of our reader of perception, we will notice the skillful balance of character, which, provided it be done not too artificially, is a prime source of delight to readers of both our classes. We have, for example, a suggestive contrast between the two maiden aunts, — the one the typical sour and overweening spinster, and the other the gentle maiden-lady, with a shrine in her heart, and between the thoughtful Rebecca and her bosom friend and confidante, Emma Jane, who, as Rebecca writes to her mother, "can add and subtract in her head like a streak of lightning and knows the speling book right through but has no thoughts of any kind."

Thus the reader of perception might go on, pointing out this or that evidence of clever construction and imaginative felicity, but concerning a book of this sort in the end it is the voice of the reader of sensibility that prevails, and he — we say "he" without irony — will be perennially grateful for the creation of so charming a character, for the reassurance that even in bleak New England *la verginella è simile alla rosa*; and he will solicitously await further news of her.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

It was the regular meeting of a Woman's Club in a college town. Ordinarily an intermission occurred between the programme and the business meeting, and during this intermission all outsiders were supposed to depart. But so many members of the Club

took this occasion to depart, too, that it was sometimes difficult to get a quorum for the business meeting. So when a matter of importance was to be acted upon, the ladies fell into the loose habit of bringing it up before the intermission. This was what had been done to-day.

"I believe," the President began suavely, "we were to bring up again a little matter that was talked of at our last meeting?"

She paused and looked around appealingly and smiled propitiatingly. She did love to agree with everybody, and the "little matter" had caused some sharp discussion at the last meeting.

"We have been asked to give something toward a memorial for Mrs. Lucy J. Stone, the Founder of Women's Clubs. Madam Secretary," shifting the responsibility as soon as possible, "won't you please read the communication?"

The Secretary rose.

"Madam President.

"To the Woman's Club of Bainbridge, Mich., — It is desired to found a scholarship at the U. of M. in memory of Mrs. Lucy J. Stone, to which the Federated Clubs of Michigan are asked to contribute. Will you not consider the matter and instruct your delegates to the Convention of Federated Clubs to support the measure?"

Yours in the work,

Miss H. M. BLANKE,

Corresponding Sec'y."

"Now," said the President, "I think we ought to have an expression of opinion on this matter, and I don't know how we shall get it unless the ladies are called upon by name. Mrs. Cartwright, we have learned to look to you first for advice, in any matter of importance. Won't you please tell us just how you feel about this?"

Mrs. Cartwright responded vaguely: "Why, I don't know, Madam President; it seems to me it would be a nice thing to do if we could do something without burdening ourselves too much; if we could decide on an amount that would n't be too much so that it would not be too hard work, I think we might perhaps do something pretty good easily enough."

She grew positively ambitious toward the end.

The President smiled her thanks.

Mrs. Mexford rose.

"Madam President:" a punctilious pause, during which the President tardily recognized the speaker.

"In order to bring this matter before the house, I move that we contribute ten dollars to this fund."

Her motion was supported.

"Now they can make remarks, Mrs. President," said Mrs. Mexford condescendingly.

"Yes," said the President, "now — a" —

Mrs. Hunt addressed the chair. Mrs. Hunt was one of the delegates to the Convention where the idea of the fund was born, and she was inclined to feel it a personal insult if any one opposed the measure. She spoke in strident tones.

"Madam President: I think that when we are 'in Rome' we should 'do as the Romans do;' and if we are going to be a Federated Club we ought to contribute to this fund that is being raised by the Federated Clubs of the State in memory of the woman who founded Women's Clubs. When the Convention was held at X — the Century Club of that city said they were going to give one hundred dollars, and it is n't expected that the whole sum will be raised now, — maybe not for five years."

She sat down, and all could see the chip on her shoulder.

Mrs. Breem obtained the floor.

"Madam President," she said softly, "it is a worthy thing to raise such a memorial to a worthy woman. And if our Club loves the woman and wants to honor her memory, by all means let us subscribe to this fund. But if we simply wish to put some of our money into active educational work, my preference would be to remember our own little College on the hill. We can't do anything that will make much difference to the great University; but we could materially benefit our small College. Just

now, when they are trying so hard to raise the last ten thousand dollars before January 1, so as to secure Mr. Rockefeller's gift, a few dollars from the Woman's Club of their own town would help and encourage them a great deal."

Mrs. Breem spoke feelingly, for she was a "Faculty Lady."

"Mrs. Breem," — the President spoke sharply, — "you have n't lived here very long, or you would know that we are continually being asked for money for our College. We have plenty of chances to contribute to that."

"But you asked for our opinions," murmured Mrs. Breem.

"Certainly I did," — the President was all graciousness again, — "and I'm sure I thank you very much, Mrs. Breem, for saying frankly just what you did. Mrs. Larned, can't you say something?"

Unfortunately, Mrs. Larned was a Faculty Lady of eighteen years' residence, and all she cared to say was that "Mrs. Breem had expressed her views."

"Yes, of course;" the President began to feel a bit flurried. "Mrs. Todhunter, what do you think?"

"I cannot add anything to what Mrs. Breem has said."

The President could only smile mechanically. Then the Secretary offered a suggestion.

"Now I should think, Madam President, we might give up one of our parties this year, that costs us ten or fifteen dollars, and give that to our College. I'm sure I should be willing to."

"Yes," the President said, "I'm sure we might do that." Then catching a whisper near her, "To be sure," she said, "our Social Committee works so hard to get the money for these parties that really I feel as if they had earned it just as much as if they had gotten it for themselves, and the rest of us ought not to say a word about how it shall be spent."

The President was interrupted by a perfect storm of dissent. Mrs. Hunt obtained the floor.

"Indeed, Madam President, I don't think the Social Committee do all the work to earn the money. When they served meals to that great Convention last spring, did n't we all help them and contribute eatables and money? They could n't have done anything at all without the rest of us."

"Oh yes, to be sure," said the President; "but look how they worked all day long and gave their time, and not very pleasant work either."

"But some of the rest of us worked too, and those who could n't give their time gave money. Did n't they ask you for a dollar, Madam President?"

"Oh yes, of course," the President assured them, "indeed they did; and I know that a good many of us felt that we did all we could if we did n't go there and work; oh yes, to be sure, we all help the Social Committee to earn their money."

There was an uncertain pause; then the Secretary rose again.

"Well then, Madam President, there is our janitor; at Christmas time we always give him ten dollars. Now this year we have a new janitor, so perhaps we might take that ten dollars and give it to our College."

"Oh now, I really must object to that," said the President; "our janitor is in the way to do a good many things for us, and I think we ought to give him his Christmas present. To be sure, he is a new man this year, so perhaps we might give him only five dollars" —

She paused tentatively, then brightened and went on: —

"Now I would like to hear some real strong arguments, pro and con."

The Treasurer addressed the chair.

"I think it would be a good thing if we saw to it that we had enough money for our working committees, so that they would n't have to earn all that they have to use, and then not have enough to do what they want to."

"Yes, that's so," commented the President; "I do feel, when I ask a lady if she

will be chairman of a committee, as if I ought to go on my bended knees, and be oh, very humble. It's really a terrible thing to have our committees work so hard as they do."

Mrs. Hunt rose again.

"Madam President, we have a Club of eighty members. We own our Club House, and we are entirely out of debt. I don't suppose there are many Federated Clubs in the state so well able to do something as we are. And we'll have five years to pay this in. I call for the previous question."

"The previous question is moved," said the President doubtfully, and turned for a hurried consultation with the Secretary.

"I think, Madam President," said the Informal Member without rising, "that Mrs. Peet said a good thing at the Convention. They wanted to raise five thousand dollars for this scholarship and the Clubs were pledging five and ten dollars apiece. Then finally they called on Mrs. Peet and asked her if she would n't give something; and of course you all know who Mrs. Peet is. She said when they got to the last hundred she'd help them on that. So maybe we might help on the last hundred."

"Yes, maybe they won't raise it at all," the President agreed. "Well, ladies," with an air of renewed confidence, "shall the previous question be put?"

And they voted that it should. After much careful counting, the motion was declared carried.

"Did I understand," asked the Secretary, "that this was ten dollars a year for five years?"

"My motion was that we give them ten dollars," was the decisive answer.

"Now," said the President, "shall we send this ten dollars to them right away or just pledge it? Seems to me maybe we'd better keep it right here with us until they need it."

"Well, Madam President," said Mrs. Hunt, "it seems to me it ought to be sent

so that it can be drawing interest and doing somebody some good."

"Oh yes," said the President uncertainly; "then do you mean that we ought to collect the interest on it and send it to them?"

"No, I say the money ought to be sent to them."

"Oh yes, I see; I see now what you mean. You mean send them the ten dollars and let them collect the interest on it."

"I understood, Madam President," said the Treasurer, "that they merely wanted our pledge now. And it might be, you know, that they will not be able to raise the necessary amount."

"That's so," said the President cheerfully; "maybe we'll never have to pay it after all."

And the ladies who had voted for the measure smiled approvingly and reassuringly at one another.

JUST what it was all about, that novel of Charles Kingsley's named *The Old Leaven of Romance*. Yeast, I have forgotten, much as I enjoyed it years ago when it was a leading book of the hour. I doubt if a clear remembrance of its contents could give to me now one half the pleasure I find in its title alone.

"Yeast:" I catch the malty smell, — wafted down fifty years and more. Again I see the sign "yeast" over the low, recessed brewery door; it is "right after school" of a Friday afternoon, and I, the parson's little girl, in white, stiffly starched pantalettes, am setting forth with the children of the neighborhood on the weekly trip to the brewery for yeast, — a little tin pail in my hand in which a copper cent is rattling. I join the race across the long bridge with a troop of boys and girls. That was the day when brewers' yeast was greatly preferred to *salt rizin*, or *pertater m'tins*, by many housekeepers, even those who had rigid views upon the temperance question seldom permitting those views to militate against the Saturday's baking, providing

that the yeast was retailed where a bar was not in evidence.

Unlike the most of the regular tasks of a properly trained, useful child of fifty years ago, — when the boy Ralph Waldo, like many of his class, filled the kitchen wood-box, set the table, and scoured the steel knives and forks daily, — going for yeast to a brewery had an abiding charm for children who, but for the weekly errand, might never have entered the locality where the brewery was located, — a new world to many of us, with delightful phases of comradeship, — for that little tin pail was a social leveler, — a marvelous promoter of the democratic Idea. The old stone brewery, high up above a deep ravine, actualized my idea of a giant's castle. That beyond the vaultlike room in the cellar, where a big man in a white apron filled our pails with a long-handled ladle from great jars, and mopped up the counter, and scooped in our coppers with impressive dignity, dungeons could be found, I never doubted. The sawdust on the floor, the grimy window barred with heavy cobwebs, was fascinatingly associated with certain story-books I had been forbidden to read, — *Romance of the Forest*, and the like. When the hot rolls came in on a Sunday morning I had it all over again, but saying nothing about it, of course, — the mist from the cataract, the roar of the falling water, the smell of malt, — had I not seen the yeast of those rolls foaming round in the eddies of the swift current? . . . It was the rule to lift your pail cover and take a sniff. Strange that what smelled so good was so disappointing to taste, for taste we did, once at least, satisfied to sniff ever after. There could be no loitering on the way home, else the mysterious byways leading off the main thoroughfare had been explored; but it was something to see, through the cracks in the sidewalk and fearfully close to our feet, the madly rushing waters of raceways, — to hear the hum of machinery, — to watch for one thrilling moment a

gigantic wheel that came up creaking and dripping from a black abyss to plunge headlong into blackness again. I had only to make myself believe, as I easily could, that it was alive, that suffering wheel, to experience the sensation that was the supreme culmination of the enjoyment of the trip. "No yeast to-day," was sometimes hung out by the brewery door. My friend who writes poems of a fair sort, and who used to carry a yeast pail, says that she would give something for that old signboard to hang up in her workshop at times.

"Now Johnny," my grandson hears often, "run to the grocery, quick, please, and bring a cake of compressed yeast." How can I help feeling sorry for Johnny? So much has been "compressed" out of his experience. General Crook, I remember, could not explain just why a hostile Apache suited him better in a blanket than in store clothes; nor why an old warrior of Geronimo's hostiles who used an ear trumpet offended his ideas concerning the fitness of things, — as did papooses with nursing bottles and medicine men smoking cigarettes. Verily, the compressed yeast of utility has made short work of much of the old leaven of romance.

THE Contributor who discussed in the October number the advisability of devising an "Allusion Mark," wherewith to hint to the unwary reader that the writer is semi-borrowing phrase or sentence from a previous and assumedly greater author, raises an interesting question, and raises it interestingly. But there are difficulties. He who would print the text, say of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, with allusion marks would go near to obscuring the text with the marks. And by what sort of a mark should one hint that it is only by the aroma or by the rhythm of a phrase that one would appeal to the literary sense? With such the text of Tennyson would be thick. Quotation marks often annoy. Besides, they are reserved for

verbatim repetition. The single inverted comma might suffice; but even then the delicate writer would hesitate to point too overtly to a delicate allusion: a good cook conceals his flavors. Again, of what avail an allusion mark that pointed the unlearned nowhither? For myself, when submitting a proof to a friend, I have sometimes scribbled on the margin the source of such allusion as I thought might escape detection, thus: *Mem*: Shelley; or *Cf*: Æschylus. But some writers' styles are stiff with allusion; allusion is woven into their very texture, — for Charles Lamb one would require a broad margin indeed. — After all, *mathematica mathematicis scribuntur* (the which to "mark" would surely be pedantry extreme); so, allusions are for the learned. The literary sense which is too obtuse to perceive will be helped by no mark, — and would certainly not verify the allusion, even if most carefully foot-noted. Surely we may follow precedent. Ruskin did not foul his pages with finger-posts to allusions, and perhaps no writer was either more particular about the appearance of his pages or more profuse of allusion. The artist paints for lovers of color; let the writer write for lovers of letters. [Who will require from me a mark explaining the allusion to *belles lettres* or to *litterae humaniores*?]

TRYING to make good my escape from the modern inquisition — a department store — one day last spring, I chose a pathway lined with books as being least crowded, and my eye fell upon a copy of Wagner's *Simple Life* temptingly displayed. I had been wanting to see it, and in a furtive kind of way I bought it. I disapprove of buying books over department counters, but being — or aiming to be — a person without prejudice, I saw that in this case it was the directest means to my end, so with a ripple of pleasure in the sober brown cover, and of satisfaction in the possession, I took it along with me, think-

ing that some easeful day I would refresh my spirit in its wise and quiet pages.

But the time of spring cleaning was at hand, and being a housekeeper (I mention the fact with pride since having been assured by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, and other gentlemen qualified to know, that the home is woman's divinely appointed sphere), books had to give place to explorations of garret and cellar, the searching out of hidden things, and the crusade of the microbe generally and specifically.

Then a friend, who is also a housekeeper and consequently entitled to a seat in Paradise as well as to all honor and attention while on the way to it, had a birthday anniversary in the sweet, wild-flower month of May, and casting about at the eleventh hour for somewhat wherewith to commemorate the occasion and my regard, I fell upon this copy of *The Simple Life*, which forthwith went to her with a handful of flowers fresh from my own garden.

When the fitting time came a few weeks later, and books for the summer reading were being chosen from the erstwhile neglected shelves by those members of the family who still had faith, I recalled my *Simple Life*, and with another stirring of desire toward the ideals it sets forth, I bought me another copy, this time through our regular dealers (where my self-respect was appeased by paying twenty cents more for it), being persuaded that the long leisure of the coming summer would bring time to read it — perhaps even to reform a little.

But it was a busy summer with us. The waves of gayety at the larger centres sent ripples in even to our quiet retreat. There was a set of young people in the neighborhood for whom "something *must* be done, my dear." So forthwith we made cake and confections, wrought upon fancy-dress costumes, devised games, hung Chinese lanterns (scraping up the cold paraffin next day), and privately wrestled with our dissen-

tient lords, who had run down for the week and did n't "see the use," to the end that our young people were entertained. So successful were we, indeed, that they began to assume quite an air of world-worn and lofty indifference by the end of the season, and we naturally felt rewarded.

And then the maids I had persuaded to go with me — But there, you know all about that, of course, everybody does. Yet I did feel sometimes, after I had stewed in the kitchen and served in the parlor, that a little of that consideration in public opinion, and reward in the kingdom of the just which Lyman Abbott and all the other anti-suffragists say is reserved for us, would be welcome here and now.

When the friend upon whom I had bestowed my first copy of *The Simple Life* came for a visit, she brought it along. "I thought we might read it together," she said. "I haven't had a chance to more than glance at it yet."

"How delightful!" I replied. "Just the thing. When the launch-party and the next 'Friendship-fire' are over, and I'm caught up with my correspondence a bit, we'll begin."

When she packed it up (unopened) two weeks later, we congratulated ourselves that we each possessed a copy, so that we could read it together still, and compare notes later.

Then another friend came. "Oh," she said, "I brought along that book of Wagner's they're talking about, *The Simple Life*. I knew it was in your line, but I see you have it. How did you like it?"

"I have n't read it yet," I confessed, "but I'm going to as soon as the girls go back to school."

"Oh, how nice! we'll read it together. I have n't read mine either."

It is autumn now. The leaves have

all dropped (I know because that tire-some old gardener of ours has n't come yet to rake them up from the lawn, though I've sent for him twice), and the branch of witch-hazel with the absurd little yellow fringes it pretends are flowers, that Jack brought in two weeks ago, has snapped all its seed-cases, and yesterday I had to take down the bursting milk-weed pods that came with it. The coal is all in (thanks be to President Roosevelt), and the housemaid has promised to finish her month. As soon as the quince jelly is made, and the fall sewing is done, and the attic bedrooms papered, and my reception-tea over, and the calls made, if the children don't get sick, and I can find another maid, I hope to really do some reading — something, I mean, beside the weekly scramble to get through and exchange the *Book-lovers'* volume that hardly counts.

I'm afraid when I do read *The Simple Life* it will say it is all my own fault. I don't think it is. Socially we are parts of a whole, and are obliged to accept the standards of that whole or be dropped out. It is the day of organization. Individual opinion counts for little, individual protest for nothing. The home is the target for commercial enterprise, and those who guard its interests are bewildered amidst the bombardment that threatens, indeed, to undermine its foundations altogether. Cheap and plenty is the order of the day. Fashions are made (and perforce changed as soon as made) by those who have deep and yawning pockets to fill. Manufactories are built up and sustained upon artificial needs. Demand is created by supply, and we as individuals soon learn that to be different is to be — well, I had nearly written another word beginning with "d," but we'll say ostracized, which comes to pretty much the same thing.